No Less Than Devotion

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No Less Than Devotion

by DBMars

Summary

Welcome to DB Mars' Hannikinktober 2024! This continues the story from Kinktober 2023 and 2024, and adds challenge prompts from Hannictober, a Halloween/Spooky Season themed set of prompts!

The first installment of this story tells the tale of how Will and Hannibal hooked up right away in season 1, began dating, explored all their kinks, and got engaged. One year later, upon returning home from their honeymoon, the Murder Husbands faced an occult-obsessed Great Red Dragon and the ghosts of murderers past while also exploring a vast menu of kinks. Will was the target of spiritual attacks, and Hannibal saved him by traveling to Lithuania to recover his great grandmother Grazina's Book of Shadows and becoming a witch, harnessing his birthright and his occult powers.

Yes, now we have a cannibalistic serial killer who is also like a level 5 magic-user in Dungeons & Dragons and you know Hannibal's gonna level up.

As the third installment of our trilogy begins, another year has passed, and shit is about to get spooky (and KINKY) yet again. If you enjoyed last year's kinktober offering, you'll love the sequel -- sexy, scary, funny, and, above all else, HANNIGRAM.

Notes

I took every Kinktober calendar I could find online and mashed them ALL UP so I had like 5 choices for each day, plus the Hannictober calendar.

Oct. 1 - Pumpkin Spice & Temperature Play

October 1st: Pumpkin Spice and Temperature Play

Will carefully sank into the driver's seat of the Volvo with a cardboard drink carrier, then slid the paper coffee cups into the drink holders. Max butted his head in between the two front seats, sniffing at them. "Back off," Will warned, and the dog retreated, plopping down next to Buster and Winston who had come along for the hour-round-trip drive to Kaldi's Kup, the only coffee shop in the world that Hannibal thought made coffee just as well as he did. It was a sunny Sunday morning, and Will had gotten up early to go fetch his husband a treat. It was also a teeny little bit of an "I'm sorry" peace offering for getting cum on the leather interior of the Bentley last weekend the day after Hannibal'd had it detailed. A little road head that went awry when Hannibal went over an unexpected bump just as he blew his load into Will's mouth, and Will didn't time the swallow right.

It was October, and all of the storefronts he passed were decorated with pumpkins and corn stalks and garlands of plastic fall leaves. He had his pumpkin spice latte and was all ready for the cozy changing of the seasons.

There was one problem, however.

For some reason – probably climate change – it was 85 fucking degrees today.

Will rolled the windows down just enough for the dogs to stick their snouts out, and then had to blast the air conditioner to keep from sweating through his tee-shirt. It made it easy to resist the temptation to drink some of his latte on the way home.

When he arrived back at the acreage, Will let the dogs out of the car, then went inside with the drinks. He found an egg bake in the oven and Hannibal on the deck, lounging in a white silk robe and matching silky underwear, one of the pairs that Will loved. "Hey, sexy," Will greeted, sitting down next to him on the two-person wicker lounge. "Brought you something."

He handed Hannibal his latte. "From Kaldi's?" Hannibal asked cautiously.

"No, it's from Starbucks," Will said with a sarcastic eye-roll.

Hannibal hesitated.

"Of course it's from Kaldi's, I'm not trying to poison you," Will chided, taking a sip of his. "Mmm. Pumpkin spice season is upon us."

Hannibal took a sip and made an appreciative sound of his own, putting his arm around Will. "You're rather… damp already," he teased, taking another drink.

Will took one as well, and the hot beverage only served to make him perspire more. "Goddamn it," he grumbled. "What's with this weather? Summer can quit it any time – I'm tired of… sweating my balls off every damn day. It's ruining my pumpkin spice, ah… vibes or whatever they call it."

"What a mood," Hannibal said, so seriously that Will burst out laughing, so loud and raucous that Buster came charging up the deck stairs in case something was wrong.

"Big mood," Will agreed, wiping his eyes.

"I think I have something that could help. I have a spell I've been working on." Ever since Will had been threatened by supernatural attacks last year and Hannibal had to find his great grandmother's grimoire in order to protect him, Hannibal had been embracing his witchy heritage.

"You can control the weather?" Will asked excitedly.

"Alas, not yet. But I think you'll enjoy this. Come inside."

Will followed him in, carrying his coffee cup. They went through the dining room and down the hall to their bedroom, where the bed was neatly made as Hannibal insisted upon each morning. They set their coffees on coasters next to the bed, and Hannibal unlocked a dresser drawer where he kept his grandmother's Book of Shadows.

"Take your clothes off for me, beloved," Hannibal requested as he withdrew the book.

"Oh, it's a sex thing," Will said with a licentious grin. "Okay, I like where this is going. So, you want me to, ah…"

"Take off your sweaty clothes, yes. I'd do it myself, but I need to concentrate."

"I'm, uhm… intrigued," Will admitted, sliding off his shirt. He kicked off his shoes and wriggled out of his jeans as Hannibal flipped pages, and then began to read softly under his breath. Will felt the hairs on his arms stand up as the power gathered in the room. Hannibal held up his right hand and whispered to it in the ancient language the book was written in, and then closed the tome, sliding it back into the drawer.

"That's it?" Will asked skeptically, hooking a thumb in his boxer waistband.

"Lay down," Hannibal commanded, shrugging off his robe.

Will slid back on the bed, curling an arm behind his head.

"Are you ready?" Hannibal knelt over him, sitting on his hips.

Will nodded. It was hard to tell in the intimate lighting, but Hannibal's hand looked whiter than it usually did, as if the blood had drained out or–

Hannibal rested his hand on Will's chest, caressing along his clavicle.

“Aaah!” Will yelped, instinctively gripping Hannibal’s wrist and pushing his hand away. “What the–” Hannibal’s hand had felt like it was made of solid ice, without the wetness of frozen water melting against his skin.

“You complained about the heat,” Hannibal reminded him in a mildly disapproving tone. “This will help. Are you going to behave?”

“That depends where you’re gonna stick that thing.”

“Then strap yourself in, please.”

“Seriously?” Will pretended to complain, but his goosebumps weren’t just a result of the cold touch. He pulled the cuffs from where they were hidden behind the pillows, the delicate chains snaking up from the bedframe below. He strapped himself into one, then slid his other wrist in and let Hannibal tighten it with his non-magically-frozen hand.

“There.” Hannibal settled on his hips again, and rocked gently for a moment, letting his silk-clad bulge and ass rub against Will’s cock as a reward for compliance. “Now, where were we?” He leaned forward and ran his freezing fingertips along Will’s clavicle, then trailed it up to his neck. Will winced, sucking in a breath, when he gently wrapped his hand around Will’s throat, the thumb pressing into the sensitive spot where the underside of his chin met his neck. Somehow, he was sweating and freezing at the same time in different places on his body as the blood rushed down to his cock.

Hannibal let go of his neck and bent in, propping himself up on the bed with his non-magicked-hand, and traced his fingers over Will’s lips, cooling them instantly. He then reheated them with a searing kiss, turning cold to hot with his plush lips and bossy tongue. While his mouth worked, he touched the shell of Will’s ear and caressed the lobe, which made Will yank on the restraints and shiver up into the kiss.

His witchy husband’s eyes were glowing with their signature magickal light when Hannibal pulled back to gaze down at him. Will was captivated by the undulating preternatural flames in his irises, enough that he didn’t register what Hannibal was doing before it happened. “Oh fuck…!” he barked as Hannibal’s cold hand brushed over his peaked nipple, trapping it between his first two fingers and teasing it with cold and constriction. He rolled it with the pad of his thumb, then leaned in to envelop it in his mouth, warming it suddenly with his tongue. The sharp change caused Will’s cock to swell up, bumping insistently against Hannibal’s silk-clad backside as he endured the torture, cords standing out in his forearms as he flexed against the restraints.

“What was it you once said?” Hannibal asked pleasantly as he slowly slid down Will’s body, positioning himself between his spread legs. “Cold hands, warm cock?”

“Heart,” Will corrected. “Wait, maybe it is cock– holy shit!” He shivered as Hannibal pressed his freezing hand against Will’s inner thigh, sliding it up towards his crotch at a maddeningly slow pace. Those frigid fingers traced along the seam of his crack, rasping softly against the hairs there before drawing behind his balls, the thumb pressing gently but icily between them. Will bit his lip and sucked in a breath through his nose. This was a brief visit, thankfully, but

Hannibal's next move was to tease the underside of his cock up to the head. Will shivered, an involuntary, violent motion, straining in his cuffs.

Hannibal closed his hand around Will's length, and Will winced, waiting for him to constrict and actually stroke with his freezing palm. But his husband had mercy on him, and leaned in, taking Will's cock into his mouth instead. The sudden switch from cold to warm was intense, hard to say if it was pleasurably or not. But within a few seconds, he warmed up to his husband, so to speak, and Hannibal went to work with his practiced methods of suction and tongue action. Will trembled at the edge of release, shivering as Hannibal's cold hand ran up and down his chest and down the outside of his thigh. Then there was only searing heat as he came, yanking on the cuffs and arching his back with a heady moan.

Hannibal murmured a few more words in the strange language, and the glow fled from his eyes, leaving them their natural warm amber. He unstrapped Will from his restraints and gave him a nice, warm kiss.

After a few minutes of shared body heat and slowing his heart rate, Will slid away and lifted Hannibal's hands to strap him into the cuffs for a turn. "I got you something else pumpkin spicy," he revealed, then used his teeth to pull down Hannibal's silky white briefs. "And it's something we can enjoy no matter how hot it is. The, ah… hotter the better, in this case."

"Oh? What's that?" Hannibal watched with his usual calm interest as Will got up and retrieved his pants. From within the front pocket he produced a small vial of lube decorated with little glittery orange pumpkins. Hannibal chuckled as Will opened it and dumped some into his hand, warming it up before stroking his husband's cock into fullness and anointing his crevice as well. He lifted Hannibal's swim-hardened thighs, bending his legs back, and went to town on his asshole, licking gently at first but then with more force, using the end of his tongue to trace letters and numbers over the puckered opening. Pumpkin spice Hannibal was pretty damn delicious, especially when he moved on to the main course, which came topped with cream.

Later, when the pumpkin spice lattes and lube were gone and they were in the kitchen making lunch, Hannibal asked, "Have you seen the forecast?"

"No, is it good news?" Will asked, peeling a sweet potato.

"Tomorrow's high is 67 degrees fahrenheit," Hannibal told him.

"Oh, HELL yeah," was Will's response.

Oct. 2: Daddy Kink and Ghostly Voices

October 2nd: Daddy Kink and Ghostly Voices

“Sorry to interrupt your beauty sleep,” Jack said, handing Will a cup of coffee. “You know I wouldn’t call you if it wasn’t…”

“A doozy!” Jimmy filled in for him, joining them at the cathedral-like entrance to Green Mount Cemetery, a dramatically Victorian burial ground on the north side of Baltimore, not far from the symphony hall.

“Yeah, that,” Jack confirmed as they made their way along the path towards a section of the cemetery that hung heavy with some kind of fog that Will could only think was a dust cloud. It was made more evident by the portable flood lamps that the FBI had brought in and set up to illuminate the crime scene.

“What the hell happened here?” Will wondered aloud as Jack held up the crime scene tape for him to slide beneath. There was a literal crater in the center of the graveyard. The area was littered with shattered headstones and monuments, chunks of melted bronze, the splintered remnants of coffins and the human remains that had been resting within. It looked like a bomb had gone off. Will wrinkled his nose against the stench of burnt grass, decay, and… sulfur?

Beverly and Zeller were already busily bagging evidence, and other agents were taking measurements and photographs.

“As far as we know, all of the remains were dead before the explosion," Jack said, motioning to a jawless skull on the singed grass. “Except for… whatever this is.” He led Will carefully into the center of the crater and pointed out a pile of meat and splintered bone that lay in a gory heap next to a cracked alabaster obelisk. Next to it lay a strange dagger with an elaborate hilt. The end of the leather-covered grip flared out, depicting a man’s face in profile on one side and a woman’s on the other. The blade itself was inscribed with a weird symbol Will didn’t recognize; it was stained with blood.

“We found traces of rock salt all over the ground in a rough circle. The blast seems to have occurred within the circumference,” Jimmy said, holding up a baggie of salt for Will to examine. “Something burned through here, quick and hot, but we don’t have any traces of accelerant.”

Beverly knelt by the mass of gore and reached into it with a pair of long tweezers. She lifted up a blood spattered bony object. “Tooth,” she said.

“Not human,” Will said immediately, shaking out an evidence bag for her. “Goat. Or a sheep, maybe. An old one, too, maybe eight or nine years. You can tell by the wear and tear.”

“Whoa there Old McDonald,” Zeller chuckled snarkily.

“I was in 4-H,” Will explained. “Some of us moved around a lot and attended some, ah… some pretty rural-ass podunk schools, okay?”

“So… *is* this a murder scene?” Beverly wanted to know.

Will shook his head. “I… gimme a second.”

“Okay, everyone, take five!” Jack shouted in his booming, authoritative voice. Bev patted Will’s shoulder, and she and the rest of her sassy science team drifted away to the edge of the crater.

Will closed his eyes and summoned the golden pendulum, his empathy, the ambient pulse swinging across his vision. *Fwoom. Fwoom. Fwoom.*

Instead of peeling the crime scene apart in layers, reversing time, bringing teacups – or gravestones – back together, the golden strand paused its pendulum-like swinging and, instead, thickened into a hanging coil. He could see hundreds of strands now, braiding together and swirling into intricate woven patterns, glowing now with innumerable colors, every shade imaginable. The swirl of tendrils was dizzying – terrifying – exhilarating–

He was tumbling through the shadows between the strands in some kind of wicked free-fall that churned his stomach and burned his throat with bile. And he was cold, cold all over, bone-deep cold, his breath freezing in his lungs.

Will opened his eyes.

He was still at the crime scene, standing in the center of the crater in the cemetery. But something was… off. Breathing heavily and shivering so hard he couldn’t keep his teeth from chattering, Will hugged his arms across his chest and scanned the area, looking for Bev or Jimmy. Or anyone.

There were people here. But they weren’t his colleagues. They weren’t collecting evidence in white jumpsuits or taking pictures, or standing around in dark blue FBI windbreakers. The people milling through the graveyard were total strangers, out of place–

Out of time.

He realized it in a sinking moment as he took in the clothing of the man standing closest to him, who approached with only the slightest movement of his legs. Will realized that he was *floating* .

The man wore a Civil War general’s uniform. Union army. He had a forked beard and dark hair and eyes and he gazed at Will with a hollow, desolate look. He gestured to one of the broken gravestones.

All at once, the rest of the shades – ghosts, Will knew, he had some experience with spirits, thanks to Francis Dolarhyde – turned to look at him. And in a terrifying rush, they converged

on him, their jaws unhinging, howling and sobbing and whispering in the cadences of the unquiet dead.

Will raised his arms to defend himself, and everything went black.

“Will. Will! Will!”

Slowly, he opened his eyes, squinting up into one of the portable floodlights. He was beyond relieved to see Beverly’s concerned face as she leaned over him, haloed by LED. “Will, say something!”

“Something.” Otherworldly, terrifying experience, and he still couldn’t help being a smartass.

He was lying on the ground next to the goat carcass and the strange blade as if he’d collapsed. Jimmy raced over and sank to his knees next to Will while Zeller ran to get Jack. “What happened? Are you okay?” Jimmy demanded. “Got a case of the vapors?”

“Did I faint?” Will wondered.

Beverly shined a pocket flashlight into his eyes. He winced, but let her check him for a concussion. “You think you can sit up?”

“Yeah.” Bev and Jimmy helped him sit, then lifted him to his feet. “I’m okay, I’m okay,” he repeated, more to himself than to them, letting them brush the dirt off his clothing for him.

“What happened?” Jack demanded, puffing a little from his sprint across the broken grave-ground.

“Will fainted,” Beverly supplied. “He was standing there and he just… collapsed.”

“Call EMS,” Jack ordered.

“No,” was Will’s response. “I feel… I think I’m fine, really. Maybe I had… ah, I dunno, low blood sugar or something.”

“I have some butterscotch candies in the car!” Jimmy said. “I keep them in the center console for Oliver – he has a senior citizen’s taste in candies, you should see him destroy a roll of Necco wafers–”

“Will, you’re going to the hospital!” Jack took him by the arm and pulled him out of the crater and under the crime scene tape.

“Just call Hannibal,” Will retorted, freeing his arm. “Have him come get me.”

Jack sighed. “I suppose I could allow that. Jimmy, go get those damn butterscotches and make him eat some. Bev, you stay with him. Z, back to work.”

Hannibal was there within half an hour. They moved Will’s car to a parking spot where it wouldn’t be towed, and then drove home in the Bentley. They hadn’t gone a block when Will

launched into a halting, incoherent description of what had happened to him and didn't stop until they got home. "And on the gravestone, the part that I could see, b-because it was – it was all blasted apart, but there was a big chunk right there that said Erastus B. Tyler, and – I mean, I remember in grade school when we had to learn all about the Civil War, even though down in Mississippi they called it the War of Between the States and my neighbor, she was elderly and she still called it the War of Northern Aggression – and-and that guy, in the uniform, that was a ghost, Hannibal, but he wasn't like the spirits of the dead serial killers th-that, uhm, that the Dragon sent after me– these ghosts were just there because somebody… desecrated their graves, called them back from beyond… this *veil* , this weaving of the different strands…"

Hannibal pulled into the garage and turned off the Bentley. "Will."

"... and the knife, I got some pictures of the sigil on there, but they weren't like the symbols that the Dragon carved all over Hobbs' body – it was in a circle, and that pile of meat and organs ended up being a goat, but it was really hard to tell because it basically exploded and–"

"Will."

"-and then there was the ring of salt, so I know it's not in my head, right? It's not encephalitis, because it wasn't e-e-e-encepha-encephalitis last time–"

" *Will* ." Hannibal reached over and slid a hand into his hair, caressing it before closing his fingers and giving it a slight tug. "We're home."

"Oh."

"Come inside. Let me examine you."

"No, I'm telling you, it's not medical…!"

"Will!" Hannibal rarely raised his voice. Even this sharp command wasn't really yelling, just a sharper command than usual. In fact, he'd never used this voice outside the confines of their home. Only ever in the bedroom, and rarely – usually Hannibal was the one who liked being ordered around and literally or figuratively stepped on.

The tone quieted Will for a moment, stealing his agitation away. A tiny thread of arousal unraveled from somewhere, a loose string tickling ever so lightly.

"Inside," came the quiet but ironclad order.

Will found himself opening the car door and walking in through the darkened kitchen, Hannibal closing and locking the door behind them. The scent of rosemary and dijon mustard glazed rack of sex trafficker lingered in the air from their dinner that evening. Seemed like a million years ago.

Will paused at the island before turning around to face his husband. "Han, listen, I need you to get out the grimoire and show me the section with the symbols. I know I can figure this

out. There has to be a connection – maybe something to do with the graves that were destroyed. One of them was John Wilkes Booth!" He gripped his hair with one hand in a manic moment of gleeful connection. "Something to do with Lincoln, assassination–"

" *William* ." Oh fuck. There was that voice again. Just his name. Now silk over stone. "To the bedroom, please. I need to conduct my examination."

"But-"

"Go."

And Will went, sweat prickling his forehead. He returned to the bedroom, finding the bed made even though they'd been sleeping in it when he'd gotten Jack's call. Not as pristine as usual, but Hannibal had still done it even when he'd been summoned to pick Will up. It exasperated him and made him feel both loving and sassy.

"Sit down," was the next command.

Will did, sliding off his shoes. Hannibal opened his medical bag and brought out his stethoscope, listening to Will's heart and lungs, taking his pulse and his temperature. He flashed the light in Will's eyes and examined the back of his head for any bumps from falling to the ground. Releasing the blood pressure cuff, he put it away and tucked the stethoscope in after. Hannibal rose now and unbuttoned his dress shirt, putting it in the special dry clean only hamper (they had to have three laundry baskets – one for dry clean, one for Hannibal's clothes he washed at home, and one for anything Will wore, which had to be washed separately from Hannibal's stuff lest a speck of machine oil dare touch the delicate fibers).

"Well?" Will's question was flippant, daring Hannibal to have a logical explanation for what had happened to him.

"Get ready for bed," was the response.

"You didn't find anything, did you?" Will challenged.

"Elevated blood pressure. A result of your emotional state." Hannibal put his shoes back on the rack in the closet that was lined with multiple pairs that all looked the same to Will, though Hannibal assured him they were different enough that he had to own each and every one. "I can't know more without further testing, which we cannot undergo in the middle of the night. I'll call Dr. Sutcliffe in the morning and monitor you until then."

"Oh, so we're gonna do the whole 'it might be medical' thing again?" Will got to his feet and paced the length of the bedroom, rubbing his face.

"Due to your medical history, I think it would be wise to eliminate the possibility," Hannibal said.

It was logical, but it just served to piss Will off further. "They won't find anything. Are you gonna make me go on Abilify again? That was a *treat* ."

“I will also be conducting a diagnostic via my supernatural abilities,” Hannibal promised. “But it will require time to study and gather materials. There’s nothing to be done at this moment.”

“So start now!” Will urged. “It’ll be 3 am soon enough–”

“ *William James Graham* .” The authoritative tone, a touch louder than his usual volume. Daddy voice again.

Will froze in his tracks, an automatic reaction. He sighed through his nose in frustration at his innate response. “Pavlovian,” he muttered, then started undressing.

“I’m going to run you a bath.”

“Let's just try to sleep.”

One look over Hannibal’s shoulder and Will shut his mouth.

He was obstinately silent but compliant as Hannibal ordered him into the tub and washed his hair for him. After rinsing, he soaped up the sea sponge and drew it along Will’s shoulders and the back of his neck from his seat behind the tub. “I can do it,” Will muttered.

“This isn’t up for debate.” The Daddy voice again, right next to his ear. Will’s cock twitched though he stubbornly tried to ignore it. Hannibal shifted to kneel at the side of the tub and slide the loofa up the inside of his thighs, then soaped up his hand and slipped it against Will’s hole, giving it a teasing wash. Will squirmed, sloshing a little water.

Hannibal’s hand closed over his cock, working it beneath the soapy surface. Will kept his eyes closed and tried not to make a sound. He didn’t want to give Hannibal the satisfaction of his compliance, as good as it felt. “Stubborn boy,” Hannibal said just over the audible movement of the water.

Will ran his upper teeth over his lower lip, trying not to react. But his cock was a traitor. “That’s it,” came the throaty murmur.

“Fuck,” Will breathed, arching up into his touch as the splashing grew louder.

“ *Let go.* ”

Will did not make a conscious decision to come — his body made it for him, trained by Hannibal’s domineering tone, a voice coiled and controlled, taut with authority. With the release dissolved the last of his resistance. He let Hannibal help him out and wrap him in a towel.

“On the bed.”

Will went. Hannibal hung up the towel then sat on the mattress, shirtless but still wearing his trousers. He leaned in and gave Will a kiss, running his hand through his damp hair.

“All I’m saying… all I want you to know… just, ah… *don’t gaslight me* . I’m begging you,” Will said when their lips parted. “I know what I saw.”

“I have no doubt that any medical tests we do will reveal nothing abnormal,” Hannibal told him. “But if this event impacts your work for the FBI, we need to document a non-supernatural quest for answers. Do you understand?”

Will sighed, stroking his face. “I know you’re… trying to do what’s best for me…”

Hannibal gripped his chin and looked him directly in the eye. “ *I believe you,* Will. And I believe *in* you. I have great faith in you. I always have. Can you say the same?”

Will looked away, and Hannibal released his chin. After a moment of taut silence, Will leaned closer and looked at his husband. “I’m sorry I was obstinate. I’d… understand if you felt like you needed to discipline me… *Daddy.”*

Hannibal’s smile was a gentle curve that somehow telegraphed triumphant predation. He ran his fingers through Will’s hair again. “I know you’re sorry, darling. And I appreciate your apology. However, as you said, you’ve been naughty, and naughty boys need to be disciplined — no matter how clever and beautiful they are.” His eyes glimmered with play even as they darkened with arousal, all in contrast to his stern expression. “You will accept your punishment, won’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Will said through a smirk he tried to quell.

The fingers in his hair curled into claws, pulling now with a sharp little twist that made Will gasp. “I want you to repeat back to me what you did that was disobedient.”

Will’s tongue touched his lower lip, a humiliated flush of arousal flaring along his neck and face. “I was obstinate and I wasn’t listening to you.”

Hannibal nodded in stern approval. “Lie down,” he ordered, releasing Will’s hair and motioning to his lap, trousers already tented. Will couldn’t stop himself from smirking as he crawled into Hannibal’s lap, resting his abdomen on his husband’s thighs, pressing against his insistent cock.

Hannibal stroked his bare ass lovingly, tangling his fingers in Will’s hair again. “It’s for your own good,” he said, cool and businesslike, as if Will couldn’t feel the heat radiating off him, smell the wet spot that was no doubt forming beneath him.

“Yes, Daddy,” Will said, daring to smirk up at him.

This earned him a stinging smack on his ass, followed by a soft caress. Will could feel Hannibal’s admiration for his body, draped over his lap, resting on his thighs, the same way he felt the lingering burn of the spanking. “You look lovely in this position, I must say.”

“Maybe I’ll be bad more often.”

Another sharp smack. Will barked out a pained gasp even as Hannibal soothed the zone of impact, running his hand over it, then up Will’s back along his spine. Several minutes went

by where Hannibal only fondled and caressed him, lulling Will into a false sense of security before spanking him harder than ever.

“I suppose that will suffice for tonight,” Hannibal said. “You may lie down.”

Will slid off his lap and sprawled out on the bed face down, his ass still stinging and probably bright fucking red. He heard Hannibal unbuckling his belt and taking off his clothes, then opening the bedside drawer. Then the unmistakable scent of pumpkin spice.

Hannibal climbed back on the bed, laying between Will’s legs. He anointed Will’s hole with the pumpkin spice lube and worked his fingers in while kissing the welts on his ass cheeks with reverent lips. Will was hard again soon enough, and short on patience. “I’m ready,” he announced, trying to get up on his hands and knees.

Hannibal shoved him back down with a hand on his neck, followed by another meaty slap on the ass. “Don’t tempt fate… young man,” he growled.

“Sorry, Daddy– oh fu–!” Hannibal breached his entrance with his cock, fucking into him without much in the way of announcement.

“Now – you – lay there and… think about what you’ve done,” Hannibal managed between energetic thrusts.

“Daddy knows best,” Will said, then made the closest sound he’d ever made to a squeal when Hannibal spanked him again.

Oct. 3rd: Witches' Sabbath and Sweat

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"Come here, old girl," Will said, bending down to pick up Zoe and tuck her under his arm. She was definitely getting on in years and couldn't keep up with the rest of the pack for longer jaunts. They were just scooping the loop of their property, walking the treeline that surrounded the acreage (a farm smack in the middle of a nice neighborhood, the original owners refusing to sell out to the land developers, leaving an island of country nestled in the city halfway between Hannibal's office and Quantico) and she was lagging behind already.

Jack picked up a stick and Max decided he wanted it, too, chomping down on the other end. Buster leapt up and closed his jaws around the middle of the stick, and was airborne for a couple seconds as the other dogs lifted him off the ground. Will laughed – it reminded him of those kitty cat posters all the guidance counselors had on their walls at every damn school he went to – the cat clinging to the tree branch over pink bubble letters that said HANG IN THERE!

As they rounded the loop and turned back toward the house, Will caught movement over by the fence. One of their neighbors had a guest house behind their larger home, and the little porch faced Will and Hannibal's property line, providing a nice tree-filled view. There was a rocking chair on the porch that hadn't been occupied for the last six months. But it was occupied now, gently creaking to and fro.

Will froze in his tracks. Zoe whined in his arms, shrinking against him as if… as if she saw it, too.

The Johnsons had moved Mrs. Johnson's mother, Doris, to their guest house to have her close by in her golden years. Will used to see her all the time on walks and sometimes stop for a quick chat. Quick, because Doris was deaf as a post, but she liked seeing the dogs.

Doris had had a stroke in her sleep six months ago. But there she was, sitting in her rocking chair like it'd never happened.

For a second, Will wondered if he'd misread the obituary, dreamed up all the walks where he'd passed by the porch and she hadn't been there, hallucinated the funerary gathering where the Johnsons had served the requisite potato hot dish and loose meat sandwiches (neither of which Hannibal would touch, of course).

No. No, no, no, Doris was dead.

Will closed his eyes, then slowly opened them again.

Doris was still there, but the longer he looked at her, the more certain he was that what he was seeing was a phantom. Her edges were ill-defined, and she didn't seem to see him,

gazing straight ahead. He could make out the slats of the rocking chair through her opaque body.

After a few more seconds, Doris just sort of… faded away.

Zoe relaxed in his arms, and Will hustled to catch up with the rest of the dogs.

Hannibal was home making dinner when they returned, frying up what looked like some freshly butchered steaks. Will raised his eyebrows as Hannibal flipped the meat, searing it over high heat, and then paused to sprinkle delicate little shreds of parmesan cheese over some asparagus. “You went hunting…?” He frowned, trying not to pout.

“I needed a liver,” Hannibal said.

“But that’s not liver.”

“No, I took these as well, so less of him would go to waste,” Hannibal said, cracking pepper over the pan.

“And… what did you need a liver for?”

“You’ll see.”

Will wasn’t privy to what was going to happen for several more hours, despite asking. After dinner Hannibal worked on some patient notes while Will prepped his next lecture. Then they had a drink on the back porch under the light of the golden moon, and went to bed.

Will startled awake several hours later when Hannibal shook him. “Wha- what’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Hannibal soothed. “But it’s nearly the witching hour, and I have augury to perform.”

“You need an auger? For what?” Will asked, still whispering even though he wasn’t sure why. He squinted when Hannibal flipped on a soft light and got out of bed.

“Augury. Divination. We’re going to see what kind of haruspex I make.”

“Haruspex – I feel like that’s in the Monster Manual somewhere… or is it a, whatever it’s called – a Pokémon?”

Hannibal just leaned over and kissed his forehead, then helped him out of bed. Will slid his feet into a pair of wooly socks as Hannibal stepped into his slippers.

Downstairs, they’d turned the unfinished room in their basement into a shared space – sex dungeon on one side and witchy altar and ritual area on the other. There was already a circle drawn on the floor in chalk, a cushion in the center, and three indigo candles on the altar. In the center of this trinity was a clear glass dessert stand with a crystal dome over it. Inside was what Will assumed was a human liver.

“I think you’d approve, Will,” Hannibal said, as if reading his mind. “He was skimming funds from the school lunch budget and putting students further into debt to the nutrition program.”

“Yeah, all right… total douchebag,” Will agreed.

“If you’ll remove your clothing and sit in the center of the circle.”

Will did as he was asked, and Hannibal did the same, taking off his silk pajama set and folding it neatly on the fuck bench, then entered his sacred circle to begin whatever ritual he had planned.

Hannibal opened his grandmother’s Book of Shadows and began, murmuring prayers and lighting the candles. He lifted the dome from the liver and brought it over to Will, resting the glass stand in his lap. Will winced, moving his dick and balls out of the way, then held the underside of the cake stand as Hannibal knelt before him.

Hannibal closed his eyes and chanted several more arcane phrases, holding his hands over the glistening liver. When he opened them, his eyes glowed with their blue aura as they usually did when he worked magick. But this time, there was a third eye that opened up on his forehead, perfectly matching his other two.

“Holy fuck,” Will gasped.

“Shh,” Hannibal warned and Will shut his mouth.

Hannibal looked down at the liver and ran his hands over it, inspecting its shiny surface, studying its bumps and ridges. He nodded as if it somehow made sense.

“What the hell are you doing?” Will stage-whispered.

“Haruspicy,” Hannibal answered, carefully turning the liver over. “In the religion of ancient Rome, a Haruspex was a diviner who used the entrails of sacrificed animals as a form of divination.”

“Sacrificed a pig, then?” Will asked, raising an eyebrow.

“A greedy one,” Hannibal agreed, his unsettling third eye blinking in time with his others. “The Babylonians practiced a similar art.”

“Couldn’t be tarot cards,” Will muttered, shivering a little. “Had to be weird liver prophecy.”

“There are ridges in the houses of Apollo and a smooth section that corresponds to Hecate with an overlapping ripple crossing Pluto’s domain. But all of the textures and their variability seem to stem from this section of the coronary ligament.”

“And that means…”

“Something happened — a cataclysmic event. And its ripple effects are what’s causing your condition, activating your connection to Apollo, god of prophecy, Hecate, Our Lady of the

Crossroads, Queen of Witches, and Pluto, Lord of the Dead and ruler of the underworld. It's taking your empathy and applying it to the veils that separate dimensions. Time, space, past, present, future — the living and the dead."

"So… TL;DR, I see dead people. Again."

"What does a toddler have to do with anything?"

Will blew a curl out of his face in exasperation. "Never mind."

"If I'm correct you can do more than see ghosts, Will. You may be able to travel via astral projection. Perhaps even read or influence thoughts."

"So what caused this? What cataclysm?"

"I don't know, but—"

Suddenly, a hot, howling wind blew through the room, extinguishing the candles and whipping Will's hair around his head. The preternatural heat was intense and very suddenly suffocating. Will broke out into a massive sweat as he held the liver and prayed Hannibal would be done soon. He sniffed the air… was that sulfur? A whiff and then it was gone, the scorching wind bearing it away and leaving only an incense-like smoke behind with the richness of cedar. The candles had melted to gobs of wax on the altar.

The liver on the glass stand between them was smoking as if it had been pan-seared. Hannibal, his face thoughtful, his third eye gone, bore it back over to the altar and replaced the dome, then rejoined Will, reaching down to take his hand. He traced the contours of Will's face with his fevered fingertips, his body radiating a palpable heat in the wake of the interrupting blast of whatever the fuck it was. He leaned in and pressed his face against Will's damp neck and inhaled. "I can't account for the phenomenon, but the heat has made you delicious, beloved."

"You're always so horny after spell casting," Will chided, but was more than happy to let Hannibal pull him into a luscious embrace, feeling him up all over, gripping the sweaty curves and angles of his body, licentiously groping his ass.

Hannibal grabbed him by the lower back and shoulder blade and dumped him on the cushion in the center of the ceremonial circle, climbing on top and pressing his hardened length against Will's stomach. Soon enough he was rutting as Will was writhing, each of them nipping and licking and sucking anything within their mouths' reach, basking in the wet salty musk of their sweat.

Will executed a well trained reversal and trapped Hannibal beneath, Hannibal locked his hands palm down against Will's firm ass cheeks and squeezed in sync with their thrusted frottage as Will rocked against him. Will's sweat splattered down on Hannibal's chest, glimmering in his chest hair. Will grabbed their cocks and squeezed them together, thrusting through his perspiration-damp fist, creating frantic friction that was as pleasant as it was difficult. Luckily Hannibal was leaking loads of precum as usual so Will slicked them with the milky fluid and kept going. Hannibal squeezed his ass with a powerful clamping of both

hands, arching his back with a growl of pleasure as he spilled. Will let go as soon as he did to ensure a dual orgasm. Conjoined.

In the hard breathing aftermath Hannibal caught him unawares and flipped their positions again so he could lay on top of Will in their shared mess and sniff his neck again. “Literally hot,” Will chuckled.

Hannibal kissed him gently then rolled again, spreading Will’s body over him and holding him tightly, clinging to his husband. “We’ll navigate this,” Hannibal promised. “You learned to control your empathy, to hone it as an instrument.”

“Pointed at both ends,” Will reminded him.

“Nevertheless, I know you can do the same with it in its new supernatural form. If it’s pointed on both ends, Will, then I’ll be your armor.”

“Promise?”

“I promise. And I always keep my promises."

Oct. 4th: Telepathic and Headless Horseman

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Hannibal usually beat Will home from work, despite the fact that they were the same distance from their places of employment. Time seemed to bend to Hannibal's will, or he had the traffic patterns memorized. Today, however, Will got home first. He checked Hannibal's schedule, which he dutifully wrote out by hand each week and stuck to the fridge with a magnet from the Uffizi gallery. Hannibal's last appointment of the day was Franklyn Froidiveaux. Will chuckled, hanging up his jacket and heading back to the bedroom. No way his husband was getting off work early with Franklyn as his final appointment. Will knew from D&D that Franklyn was having problems with his mother not approving of Maeve Katz, which was the dumbest thing Will had ever heard. Beverly's cousin was geeky, brilliant, super pretty, and had a great career in green energy. Whatever the cause of Mrs. Froidiveaux's prejudice, Will knew Franklyn had loads of baggage to work through with his therapist.

Will hung up his tie and sport coat, and unbuttoned his collar and cuffs. He was about to head outside and let the dogs out when an idea came to him. Hannibal had been encouraging him to practice meditation techniques and gently probe his own mind, testing different aspects of his heightened empathy pulse. A kind of relentless curiosity stole over him, and Will turned off his phone, placing it on the bedside table, then lay down and stretched out.

He closed his eyes and summoned the pulse. As usual, he was assaulted by a barrage of strands, but he was learning to slow them down and calm the vertigo. He wove them tighter, deliberately blocking the black void between the warp and weft, knitting them like thick wool on tiny needles, practically impenetrable.

The ability to wrestle the strands under control thrilled him. Curious, he zoomed in his mental camera to look at one specific thread, choosing a glowing blue one. The more he honed in on it, the larger it grew, until he could see within the strand as though peeking through the crack of venetian blinds. It was… a point of view. Whose, he didn't know, but as he edged closer, sensations began to fill his body. He could see a grassy plain, a herd of goats bleating before him as he walked, his hand clutching a smooth walking stick. Next to him walked a teenage boy with close-cropped hair speaking Swahili, showing him a video on his phone, some goofy dance on TikTok.

Will felt the good humor of the person whose point of view he seemed to be inhabiting, felt himself laugh, a kind of brotherly affection flooding him. Will sensed he was delving too deep, so he pulled back to merely observe the strand, then zipped it back up with his mind.

For a few moments, he had been a twenty-year-old man named Uzuri. Will felt the remnants of the connection evaporate, but the surety of what he'd experienced was ironclad.

What if he looked for someone he knew?

Hannibal .

“Show me Hannibal,” he whispered.

At first, the glistening weave of pulsing strands didn’t move. Will focused, slowed his breathing, and thought of Hannibal, imagined him as best he could, down to the tiniest detail. A blood red strand glowed in the weave and he zeroed in on it, chased it down like a peregrine falcon making a dive at its prey. Peering within the strand, he found himself looking out through Hannibal’s eyes at Franklyn Froideveaux, who was dabbing his nose with a tissue. Hannibal’s office. His last appointment of the day. He felt Hannibal’s self control as he wrestled down his annoyance with Franklyn’s neuroses, reminding himself that he was Will’s friend and not such a bad person, even if he was absolutely cringey.

Will got completely into Hannibal’s head, assuming his point of view, feeling the chair beneath him, the smooth grip of the pen, the feeling of his bespoke clothing against his body. “And my dad, he’s afraid to say anything to contradict her because he knows she’ll make his life a living hell. I don’t know what to do. My mom just can’t seem to let it go that I’m not interested in marrying her best friend Sherri’s daughter Bridget…”

Hannibal inhaled a lungful of air to respond, then paused. He took another breath, this time entirely through his nostrils. *Will. I smell Will.*

As Franklyn cried into another tissue, Hannibal took a look around the upper balcony of the office, scanning the corners to see if Will was hiding somewhere. Will could feel the burn of his curiosity.

I’m in here.

Hannibal’s hand jerked, just the tiniest bit, making the cross of the T in ‘neurotic’ twice as long as it should have been in his handwritten notes. That was all the indication Will needed to know Hannibal could feel him.

“Franklyn, I’m afraid that’s all the time we have for today,” Hannibal said, his voice smoothly even-keeled even as Will could feel his eager excitement.

“But I still have five minutes!”

“I think your mother’s misgivings about Maeve and your father’s fear of her reprisal is an excellent stopping point.”

“But…” Franklyn heaved a watery sigh.

“I’d be happy to make up the extra time during our next session.”

“Well… all right.” Franklyn got up and tidied his tissues diligently before sliding on his jacket and letting Hannibal walk him to the door.

“Remember, Franklyn, love conquers all,” he said.

Franklyn gave him a tearful smile. “You’re right. Well, goodbye Dr. Lecter. Oh! Remember last year when you made candy apples for the Dungeons and Dragons group? Do you think maybe…”

“I’d be happy to send a batch with Will next week.”

Franklyn took his leave and Hannibal closed and locked the office door.

Beloved?

I’m here.

Will didn’t necessarily hear words, but absorbed the feeling of the message and sent his responses the same way. He watched through Hannibal’s eyes as he crossed the office and sank down on the lounge. Will felt the warmth of pleased anticipation and a touch of mischief from Hannibal as he opened his pants and slid out his cock.

Will watched Hannibal spread the generous pearl of precum down his shaft, feeling the stimulation as if it was in his own body.

I know you can feel this. Pleasure.

It was true. And Will’s body responded. He felt heavy and disconnected from his physical form, but on the periphery of his consciousness he could sense his growing arousal, feeling his own cock fill out. Hannibal reached into his suit jacket and slipped a hand beneath his waistcoat, searching for and finding his pointed nipple beneath his shirt and rolling his fingertips over it. Will’s body ached with arousal, absorbing everything Hannibal emoted, a transmission over time and space.

Hannibal’s breath quickened, as did his hand, and then — bliss. It traveled across the strand Will was using to connect with Hannibal like a current through a wire, seizing his whole body in an inexplicably powerful climax.

When Will was aware of himself again, slowly floating back to himself, he opened his eyes to see a sizable wet spot on his pants, though his arms rested at his sides. He’d come untouched by thought alone.

He managed to get up after a while, legs a little shaky, and clean up. Turning his phone back on, he slid on a new pair of jeans and then checked the screen.

Six missed calls. From Alana Bloom.

Will quickly rang her back. “Alana?”

“Will, I didn’t know who else to call,” she said. “I’ve been trying to reach Hannibal but he keeps his phone off during sessions. You need to come down to the BSHCI. Something… something’s happening here and… it’s *supernatural* .”

“What is it? What’s going on?”

“You’re going to think I’m having a psychotic episode but I promise you it’s true. There’s a… *headless horseman* circling the hospital.”

Will was stupefied into silence and couldn’t respond for a moment. “I’m… did I…”

“You heard me right,” Alana said grimly. “I know you and Hannibal did a lot of occult research when Garret Jacob Hobbs’ body was desecrated last year and…” She sighed harshly. “I didn’t know who else to call! Please, Will.”

“I’ll be right there. I’ll swing by and get Hannibal and we’ll be there as soon as we can.”

Will pulled out his key ring and unlocked the drawer in Hannibal’s dresser, grabbing Grazina’s grimoire.

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Hannibal and Will found Alana behind the wheel of her car in the parking lot with her phone out, taking pictures and video of the BSHCI’s lawn. She got out when Will knocked on the window. “He’s on the other side of the building,” she said. “Wait a second and he’ll be back.”

The hospital was brightly lit on this moonless night, the grounds flooded with security lights. Many of the windows were illuminated as well, and some of them were open, employees leaning out to take pictures and video with their phones. Will was hit with a wall of their emotions, saturated in fascinated fear and panicked uncertainty. The reason why became clear within moments.

“Yup. That’s a headless horseman,” Will murmured as a phantasmal horse and rider thundered over the lawn of the hospital. Will could hear the thuds of the creature’s hooves against the lawn, kicking up clods of grassy dirt. The corporeal nightmare was fearsome, clad in a cloak of undulating shadows, his black steed a demonic thing with ember-red eyes. The flesh-spectral warrior carried his own head under his arm, a rotting horror of pale, cheese-like flesh and gooey eyeballs. In his other hand was a whip he used to flog his unholy steed. As he passed closer to the parking lot before disappearing around the corner, Will got a good look at it. The whip was made out of a human spine.

“You see it, too, right?” Alana trembled as she slid her arm through Will’s and shrank against him.

“Uhm… yeah,” Will answered as Hannibal also nodded. “And… so does everybody else.” He motioned to the BSHCI employees gathered at the windows.

The next time the horseman came around the building, Dr. Frederick Chilton appeared at the front door, pushing an orderly out in front of him. “Go on!” he insisted. “Or I’ll fire you and fill your file with so many infraction reports you’ll never work in Baltimore again!”

The orderly was an enormous guy, covered with tattoos – he looked like an ex-NFL player. But he was quaking in his uniform as he descended the front steps towards the horseman, who had checked his steed on the walkway as if waiting for the man to approach.

“Y-you gotta get out of here!” the orderly hollered, even as Will could feel the ripples of fear flowing from him. “Go on… git. Scat! Shoo!”

The horse reared with a neigh that sounded like a hundred pigs being slaughtered at once, the sound layered over an undercurrent of demonic growling. The horseman lifted his vertebrae whip and cracked it at the orderly’s head.

The man shrieked and fell, holding his hands over his face. Blood flowed from between his fingers. Chilton screamed and slammed the door to the hospital shut, likely bolting it from the inside, leaving his employee writhing on the ground.

Hannibal leaned into the Bentley for a moment, setting the grimoire on the passenger’s seat and digging around in the glove box for a moment. He came up with a glass jar of white powder. “What’s that?” Alana asked, briefly tearing her eyes away from the horseman as the horse reared and stamped dangerously close to the fallen orderly.

“Garlic,” Will said.

“Why do you have garlic in the glove box?” Alana wondered.

“He keeps an emergency spice stash for, ah… unexpected cooking opportunities,” Will told her. “What’s the plan, Han, are we gonna… make this guy a nice bolognese sauce and some noodles and hope he… eats it with his rotten mouth that isn’t attached to his fucking neck– what are you doing?” Will chased after Hannibal as he left the parking lot, starting off over the lawn towards the phantasmal horseman with a jar of garlic powder in one hand and the grimoire in the other.

“Stay back, Will.”

“I’ll get him to safety,” Will insisted, meaning the orderly, who was on his stomach now trying to crawl away. The horseman’s fearsome steed reared again and struck down at him with a hoof, narrowly missing his head, sending up eerie purple and blue sparks as it hit the concrete walkway.

Hannibal caught Will by the back of the hair and pulled him in for a roughly lingering kiss.

I have great faith in you, Will, his eyes said.

Will nodded, and they broke apart. Hannibal circled to the left and approached from the other direction while Will jogged up to the bushes at the side of the building and crept as close as he could using the decorative planters as cover.

Hannibal flipped the garlic powder open and called out to the horseman in the arcane language of his grimoire. The wraith turned his horse and it reared again with a fearsome whinny. Hannibal’s eyes glowed their otherworldly blue and he raised his voice to be heard over the creature’s brimstone snorts, casting his spell. He flung the garlic powder at the phantom, and the horseman’s head roared in response, horse and rider shying away as if they’d been burned.

Will darted out when the horseman was distracted and grabbed the fallen orderly under the shoulders and hoisted him up, helping him to his feet. The spine whip had cracked across the poor man's face and left a wicked laceration. Will couldn't be sure but felt guy would be lucky if he didn't lose his eye. Will managed to get the whimpering, wounded orderly up the steps to the front door. He pounded on the glass. "CHILTON! Open this fucking door!"

A couple of seconds later the door did open, but it was Matthew Brown peering through the aperture. "Oh. Will. How have you been? No hard feelings about the stabbing thing."

"Good? That's great. Uhm, now's not a great time— can you get him some help?"

"You should come inside too," Matthew urged as Will helped the orderly through the door to his waiting arms. "Whatever the fuck is going on out there, you'll be safer in here."

Will shook his head. "Not without Hannibal."

Matthew nodded and closed the door, locking it behind him.

Will turned back just in time to see the horseman crack his vertebrae whip down on Hannibal's hand, knocking the grimoire out of his grip. Hannibal recovered quickly, dodging the next blow, his eyes still glowing. He slipped his hand into his pocket and whipped out his folding knife, which also glowed a magical blue, a momentary snarl curling his upper lip, suddenly all warlock-Chesapeake-Ripper. It sent a bolt of heat straight to Will's groin.

Hannibal feinted and slashed out at the horseman's head, sinking the blade into his pale squishy eye. He kept a hold of his blade but was forced to dive to the side as the horse lashed out at him again with its hoof. The horseman raised his whip, and Will knew deep in his own bones that Hannibal wasn't going to be able to get out of the way in time.

Will ran. He didn't know what he was going to do when he got there, but nothing in this world or the next could keep him from Hannibal.

Then he skidded to a stop. Closed his eyes. Conjured the ambient pulse of empathy that squirmed and turned, weaving a tapestry of life before his eyes. Will deliberately loosened the fibers and dove straight into the blackness between the strands. The imago of the horseman was right there in front of him, illuminated by hellish purple-red light, undulating like a living shadow made of dark and swarming flies.

Will's consciousness dove straight into the insectile dark. He scattered them.

Even as he felt the horseman's malicious spirit disperse, he was enveloped by a cold more frigid than anything he'd ever known. His body locked up and his breath died in his lungs. He was falling, with the sensation that he would fall forever, deeper and deeper into the beckoning darkness on the other side of the veil.

Then he hit something with a teeth-chattering thud.

"Will! Will! Will, can you hear me?"

Will opened his eyes. He was laying in Hannbal's lap on the concrete walkway in front of the hospital. He winced, raising a hand to his nose, which was seeping blood. "What happened…?"

"The horseman's gone. He seemed to evaporate into a fading shadow." Hannibal drew his pocket square out and gently pressed it to Will's split eyebrow, which he must have hit on the sidewalk when he collapsed. "That was your doing. I could feel it through my connection to the nether realms."

Will smiled weakly, shivering. "He fucked around and f-found out."

"To say the least."

As Hannibal helped him up, Will heard applause coming from the open windows of the asylum. Alana ran up to them. "What was that? How did you—?!"

"Will is injured," Hannibal said briskly. "I need to take him home."

"But Hannibal…"

"If you'll excuse us."

They left Alana and her questions just in time to escape the hospital employees who poured out onto the lawn to thank them and demand to know what happened in the same breath. Hannibal tucked Will into the passenger's seat, fired up the midnight blue Bentley, and they were gone in the dark.

Oct. 5th: Circle of Salt and Threesome

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When Will woke up, Hannibal wasn't in bed. He groaned, rolling over and settling back onto the pillows with a wince and a sharp intake of breath. His face hurt where he'd fallen on it, splitting his eyebrow against the pavement. The nosebleed, however, seemed to come from whatever he'd done to drive away the headless horseman.

The headless horseman, straight out of Sleepy Hollow, somehow showing up in Baltimore and menacing the BSHCI. Seeing ghosts like Doris was one thing. Based on what had happened at the graveyard during the investigation earlier in the week, Will knew he'd been the only one to see the phantoms roaming about, distraught over their desecrated resting places. But the horseman had been different. Not only was he able to affect the world of the living, he was visible to any number of people.

Will grabbed his phone and checked the local news. There was a report about some kind of disturbance at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, but no details, except a quote from Chilton explaining that there had been a disturbed individual trying to break into the facility as opposed to breaking out, and that one orderly had been injured but was expected to make a full recovery. Will was shocked, considering how many people had had their phones out and were taking pictures.

Sighing, he shifted again and opened up Tattlecrime.com. Ah, here was the real story for once. Freddie Lounds had been on the scene right away, interviewing witnesses, who described pretty much what had happened. But all of the pictures and video showed a sort of glitchy shadow where the horseman was supposed to be. Some witnesses reported their phone's batteries draining completely the second they tried to record the phenomena and others captyred totally unrecognizable images.

But some of the pictures featured Will and Hannibal. They were grainy and hard to make out, but of course Freddie had enhanced them. You could faintly see the glow in Hannibal's eyes and glinting from his knife, s d the grimoire. The caption read, "Famed psychiatrist and former surgeon Dr. Hannibal Lecter appeared to do battle with the supernatural creature, ultimately dispelling it and bringing an end to the Horseman's terror. But what does he know about the Horseman's appearance? This reporter intends to find out!"

"Fuckin' A," Will groaned, dropping his phone on his chest. Hauling himself out of bed, he ignored the several texts and calls from Alana, probably wanting to know what the hell had actually happened, and called Jack instead. "I'm still, ah… under the weather. I feel like I might faint again like I did at the cemetery scene."

"Damn it Will, why do you fall apart every October? Last year you thought you had encephalitis again – did you get some tests at the hospital?"

“Yeah, everything came back clean,” Will said. “Must be psychological. My time of year to, ah… lose my marbles.”

“Well, you better find them!” Jack shouted, then gave a harsh sigh. “I’m sorry, Will. It’s just that we have no leads on the cemetery explosion. But there’s no murder victim that we’ve found, so it’s out of our hands, and I’m sitting here on the sidelines watching the ATF bungle everything like they always do…”

“I’m sorry. I know this must be frustrating for you. You know I’d be there if I could.”

“I know you would. All right, take care, Will. Keep me posted, and if you have any epiphanies about the crater in the graveyard, send them my way. I’ll have Bev and the team share any further forensic discoveries.”

“You got it.”

“All right, young man, you’re on leave until further notice,” Jack said in a scolding tone meant to be humorous. But it was a teensy bit hot, if Will was being honest. There was that damn Daddy kink again. Lucky Bella.

“I’ll call you soon.” Will hung up. Throwing on some basketball shorts, he wandered outside to take care of the dogs. There he found Hannibal making a slow circle around their property, sprinkling blessed salt from a jar decorated with runes, around the foundation of their home and the attached garage.

“Good morning, beloved. I’ll be in shortly to make your breakfast.” Hannibal gently shook the jar behind a bush against the foundation and then continued on the other side as not to miss an inch.

“Protective circle?”

Hannibal nodded, capping the jar as the circle was completed near the front door. “I’ve strengthened the wards as well, should something similar appear to menace us.”

They went inside, letting the dogs in as well to mill around the house while Hannibal cooked breakfast. Will offered to help but was of course gently rebuffed. He settled at the kitchen table with some coffee and picked up Zoe, setting her in his lap. “So… what, ah… the fuck?”

Hannibal turned away from the stove, looking over his shoulder with his eyebrow raised. “Could you be more specific?”

“What the hell was a headless horseman doing outside the BSHCI? Let’s start there.” Will stroked Zoe’s ears as she snorted with delight, leaning into his hand.

Hannibal brought him an ice pack for the bruise on his eyebrow and examined the split before responding. “I don’t believe it was the headless horseman from Irving’s work. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* suggests that the horseman is a romantic rival playing a prank on Ichabod Crane, or, at the very least, carries a jack-o-lantern instead of his own rotting head.”

“Okay, so… what was it?”

“My research suggests the creature was what is known as a *dúlachán* **,”** Hannibal said. “A hobgoblin or dark fairy that is conjured into our realm near graveyards where a wicked aristocrat is said to be buried.”

“A wicked aristocrat whose grave might have been disturbed by, ah… some kind of explosion?” Will scratched Zoe’s ears, then under her chin. “Who’s buried at Green Mount that would fit the bill?”

“I can’t be certain, but I would suggest Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte,” Hannibal replied, setting down two plates of breakfast scramble as Will gently lowered Zoe to the floor and shooed her away. “She was married to Napoleon’s brother and produced an heir, though their marriage was ultimately dissolved so that Jérôme Bonaparte could marry a German princess.”

“Was she wicked?” Will asked after chewing and swallowing his first bites.

“You and I delight in wickedness, so our definition may not be congruent with society’s.”

Will smiled with one side of his mouth, exhaling a little laugh. “Fair point.”

“The more pressing question is how you banished him,” Hannibal studied him carefully over the rim of his Mikasa Crown Jewel Platinum footed teacup as he sipped.

Will did his best to describe what he’d done, sinking between the strands to the place where he could sense and affect the creature on a spiritual level. “And I just… scattered him. I don’t know how to explain it.”

“You’ve explained it remarkably well,” Hannibal assured him. “I’ve been ‘between the strands’ as you put it many times in my magickal workings, piercing the veil between life and death, the physical world and the metaphysical one.”

“Is it starting again?” Will asked softly, pushing a piece of human flesh from one side of his plate to the other. “Is someone… trying to hurt me? Hurt us?”

“I can’t say,” Hannibal replied, though he put his hand reassuringly over Will’s. “But if we were the targets, the horseman would have come to our home or my office, not the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.”

“Good point.”

Just then, the doorbell rang. Buster howled and barrelled towards the door, as if his stubby little legs and sausage body were any match for whoever might be at the door. “Buster, knock it off!” Will scolded, getting up from the table and heading through the living room to the front entryway. Hannibal followed, his hand in his trouser pocket, folding knife in hand, Will was sure.

Will glanced through the glass that surrounded the door frame and turned back to Hannibal. “It’s Matthew Brown,” he said dubiously. The last time Matthew had showed up at their place unannounced, he’d tried to kill Will and abduct Hannibal. The ensuing fight had left him

stabbed and bleeding out. It wasn't Matty's fault, however – he'd been possessed by the Great Red Dragon's dark magic. Right now he looked absolutely normal – nice, even, wearing a dark blue polo that strained against his cut musculature. He carried a big basket of fruit with a bow on it.

Hannibal gently eased Will behind him and peered out the window. He then cautiously opened the door.

"Morning," Matthew greeted with a friendly – Will would daresay charming – smile. "I came to see how you two were doing after… last night. I felt like I should bring you something because of, y'know, last time, but I wasn't sure what to get…" He held up the basket with a shrug.

"How kind," Hannibal said, slowly backing away and swinging it wider. Will hissed at the dogs to stay back. "Won't you come in?"

Will was surprised, but followed Hannibal's lead, directing the dogs downstairs to their play area and joining them in the kitchen where Hannibal was arranging the fruit basket on the counter. "A pineapple centerpiece," Hannibal noted. "Is it symbolic?"

"What do you mean?" Matthew asked, leaning an elbow on the breakfast island. Will tried really hard not to look at his lean abdomen and the curve of his bubble butt.

"Pineapples hold various symbolic meanings across cultures, such as hospitality, welcome, and good luck. Its spiky exterior additionally conveys a sense of protection.

As it spread throughout Europe, the pineapple's exotic nature and rarity led to its association with good fortune. During the 17th century, King Ferdinand of Spain developed a deep fascination for the pineapple. He considered it a symbol of luck, and this belief continued into the 18th and 19th centuries. Chinese culture highlights an interesting linguistic connection, as the word for pineapple sounds similar to the phrase "luck coming your way." This linguistic quirk often leads to the presentation of pineapples as gifts during the Chinese New Year. And Will, didn't you tell me something once about sea captains bringing them to their hosts as gestures of goodwill?"

"Yeah," Will agreed. "They would bring pineapples from the tropics. Meant you were a… classy captain or whatever."

"However, they've taken on a new connotation. Upside down…" Hannibal picked up the pineapple to demonstrate, "they indicate that a couple is interested in opening up their sexual experiences to others."

"Oh, right. Swinging. Yeah, my aunt and uncle went on some swinger cruise and they had pineapple magnets for the doors," Matthew said. Will saw the faintest pink rise to his cheeks and the tips of his large ears. "I forgot about that."

"Hmm." Hannibal turned the pineapple over in his hands, then upside down again. He glanced at Will, who immediately blushed, his nipples poking against his thin tee shirt. Apparently that was all the permission he needed. Hannibal tipped the pineapple over and

inserted it back within the fruit arrangement fronds side down. Then he slid a hand down Will's arm and gripped his wrist with a strength that left no room for uncertainty, pulling him in for a slow, sensual kiss, stroking his stubbled cheek with a soft rasp.

Will definitely hadn't expected something like this, but he knew Hannibal was a creature of pleasure and always snatched up a good opportunity when it appeared. And so did Matthew, apparently, because within seconds he was behind Will, pressed tightly against the slippery fabric of his athletic shorts with a growing bulge in his jeans. Will didn't care for the fuckboy cologne he wore, but was more than okay with the ravenous way the young orderly went after his neck with hungry lips, holding him tightly around the middle with his muscle-cut arms.

"Will," Hannibal breathed against his ear as Will gripped the back of his neck. "Be a good host. Make our guest feel welcome."

Will turned in Matthew's arms but edged his mouth away when he came in for a kiss, settling on his jaw instead. "Can I see your scar?" he asked breathily. "Where I stabbed you?"

Matthew looked at him with wide green eyes, lips parted. "You want to see…?"

Will nodded, slipping open the one clasped button of Matthew's polo as Hannibal groped him from behind, pressing his own growing erection between Will's cheeks and stroking his chest, teasing his nipples through his tee shirt. Matthew reached behind his head and drew his shirt up and over, dropping it on the table next to the fruit basket. Will touched his half-circle tattoos first. They looked like two hemispheres of a bisected human brain surrounded by briars. Now he fixated on the shadow of the wound that had nearly bisected Matthew's heart, a thick scar on his sternum. He fingered it reverently, feeling a sense of ownership that went straight to his cock. It excited him that Matthew been marked in that particular way, a result of Will defending Hannibal from him when Matthew had been possessed by the Great Red Dragon's influence.

Will bent and ran his tongue over it, then sank down to his knees, opening Matthew's jeans as he kissed the deeply cut furrows of his Adonis belt, Hannibal's hands in his hair. Will slipped Matthew's pants and dark briefs down to reveal… the biggest cock he'd ever seen in real life. "Holy shit," he breathed, examining the long shaft, graceful but delightfully veiny. Matthew's pubic hair was perfectly waxed, as was his chest.

"What a pleasant surprise," Hannibal noted, unbuttoning his shirt. "You take especially good care of yourself, Mr. Brown. I appreciate that in a person."

Will looked at the huge log in front of him with a dubious eyebrow raise. But a tug on his hair from Hannibal and he opened up, doing his best, in no way able to fit the whole thing in. "Are you a performer, perhaps?" Hannibal asked pleasantly as if they were talking about the weather.

Matthew moaned, reaching out with one hand to grab Hannibal's shoulder, the other joining Hannibal's on Will's head as he bobbed, gagging a little. "I… have an OnlyFans… Chilton hasn't given… anybody a raise in three years… ooh….!"

Will heard the buckle of Hannibal's trousers clink as he opened it. Then his husband's weeping cock knocked politely against his cheek. "May I cut in?"

Will took a quick breath and pivoted on his knees, tasting the familiar saltiness of Hannibal, bathed in his intimate scent. He could read Hannibal like a book, and knew exactly when to open up his throat to draw him deeper. Not to mention he was more used to the size, not that Hannibal's cock was small by any means. He grasped Matthew's razor-sharp hip bone and Hannibal's waist and pushed them closer together so he could more easily switch between the two of them, looking up once in a while through his tousled hair.

Matthew's flush deepened and Will could see he was trying hard not to let himself finish. Will let them both go and sat back on his heels, his athletic shorts tented, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

Hannibal reached down and helped him up. "If you'd like to accompany us…?"

Matthew nodded eagerly. He pulled his pants down the rest of the way and kicked them off. Hannibal led the way down the hall, removing his shirt as he went and draping it over a chair on the way. Just as Will turned into the bedroom Matthew practically tackled him, grabbing him around the waist and tossing him on the bed. Hannibal smiled his little cheshire smile as he removed the rest of his clothes, watching Matthew yank off Will's shorts. He stroked Will's cock eagerly, then looked over at Hannibal for guidance or permission or both as Will arched up into his touch.

"Don't look at him," Will growled, snatching the younger man's chin in his hand. "He's not in charge here."

Hannibal's eyes darkened and his smile widened a millimeter or two. "I'm not," he agreed.

Matthew grinned, running his hands up and down Will's thighs. "All right, then, Your Majesty, what's next?"

"Han, we need that new anal lube and a condom. You." Will gripped Matthew's hair, making him wince through his wide smile. "End of the bed."

Matthew slid back and waited at his appointed place as Will beckoned Hannibal over and ordered him to lie down. Will got between his legs with the lube and set the condom aside. "Matthew, eat my ass while I get him ready."

Matthew didn't need to be told twice, kneeling behind Will and gobbling at his asshole with an unbridled tongue, squeezing and separating Will's cheeks with reverent hums while Will sucked Hannibal back to full hardness. When he looked back up at his husband, he saw a wild light in his eyes, something both savage and needy. Will twitched an eyebrow at him as if to say, *stop pretending.*

When he lubed up his finger and stuck it in Hannibal's fluttering opening, his husband gasped and arched his back, moaning loudly and gripping the pillows like a complete princess, throwing his head back. Will grinned as he worked him open, scissoring his fingers as he

sucked bruises on Hannibal's inner thighs and Matthew breached his asshole with his tongue, then spanked him hard, no doubt leaving a hand-shaped welt behind.

Hannibal's cock dripped all over his stomach as he writhed and moaned Will's name along with incoherent strains of in other languages. Finally, Will declared him ready. He lay down next to Hannibal, stroking his cock, and beckoned Matthew forward. "You ready?" he asked his husband. "He's gonna split you open, sugar."

"Yes!" Hannibal begged, biting his lip with his irregular, fang-shaped teeth. "Please, Will…"

Will nodded to Matthew who quickly rolled on the condom. Gripping Hannibal's legs behind his knees, he rammed into his ass, bottoming out in two or three pumps. Hannibal cried out, arching again, gripping Will's shoulder and the pillow as Matthew railed him harder and harder. "Faster," Will ordered, though he struggled to be heard over Hannibal's wanton moans and whining pleas. He dipped his head next to his husband's, lazily stroking him again. "Listen to you, you fucking slut," he hissed into his husband's ear. "You, ah… you like his big fucking porn star dick, don't you? You can't get enough…"

Hannibal panted and moaned again, nodding. Matthew shifted, gripping Hannibal's ankles now and angling up his pelvis. The way Hannibal writhed and renewed his gasps of mewled pleasure told Will he was hitting the sweet spot. Will climbed over Hannibal, facing the headboard, shoved his cock in his husband's mouth and fucked his face in time with Matthew's thrusts. "That'll shut you up," he growled as Hannibal gripped his thighs hard enough to leave scratches behind.

Will closed his eyes, peeling the strands away until he found Matthew's (dark green) and Hannibal's, diving into their points of view. Instinctively, he inhabited them, and opened up a kind of give and take where they could feel what he felt just as he experienced what they did, the sensation of beautiful fullness, the delicious tightness of Hannibal's ass.

Will gathered all the threads to himself and gave the command. *Come.*

And they did, in perfect unison, Hannibal gasping and sputtering as his mouth was flooded with Will's seed as he sucked in a breath in response to his own orgasm, spraying his stomach with a huge load as Matthew snarled, snapping his hips to ride out his own orgasm.

Will collapsed next to his husband, panting. "You okay?" he asked as Matthew slipped out and plopped on the other side of the bed, sweaty and breathing hard. Hannibal wiped his lips and coughed a couple of times, then turned to Will, gazing at him with the most loving expression. "Yes." To Matthew: "It was kind of you to call on us. Thank you for the lovely fruit basket."

"What's OnlyFans and how do we find yours?" Will asked.

Oct. 6: Mummies and Shower/Bath

Chapter 6: Mummies and Shower/Bath

"For all your empathy, Will, you're not much of a philanthropist," Hannibal noted as they climbed the marble stairs to the Natural History Museum, their steps muffled by the red carpet the Historic Preservation Commission always rolled out for their charity events.

Will pulled at his bow tie with a grimace, trying to give his neck some space. "It's not the philanthropy part that I hate."

"Of course. It's the small talk and tuxedos that vex you most."

"No," Will denied. "It's because I'm missing D&D. Those idiots are lost without me. Last time I missed a session Franklyn turned half the party invisible then ran into an invisible gelatinous cube and nobody could save them because nobody could see them—"

"Mrs. Komeda. Lovely to see you." Hannibal practically dragged Will through the open front doors of the museum, leading him into the grand foyer where a string quartet was performing Bach beneath a giant Wooly mammoth sculpture. The museum was decked out with fairy lights and the new Egyptian collection had been unveiled. The entire left side of the front exhibition hall was lined with glass cases holding mummies and canopic jars. The usual displays from the foyer had been rearranged on the right side, grouping together other megafauna reconstructions or fossilized bones – giant sloth, bush-antlered deer, wooly rhinoceros. Will had gotten so bored during the last gala that he'd given them all names in his head. The rhino was Phil, the sloth was Timmy Clarence (after the laziest kid Will had ever met, his 5th grade lab partner) and the bush-antlered deer with its enormous, gorgeous branching antlers that stretched about five feet wide, was Hanni. Mostly because something in the creature's expression reminded him of Hannibal, and also because it had the biggest "horniness" of all the specimens.

Hannibal didn't often force Will to attend fancy events, but had insisted on this one. They'd been going pretty much everywhere together whenever possible just in case something supernatural happened, and Hannibal clearly needed a break from D&D at Zeller's where everyone kept pressuring him to make a character and play instead of just cooking dinner for everybody.

As Will made awkward small talk with Mr. Komeda, he did his best to dial back his grumpiness. Hannibal was in his element, trying fancy canapes, drinking nice wine, listening to Bach, and schmoozing with society's elite. It was sexy to see and he really did owe Hannibal a night away from his dork-ass friends.

Alana walked by, arm in arm with another woman Will hadn't met yet. When he was sure the girlfriend wasn't looking, Will caught Alana's eye and smiled, mouthing, "Nice." She smirked and stifled a giggle. Hannibal also introduced Will to a young man who worked at

the museum named Randall Tier, who Will assumed was a former patient considering how he hung on Hannibal's every word and seemed really fucking creepy.

Will thought he'd caught a flash of red hair and was scanning the crowd for Freddie Lounds when Frederick Chilton wandered over, glass of wine in hand. Will noticed he was wearing an almost identical tuxedo to Hannibal's down to the cufflinks, except he had a shawl collar instead of peaked lapels. "Oh, hello Will," he greeted. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I didn't expect to be here," Will grumbled.

"I suppose you'd rather be fishing or roughhousing with your pack of dogs?" Chilton caught a caterer and snagged two glasses of champagne, handing one to Will.

Will took it awkwardly, his whiskey glass still in his other hand. "Actually, I'd rather be playing Dungeons and Dragons, because my party never remembers to check for traps and all Chiyoh wants to do is murder people."

"Oh… you attend… a dungeon?" Chilton quirked an eyebrow, edging closer. "How adventurous."

Will stared at him with an exasperated scowl. "It's a tabletop roleplaying game."

"I do love a good roleplay. Did I tell you I have a theater degree from Cornell?"

"Chilton, it's NOT a sex thing." Will drained his champagne in one go and handed him the empty flute. "It's a dice-rolling adventure game where you play as a character, swords and sorcery…"

"Oh dear God, you mean that game teenage boys with horrendous body odor get together and play in their mother's basements?"

"Yeah, that."

Chilton looked momentarily horrified, but then flipped the charm switch back to the ON position. "I suppose a good relationship is all about compromise… it's not a dealbreaker."

"Dr. Chilton, are you… coming on to me while my husband is five feet away."

"Oh, well, I certainly didn't intend to, unless…" Chilton twitched his eyebrow again. "What can I say, Will Graham, you are rather… bewitching…"

"Frederick, for your own personal safety, I suggest you take your business elsewhere," Will said. "Hannibal–"

Before Will could finish, the gala was interrupted by the deafening sound of breaking glass. Screams replaced the chamber music and a stampede of people fled for the front doors, champagne glasses shattering to the ground, canapes going airborne.

Will and Hannibal instinctively moved toward one another, clasping hands. The glass cases holding the mummified remains had exploded outward, raining down shards of glass on the

marble flooring. Now, with several concussive booms, the sarcophaguses burst open, throwing their lids off with enough force to smash into Phil and Timmy Clarence, snapping the rhino's replica horn and knocking the sloth's head off.

"They're gonna have to have a whole 'nother gala to pay for all this," Will muttered as Hannibal pulled him closer, elbowing fleeing socialites out of the way.

A bone-chilling symphony of screeching moans erupted as mummies of all shapes and sizes climbed out of their shattered coffins or glassless display cases, dust trailing from their disintegrating wrappings. Will knew from the information panels that the bodies themselves shouldn't be much more than skeletons with raisin skin, but somehow the specimens had come to life and transformed, becoming meatier and more mobile. They lurched across the shattered glass toward the fleeing crowd, shambling with outstretched hands and gnashing yellowed teeth, their eyes glowing with an unholy red-purple spiritual fire.

An off-duty cop who'd be working security pulled his service weapon and blasted one of the mummies. He was a good shot, and only missed once, riddling the mummy's chest with bullet holes. This, however, did absolutely nothing to deter the shambling creature. The cop stared in horror as it came closer and closer, then raised its arm, knocking the officer aside like a rag doll, skittering him across the glass-strewn floor.

Hannibal reached into his tuxedo jacket's pocket and pulled out a small black moleskine notebook. This was his travel-sized grimoire where he copied spells that he thought might be useful whilst out and about. Flipping through the pages, he settled on one. He was already chanting as he ran for the stuffed replica of the bush-antlered deer. Will followed, keeping an eye on the mummies as they seemed to grow in agility and strength, knocking over displays, flipping tables, yanking on closet doors, battering anyone who tried to stand in their way.

Looking for something. Or someone, Will thought. *And it's not me. Or Hannibal. We're right here.*

It was only when Hannibal's eyes began to glow that the mummies all snapped their heads in their direction. Will watched in horror as they abandoned their quest and converged, lurching back across the exhibition hall towards where Will and Hannibal stood. Hannibal was still in the middle of his spell, one hand holding the book, the other resting on the cow hide that covered the replica megafauna. Will had to keep them at bay until he could finish whatever he had planned.

Will looked around for a weapon and picked up the broken rhino horn. It was made of styrofoam with plastic coating. Useless. They were getting closer – Will could smell something like hot dust, spices, and warm honey. Mummies didn't smell too bad actually.

Will's mind flashed back to a similar situation in D&D a few weeks back, when they were trying to solve a lock puzzle while a bunch of skeletons closed in on the group. Franklyn's paladin had stepped up in his shining armor and raised his holy symbol.

Maybe Will could do a similar thing.

He closed his eyes, even though it terrified him, going against every instinct of self preservation. Diving through the veil, he could see the mummies highlighted by the purple-red fire, the same energy that had surrounded the horseman. There were too many to scatter, but maybe he could make some kind of presence attack. Will focused on the closest mummy and found the dark core of swarming shadow-flies and burst through them with everything he had.

When he opened his eyes, the mummy he'd attacked was nothing but a burn smudge and a few stray pieces of ancient linen. Will stepped between Hannibal and the approaching horrors, and drew himself up to his full 5'10", squaring his shoulders. "There's more where that came from," he snarled. " *Back the fuck up.* "

The mummies hesitated. A couple even slunk back and ducked behind fallen tables. *Holy shit,* Will thought. *I just Turned Undead!* Sort of. Damn it, he wasn't at a high enough level yet.

But that was okay, because Hannibal used the time Will bought him to finish his spell. The giant prehistoric stag came to life with a mighty roar. Leaping from its platform and landing with a thunderous thud in the midst of the mummies, it went to work, stabbing with its antlers, kicking with its massive hooves, and even biting one mummy's head right off its body and launching it across the room.

Right into the chocolate fountain, which did several flips in the air, pelting them – and their tuxedos – with gobs of melted chocolate.

At last, the mummies were destroyed – reduced to literal pieces. For a while, the limbs twitched and the hands dragged themselves across the floor, but then, Will could sense the otherworldly power animating them dying away. Hannibal raised a spattered hand and stroked the nose of the bush-antlered deer Will had secretly named after him, and nodded his thanks. The creature climbed back up on its platform and resumed its previous position before freezing there, the magickal animation similarly fading away.

"Will, your tuxedo," Hannibal said, furrowing his brow.

"Uh, yours…?"

Hannibal looked down at his clothes and uttered a rare obscenity.

Back home, they undressed in the garage, tossing their clothes directly in the trash can, along with the drop cloths they'd taken from the museum to protect the Bentley's seats. "We should get cleaned up before taking care of the dogs. Don't want them getting near this stuff," Will said as they carefully entered the kitchen, trying not to touch the walls.

"That was my favorite tuxedo," Hannibal said with a sigh, setting his cufflinks next to the sink to be washed. .

"I'm sorry," Will said, hugging him from behind. He dragged his tongue over a glop of chocolate on Hannibal's neck. "Want me to lick you clean? Would that cheer you up?"

“It’s a start,” Hannibal acquiesced, then hummed softly as Will licked the spot again.

“Too bad you didn’t get any on your ass,” Will teased, standing on tiptoe to draw Hannibal’s earlobe into his mouth and suck a spray of chocolate from it.

Hannibal caught his hand and raised it to his mouth, licking chocolate from between Will’s fingers, making his cock swell within seconds as he shoved his tongue in and out of each groove before drawing Will’s index into his mouth.

“A shower?” Hannibal suggested.

“Yeah,” was Will’s eager reply.

Their shower wasn’t as big as the one at Hannibal’s former mansion had been, but they both still fit and could utilize the built-in tiled shelves for leverage. The glass-walled space filled with steam, creating a cocoon-like feeling of safety and warmth. “Let me,” Will requested, squirting some shampoo into his hand. He stood behind Hannibal and washed his hair, then had him rinse while he lathered up the sea sponge and patiently washed his husband down, making sure to catch all the stray spatters of chocolate. “I’m real sorry about your tux,” Will said. “I mean it. And that our evening was… fucked up by, ah… mummies.” He chuckled as he knelt to drag the sponge over Hannibal’s shapely legs. “Never thought those words would come out of my mouth in that particular order.”

Hannibal smiled down at him, playing with a strand of Will’s wet hair. “Thank you, beloved.”

“And next weekend I’ll skip gaming again so we can go to the symphony or something.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it. How will your adventuring party survive the Dungeon of the Mad Mage without you?”

Will hummed, reaching up to him. Hannibal helped him to his feet as Will set the sponge aside, drawing his husband into an embrace as the hot water flowed over their entwined bodies. “We aren’t the targets,” Hannibal murmured against Will’s neck. “But whoever it is, they were at the gala tonight.”

“I can get Jack to pull the guest list,” Will suggested, drawing his hands down Hannibal’s damp back and caressing his rounded backside before traveling back up to his shoulders, kissing his throat. “Hold on, we almost forgot to condition.”

“Thank you, beloved, it slipped my mind.” Probably had something to do with the insistent boner Hannibal was currently working on. All the blood had left his prodigious brain and headed south.

Will conditioned his hair for him as well, and guided him back to rinse. When finished, Hannibal caught him in another embrace, chest to chest, caressing the curves of his hips and giving himself a double helping of ass cheek groping. “You were magnificent tonight,” he murmured, lips wet against Will’s ear.

“So were you. That mega deer’s always been one of my favorites.” Will pressed their foreheads together, noses touching for a moment.

“Our abilities seem to compliment one another,” Hannibal said with a gentle smile.

“It’s nice to be able to… be of use when it comes to the supernatural shit,” Will said.

Slowly, Hannibal angled his face down and caught Will’s lips in his, working against his mouth with tender passion, dancing their tongues together. Will tasted wine and chocolate. Hannibal trailed his hand down one side of Will’s neck and his mouth down the other, nipping and sucking at random intervals that made Will shiver despite the heat of the water. “You know I’d never let harm come to you,” Hannibal said, his voice low and strained with vulnerable desire. “And I know that you’d protect me with your life.”

“I would,” Will vowed. “And if I died, I’d still find a way to look out for you.”

“Don’t talk that way,” Hannibal ordered with sudden sternness, pressing him against the shower wall and sliding down his body to kneel at his feet. He drew Will’s cock between his aristocratic lips and swirled his tongue, alternating between deep sucks and gentle licks. Will pressed his back against the shower wall, his moans echoing off of the tile. Just when he was about to come, Hannibal stopped, leaving him gasping and aching. “Not yet. Come to bed.”

They paused for a cursory dry-off, then fell on the mattress, grinding against one another, kissing, licking, biting gently. Hannibal left a deep purple-red suck bruise on Will’s collarbone that made him tremble, then grabbed the lube. “Don’t touch yourself,” he ordered as Will’s hands twitched. A brief torture, laying there, as Hannibal fingered himself, bent over so Will could see. But then Hannibal sank down on Will’s cock, enveloping him entirely. Hannibal rode him, slowly at first, and then with increasing fervor. He leaned over, gripping Will’s chest as Will squeezed his thighs, moaning. Another kiss, then Hannibal’s riding became even more urgent, his cock dribbling all over Will’s stomach and chest. His fingers dug harder into Will’s pecs, leaving red welts behind as he climbed toward bliss.

“With me,” he growled, voice hoarse with instinctive want. “When I do…”

Will held on with everything he had until Hannibal threw his head back, his body arching as he reached his peak. A primal cry of bliss tore from his husband’s throat as he came. Will grabbed his hips and fucked up into him with everything he had. It took exactly three more thrusts for his desire to come crashing down all around him like a church collapse.

Hannibal collapsed on Will’s chest, ear pressed over his heart, as they panted and petted one another in exhausted appreciation.

“It’s too bad all those hors d’orderves fell in the broken glass and got stepped on by mummies,” Will murmured after a time. “I dunno about you, but I’m fucking starving.”

Hannibal chuckled, slowly peeling himself off of Will and gazing down at him with antler-velvet eyes. “Turning Undead must work up an appetite.”

“Among other things. Now go make me a sandwich.”

Oct 7th: Dirty Talk, Buttjobs, and Popcorn Balls

“Thank you so much for coming,” Maeve said brightly as Hannibal and Will arrived at the Mount Vernon Place United Methodist Church’s Fall Festival. The side lawn of the church was set up with booths and craft tables. Little kids ran around playing games or waited in line to have their faces painted. Hannibal had made a huge batch of traditional popcorn balls, though it’d been Will’s job to put each in an individual plastic bag and affix it with a gold twisty tie. “These look amazing, thank you!” Maeve took the box from Hannibal and set the treats on the bake sale table. “I have to get back to work but feel free to enjoy Fall Fest! Franklyn’s around here somewhere dressed as an adorable scarecrow if you wanna get a picture.”

“I’m sure we will.”

They took a little stroll along the lawn, admiring the fall themed wreaths and other home woven handicrafts, though Hannibal turned up his nose at the patriotic and NFL team wood carvings. At the end of the lawn was a silent auction for various big ticket items like quilts, bougie gift baskets, and framed art pieces, one of which Will recognized. “What the *fuck?* ” He barked, then quickly slapped a hand over his mouth as some kids skipped by. “What the fuck?” he whispered fiercely instead, motioning to one of the art pieces, an intricate sketch of an angel in a rather risqué drapery that barely covered his junk, wings gracefully flared, gazing down beatifically at the upturned face of the mortals he’d appeared to. “That’s *me!* ” he hissed.

“Yes, I donated a piece for the silent auction. The funds are supporting clean water initiatives in Kenya.”

“Oh that’s very fucking philanthropic of you!”

“It is,” Hannibal agreed with a smirk.

An older lady inching along with a walker stopped and stared at the drawing for a long time. Then she turned and put on her glasses, squinting through the thick lenses at Will before breaking into a denture smile.

“Oh for God's sake.”

“It is,” Hannibal said again. “What can I say, Will, when I think of God’s most beautiful creation, I think of you.”

Will rolled his eyes, but he was smiling. “Buy me a pumpkin butter scone,” he ordered. “And I’ll think about letting this go.”

His request was granted. Will ate it while they browsed. But when he was finished he was sure to make eye contact with Hannibal as he sucked his buttery fingers clean. “See, I know you, sweetheart,” he murmured, leaning close to his ear. “You don’t really want me to let it

go. You'd much rather make it up to me later. You're just praying that I'll hold a grudge. 'Cause you *want* to be in trouble tonight, don't you?"

"Whatever would give you that idea?" Hannibal asked mildly, adjusting his camel colored sport coat he was wearing over the perfect pumpkin spice dress shirt. Will could see the telltale darkening of his eyes, though. "This is hardly the place to encourage flagrant sinning."

"I think it's *exactly* the place," Will said under his breath as they passed the pumpkin carving station. "Because you're a nasty, ah… *pervert* when it comes to religious shit. I'm surprised we don't roleplay priest and penitent more often. Maybe we should go in and see if they have a confessional. Sneak in for a little you-know-what."

"On the same or opposite sides?" Hannibal asked, even as he browsed innocently over hand sewn aprons with fall leaf patterns.

Will leaned in, pretending to look at the price tag. "Opposite obviously, that's how glory holes work."

The muscle in Hannibal's cheek twitched and Will felt a surge of triumph. He was getting somewhere. "Or you could take me on that drive through the country to look at the fall colors. Then we could find ourselves a nice pile of leaves for me to fuck you on. Ruin that nice blazer…"

"Sport coat," Hannibal corrected. Will's response was to slide his hand casually around his waist and pinch his hip right at his waistband. Hannibal only blinked, but that said plenty.

"Whatever. I think it'd be a small sacrifice to get railed on a pretty pile of leaves. A… seasonal backdrop for me to watch my cock disappear inside of you."

Was that a bead of sweat on Hannibal's brow?

Just then, Maeve happened by, walking with a kind-eyed older man with short cropped wool-gray hair and a similar beard. He wore jeans and a short-sleeved button up, a clerical collar at his throat. "Oh, Will – this is Pastor Todd. Pastor Todd, this is Will, and his husband Dr. Lecter-Graham."

"Oh, Dr. Lecter! Thank you so much for donating that, erm… very detailed drawing. The price is already over a thousand dollars," Pastor Todd said, shaking their hands.

"All for a good cause. It was my pleasure." He caught Will's eye as he said the final word with a licentious curl of his lip.

"Would it be okay to go inside the church and look around?" Will asked.

"Sure – it's closed to the public right now, but if you go in that side door there you can give yourselves a little tour of the sanctuary," Pastor Todd said.

"Your popcorn balls are a big hit, by the way!" Maeve said as she hurried back to the bake sale, pausing to kiss Franklyn, who was being assaulted by little kids treating him like a giant

stuffed animal.

Will made a beeline for the side door, and Hannibal followed, of course. The church was magnificent, surely – a lovely example of Norman Gothic architecture. The rose window inside bathed the 900-seat sanctuary with light, but neither of them were much interested in their surroundings.

Will glanced around to ensure they were alone, then grabbed Hannibal's lapels, pressing into him for a kiss and a grope. "Looks like I got you all hot and bothered, old man," he breathed against his plush lips, teasing the outline of his cock. "A little blasphemy and you're all wet for me, you sacreligious little— argh!" Will's litany of filth was cut short when Hannibal suddenly grabbed him by the back of the neck and wrenched his head back by the hair.

"I'd like you on the altar. Up there." He nodded toward the chancel. "I want to see you as a saint, beloved. Reverent and pious."

He released Will's hair slowly, then took off his sport coat, laying it carefully over the back of a pew.

The corner of Will's mouth eased up, a subtle curve of mischief. "Which saint?" he asked, climbing the small staircase. "How about… Sebastian?" Will clasped his arms tightly behind his back, mimicking the saint's suffering as he leaned back against the altar, miming sensual suffering.

"You wear martyrdom well," Hannibal said, slowly ascending to stand before him, washed with the colorful light that flowed through the rose window. Hannibal's hands came to rest on either side of Will's hips, caging him against the hard wood of the altar. Leaning in, he pressed a kiss to the hollow of Will's throat. "Such a pretty saint," Hannibal murmured, his lips brushing Will's ear as he spoke. "So tempting." His teeth grazed the lobe, a hint of danger in the gentle act. "I wonder, how does it feel? Being splayed out, open to… penetration?"

One hand slid around to grab Will's ass, squeezing with possessive fingers. Hannibal pressed his hardening length against Will's hip. "Tell me, Will," he growls, nipping at Will's jawline. "Would you like me to lead you into temptation?"

Will kept his arms tightly behind his back, leaning away from Hannibal's mouth. "Get thee beyond me, Satan. The power of Christ compels you…"

"I see you're well-versed in the classics. But I'm afraid exorcisms won't work on me. It's not all that compelling."He leaned in closer, his lips barely grazing Will's as he whispered, "I am the devil you know." With that, Hannibal sank to his knees before Will, his face level with the growing bulge in Will's trousers. He nuzzled Will's hard length through the fabric, inhaling. He undid Will's belt, keeping eye contact. "I hope you're ready," Hannibal purred, palming Will's erection through his underwear. "Because I intend to show you God. And you'll say his name."

He pulled Will's trousers and underwear down just enough to free his cock, which seemed to spring out toward him in anticipation. He took Will into his mouth, swallowing him down to

the hilt. Hannibal's throat constricted around Will's length and he hummed, making Will tilt his head up towards heaven with a muffled groan.

“I don’t know martyrdom felt so good,” Will gasps. “Though they do call it passion and ecstasy don’t they?”

"They do," Hannibal agreed once his mouth was free to speak. He resumed his ministrations, tongue swirling around the sensitive head of Will's cock before diving back down, taking him deep once more. Hannibal's skilled mouth was a dark miracle, just like the rest of his magic, alternating between gentle sucks and firm, rhythmic strokes.

“ *Hannibal* ,” Will moaned, and it echoed through the sanctuary with a beautiful blasphemy.

Hannibal's hand snuck in to cup Will's balls, rolling them gently in his palm, testing their tightness, Will assumed. Hannibal increased the pace, his tongue flicking rapidly along the underside of Will's length. He took Will deep into his throat once more, swallowing around him, the muscles in his throat massaging the sensitive flesh. Will's body tensed, and then released. His orgasm crashed over him, his cock pulsing and throbbing in Hannibal's mouth. He nursed Will through his climax, gentle sucks and soft licks coaxing out every ounce of pleasure.

“All kinds of balls at church today,” Will panted, giddy with the aftermath, as Hannibal got to his feet. “Popcorn balls, my balls…”

“And mine,” Hannibal reminded him, opening his pants. He moved with Ripper swiftness, flipping Will against the altar, the candlesticks rattling dangerously on the embroidered cloth. He held Will down by his clasped arms and got his cock out, wet as usual with copious precum. He bent Will over further, pulling down his boxers, and ran his cock along Will’s ass crack. Now he gripped the cheeks with both hands, spreading and holding them just right for him to thrust between. Will had the good sense to pull his shirt up on his back as far as he could, which was good, because the next thing he knew, his husband had spurted all up his spine. Hannibal put his cock away, then rolled Will over, smearing the altar cloth before helping him stand upright and straighten his clothes.

They snuck back outside, then said goodbye to Maeve and Pastor Todd. On the way, Hannibal said he wanted to check to see how high the bids were for his drawing. So far, it’d gone up another five hundred dollars, the highest of any of the art pieces. Will scoffed as he watched Hannibal lean in and write $3,000 on his bid line. “I’ve decided I can’t bear to part with it,” he explained, sliding his arm around Will’s shoulders.

“It’ll look great on the wall of our apartment in Hell,” Will agreed.

“As if I’d let us live in an apartment,” Hannibal scoffed.

“Maybe that’s your eternal punishment,” Will teased.

Oct. 8th - "Strap On" and Hobgoblin

Oct. 8th: “Strap On” and Hobgoblin

“Wait – h-how did you know?” Will asked, wide-eyed, even as Hannibal stripped him down and guided him to the bed, strapping his ankles and wrists into the restraints.

“Last night, when I hypnotized you to see if your subconscious remembered any more details about the attacks, I asked a few other questions.” Hannibal stood and went over to the sound machine, selecting ocean waves and turning up the volume.

“Oh, just because you, ah… happened to be in the neighborhood?” Will snarked. “You know I don’t like it when you fuck around in my head!”

“I thought perhaps you’d had a recurring dream that would provide some insight, that you’d been granted some measure of prophecy.” Hannibal stripped and hung up his clothes with his usual care. “It was a complete surprise to realize you were having sexual dreams about a sea monster.”

“Well, it’s your fault,” Will insisted, watching Hannibal peruse the lube in their bedside drawer and select one. “Two years ago you left that unmarked mushroom tea in the fridge and I drank it and had a little… trip. Since then sometimes I just… dream about it again. Y’know, you can’t leave something that looks like tea in the fridge in a Mason jar of all things. Mason jars are like catnip to people from the South! Of course I thought it was regular tea!”

“Regardless, your secret is safe with me. In fact, I’d like to help make your dream come true, at least in part.” Hannibal opened the closet and found a bag, withdrawing a pair of green silicone gloves that had tentacles for fingers, and a thick dark green and black rubber cock sleeve that was tentacle shaped.

“Holy shit.” Will felt his cheeks burning as Hannibal set the items on the bed. “Han… uhm…”

“You’re welcome,” he said, sliding a blindfold over Will’s eyes. “Now, imagine it’s a typical day at the beach…”

Will felt Hannibal’s hands, encased in the silicone gloves tipped with rubbery tentacles with suckers, slide over his feet as if coming up from the water. Will didn’t move, focusing solely on the sensation, letting his mind drift back to the hallucination that spawned the dream. Hannibal teased up his legs, toyed with his inner thighs, and then removed one hand to drip some kind of slimy, jelly-like substance on his stomach to simulate the creature’s ooze that Will remembered so clearly from the vision. He moved the tentacle fingers through it, tracing it, slick and cold, up Will’s chest to tease his nipples. “What is that stuff?” Will asked.

“The most uninteresting lubricant,” Hannibal told him. “Aqua-Gel. It comes in a gallon bottle. Recommended for medical exams. I thought it might approximate the jelly-like quality you described.”

“Shit, I told you everything, didn’t I?” Will muttered.

“You’re very forthcoming under hypnosis,” Hannibal told him, squeezing more gobs on his chest. He smeared it up to Will’s neck, then gripped his throat with his tentacle hand. Will took a staggered breath against the pressure, his cock twitching. Hannibal used the other hand to begin stroking him, aided by the slimy substance.

Will pulled on his restraints, squirming, as Hannibal traded one of the tentacle hands for a thin-tipped toy that he used to tease open Will’s entrance, imitating the tapered end of a tentacle. Will was sweating now, breathing hard, trying not to bite through his lower lip.

A pause. He heard some faint rustling, and then felt the bed move as Hannibal knelt between his legs. Now the thick rubbery tip of the tentacle cock sleeve bumped up against his lubed entrance. “Stop me if it’s too much,” Hannibal reminded him and Will nodded. Inch by inch, Hannibal pushed into him. Will could feel each of the rubbery suckers pass through the rings of muscle and up inside. The tip brushed his prostate and Will gasped, tensing his arms in the restraints.

Hannibal lifted Will’s legs and readjusted his pelvis before continuing the insertion. At last, he was inside, stretching Will’s hole and delivering delightful torment with the apparatus on his cock. He teased Will’s nipple with the tentacle glove, then gripped his neck, slowly sliding down over his chest to wrap around his cock. Then he began to thrust, slowly at first, and then with debauched speed.

Hannibal came first, his load shooting out the hollow top of the cock sleeve. Feeling it sent Will over the edge, combined with the notion that a sea monster might somehow be able to get him pregnant.

After a few minutes, Will had been released from his cuffs and blindfold. “I packed your picnic basket,” Hannibal said pleasantly, with a conversational air that was in direct opposition to the fact that he was carefully removing the huge tentacle-shaped cock sleeve from his junk and setting it carefully on a tissue on the bedside table. “I think you’ll be pleased.”

“Too bad you can’t come with,” Will said, globbing on to Hannibal as soon as he got back in bed.

“I’ve canceled too many appointments as of late.”

“I know,” Will sighed, laying his ear over Hannibal’s hairy chest, listening to his heartbeat. “What if… something, ah… happens?”

“I’ve enchanted a protective rune for you to keep on your person,” Hannibal told him, stroking his hair and planting a kiss on his forehead. “And I know in my heart how capable you are. You’ve been practicing with the empathy pulse, and I’ve seen you hold your own.”

“Any luck with the whole cataclysm thing?”

“None so far. I can tell you that there is a powerful being involved. I believe its coming may have caused what happened in the cemetery, but as of yet I can’t see how it’s connected. But that same entity may be blocking my abilities.” He kissed Will’s nose, then held him even closer. “As much as I loathe to see you in danger, beloved, the idea of your power excites me. I do love it when you’re dangerous.”

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“Come on, let’s get started,” Zeller urged, plopping down at the picnic table with a plate full of fancy luncheon food that Hannibal had packed for them. “Time to commence Operation D&D Al Fresco, let’s go!”

“Uhm… I… can’t sit there,” Franklyn said with a shiver, lingering near the green-painted picnic table with his plate. “Maeve, can you…?”

“Sure, hold on.” Maeve turned on the flashlight function of her phone and crawled beneath the picnic table, flashing it around. She brushed something against the wood, then backed out and gave Franklyn a kiss on his beard. “No spiders. But let me get you a camp chair instead.” She set him up with a foldable canvas chair at the end of the picnic table. Franklyn settled in after checking under the table himself.

“Yo, Will, beer me!” Eddie demanded as he and Jimmy hiked up from the parking area towards the picnic shelter. Will tossed him a cold can from the cooler, then finished assembling his fancy sandwich. It really was the perfect day for a fall picnic – warm in the sun and cool in the shade, no wind. Will had suggested the outing due to concerns that some of his friends were spending *way* too much time indoors and needed to “touch grass.” The nearby lake was busy with boats, folks taking advantage of the good weather before putting up their vessels for the winter.

Will expertly built a fire in the fire pit, and set out the marshmallow roasting sticks. “Check it out, I brought the thingy to make hobo pies,” Jimmy said, bringing over the cast iron press with the long handles.

“If we put anything Hannibal packed into a hobo pie maker he will divorce me,” Will said.

“I won’t tell if you won’t!” Zeller took the pie maker and stuck a couple of pieces of Hannibal’s fresh brioche on either side of the contraption and smashed some artisanal cheese and meat from the charcuterie board inside, then closed it up and stuck it in the fire to heat.

They sat down to play, their characters entering a thematically appropriate sylvan forest, headed for the treetop elven kingdom. Just as they were about to pay tribute to the beautiful elf queen who was clearly hiding a secret, Alana Bloom trotted up with her dog Applesauce. “Will!” she greeted. “What’s going on here? A picnic without Hannibal?”

“He had to work,” Will said, kneeling down to pet the dog and scratch her ears. “We’re, ah… touching grass, as they say.”

Eddie was actually rolling in it at the moment but nobody paid him any attention.

“That’s probably a good thing.” She knelt down next to him, using Applesauce as an excuse to speak softly. “You haven’t been returning my calls. What happened with that headless… you-know-what?”

“Hannibal and I took care of it,” he whispered back. “That’s all I can tell you right now.”

“Will!”

Will stood to see who the new interrupter of D&D Al Fresco was. Frederick Chilton was approaching the picnic shelter now, but he was dressed strangely, sporting a flannel and camo hip waders, topped with a traditional wide-brimmed fishing hat, complete with a lure on the side for decoration.

“Frederick… what are you…?”

“I’m so glad you just happened to be here,” he said, butting into the conversation unrepentantly. “I need some help with my boat.”

“You’re…”

“Going fishing,” Chilton said with a smirk. “Yes, it’s a hobby I’ve always loved, you didn’t know that about me?”

“Why are you wearing hip waders if you’re taking the boat out?” Will wondered, furrowing his brow. “If you fall out those’ll fill up and sink you or flip you upside down and drown you.”

“Of course. I was just wearing them… to… protect my clothes while I get the boat… anyway, could you give me a hand? I’ll find *some way* to repay you.” His lips curved into a lewd smile.

“Will, get back here!” Franklyn cried. “The elves are being raided by hobgoblins!”

Zeller cackled, rubbing his hands together. Clearing a space on the picnic table, he rolled out a map and started setting up hobgoblin miniatures.

“Hold on… am I going crazy, or… is that one… moving?” Maeve leaned in, studying the hobgoblin miniature.

“Your eyes must be playing tri— OH MY GOD IT IS!” Franklyn squeaked, getting up so fast he knocked over his camp chair, dragging Maeve away from the table.

“What? You guys are crazy. Will, did Hannibal put magic mushrooms in this pate or what?” Eddie wanted to know.

“Holy shit, it’s growing!” Zeller cried, leaping from his chair as well.

And he was right. To the collective astonishment of everyone the hobgoblin figurine grew and grew until it was so big the table collapsed, sending dice and character sheets flying.

The massive, armored humanoid creature stood in the center of the debris, yellow eyes glowing. It had red orange skin, a beetling brow and a wide mouth full of sharp teeth. It was armed with a sword and its pointed ears flicked in agitation. Slowly, it turned and fixed them with a baleful stare. Uttering a guttural curse in a language Will didn't recognize, it raised its sword.

While everyone was stupefied, Maeve reacted first, as was proper for the leader of their adventuring party. "MAEVE'S MARAUDERS!" she bellowed, getting to her feet and picking up the camp chair, folding it into a club.

" *HOO-AAAH* !" The D&D players grunted their answer as they always did in game before heading into battle, picking up whatever was nearest to serve as a weapon. Chilton, on the other hand, fainted, leaving Alana to drag him away from danger as Applesauce guarded her, growling, hackles raised.

With a barbarian war cry, Maeve lashed out at the hobgoblin with the folded chair, which pretty much bounced off his armor. When he swung his sword at her, however, she caught the blade in the folding metal bits of the chair. Franklyn rushed to her aid and they twisted the sword in the folded chair, wrenching it out of the hobgoblin's hand.

Thinking quickly, it seemed, Zeller was rolling around in the debris, dodging the action while gathering up all of his other figurines and throwing them in the campfire so they'd melt instead of possibly transforming like this one had. Jimmy distracted the hobgoblin by pelting it with items from the charcuterie board and then the board itself so that Eddie could grab the hobo pie maker and swing the hot metal at the creature's face. It broke open, spreading hot molten cheese on the hobgoblin's cheek.

"Run!" Will ordered, gathering Chilton up and throwing him over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. "Now!"

"Run!" Maeve echoed, and the party obeyed, racing for their cars. Will shoved Chilton in the back of the Volvo as Alana got in the front seat with Applesauce. Maeve and Franklyn pulled out of the parking lot and sped away, and everyone else piled into Eddie's van, which was decorated with an airbrush painting of a rearing unicorn and a sorceress babe in a fur bikini.

Will knew he should try to reach out with his mind and scatter the beast the same way he dealt with the headless horseman, but he couldn't afford to stop and focus with the howling hobgoblin warrior thundering after them, ululating a savage battle cry. He slid into the driver's seat and closed and locked the door just in time for the hobgoblin to grab the Volvo's back bumper. Alana screamed and Will groped in the glovebox for his service weapon. Eddie Price whipped his van around and leaned on the horn. Jimmy shrieked through his open window, "Leave them alone, you big bully!"

The beast ignored them. Eddie's response was to raise a fist and thunder, " *PUT IT IN O FOR ONWARD* !" He hit the gas, the can peeling out and scattering gravel.

The Hobgoblin didn't look until the last second. He dropped the back bumper of the Volvo just in time for the huge vintage passenger van to slam into him, throwing him ten feet or more. Will grabbed his pistol and got out of the car even as Alana screamed for him to get back in.

Impossibly, it seemed, the hobgoblin was getting to his feet, tossing off his busted armor. Will opened fire, unloading his clip into the creature's meaty body. The hobgoblin roared in pain and stumbled, but then rushed Will, raising a knife.

A deafening rifle shot cracked through the air, and the hobgoblin's brains blew out the back of his skull. The hulking thing fell to its knees, then collapsed to the ground.

Chiyoh hopped gracefully down from the roof of the picnic shelter and approached them, casually slinging her rifle across her back. "Sorry I'm late," she said.

"Nat 20," Will breathed.

Oct 9th: Public Sex and Exorcist

October 9th: Public Sex and Exorcist

"I can't believe you've never seen this movie," Will said as they settled into the plush theater seats. "Actually… yes I can. Wait, well, I mean, ah… it's got some *very* sacreligious shit in it, which is why I think you'll like it."

"I understand the film's status as a cultural touchstone," Hannibal said, crossing his legs elegantly even as Will slouched, balancing an extra-large popcorn bucket on his lap. "Do you intend to finish all of that?" Hannibal asked, eyeing the salty buttery mess.

"I'm gonna give it my best effort," Will said. "Sorry you can't have any."

"I find the hulls in my teeth unpleasant," Hannibal reminded him.

"Want some cherry Dr. Pepper?"

"I shudder to think what chemicals you'll be marinating in your digestive tract after consuming it."

Will gave him a look, arching a brow, and wrapped his lips around the straw, sucking in his cheeks. "More for me," he said.

As showtime came closer and closer, Will was surprised to see that there weren't many people in the theater. It might have had something to do with the other screening happening at the same time – a new cut of *Night of the Living Dead* that allegedly contained several more minutes of previously lost footage. Will had planned to see it as well, but Eddie had told him that the claim was a scam, and he'd heard online that the added footage was faked with AI. Well, Will Graham didn't fuck around with AI, so it was *The Exorcist* director's cut instead.

"Maybe I just got a big popcorn bucket so I could stick my dick in it," Will said under his breath as the lights dimmed.

"I can't imagine that would be pleasant."

"No, the idea is, like, I cut a hole in the bottom and put my cock in there and then when you're eating popcorn you accidentally touch it…"

Hannibal looked at him with an expression of mild shock. "How devious."

"You'd bring your own artisanal snacks from home with the hole pre-cut," Will teased him.

"I don't need to trick you into groping me at the cinema," Hannibal whispered as the opening credits began. "All that's required is a little psychic driving. You're highly suggestible.

Easiest hypnosis I've ever conducted."

"You little shit," Will hissed, flicking a popcorn kernel at him. It bounced off his forehead, but Hannibal didn't react, just stared at him with affection that was apparent even in the dim lighting.

The film began. Will had seen it a few times in college and at some party at Zeller's, so he was more interested in watching Hannibal watch the movie, stealing glances over at him from time to time. "Their first clue that something's amiss should be the name of the child's imaginary friend," Hannibal leaned over to whisper in his ear. "Captain Howdy. Deranged."

Will snickered, shoving popcorn in his mouth and chasing it down with sweet tea. Before long, Hannibal was chuckling softly as the priests' attempts to perform an exorcism. "Disappointing lack of finesse in their methods. Where's the artistry, the sophistication?" Hannibal mused.

"You could do so much better," Will whispered back, wiping his hand on a napkin so Hannibal's trousers wouldn't be in danger as he started his fingers on a teasing course up on his husband's thigh. "Except you'd be the demon, not the priest."

"Demons are often depicted with a lack of sophistication," Hannibal noted. "All this screaming and vomiting. If I possessed a corporeal body after existing only in spirit, I'd find better uses for it."

"In your version, the little girl would be dressing up in three-piece suits and cooking the priests into elaborate dinners," Will said as his hand continued its teasing dance up Hannibal's inseam.

"I certainly wouldn't ruin a perfectly good cocktail party by urinating on the carpet."

Will snorted a laugh, loud enough for the lady five rows up from them to turn her head. He clamped his mouth shut, but still slid his hand over Hannibal's crotch, caressing its outline, enjoying how it filled out as he teased it.

After a while, Hannibal whispered to him again, quieter this time. "You seem distracted," Hannibal murmured, his eyes glimmering with amusement. "Perhaps we should take this conversation somewhere more private?"

"I think right here is fine," Will breathed against his ear. "We'll just have to be very, ah… quiet and… *discreet* ."

The closed-lipped smile on Hannibal's face was subtly devilish as he leaned in closer to Will. "Thought you'd had enough adventure as of late," he whispered, his breath hot against Will's cheek.

"Never a dull moment." Will leaned in for a kiss, tugging gently on Hannibal's trouser button, a silent request for his husband to meet him halfway. The kiss was heated, all tongue and passion, like they were teenagers desperate for a dark place to fool around instead of middle-aged men with plenty of places to fuck.

As he pulled away to open his pants, Hannibal's eyes glimmered with lust and mischief. "Will," he says, nodding towards the screen. "I'm afraid there's something in me I need you to get out."

Will abandoned the popcorn bucket and leaned into Hannibal after moving up the foldable arm between the movie seats. "Better the devil you know," he whispered heatedly into Hannibal's ear, his hand sliding into his pants. Hannibal shifted, easing them down a little so Will could get his cock out.

Hannibal shuddered at the sensation of Will's hand stroking him, spreading the pearly drops that gathered on the tip over his shaft. "Oh, I know him quite intimately indeed," he breathed. "And I must say, he's far more… delectable than any demon," Hannibal purred, his teeth grazing the shell of Will's ear.

Will stroked with fervent devotion, his own arousal straining against his jeans, though his focus was solely on pleasuring his husband.

"Just like that, beloved," Hannibal breathed as Will's thumb swirled underneath and then over the sensitive head of his cock. Now his skilled hand worked in tandem with the little movements of Hannibal's hips. The demonic cries and growls filling the theater only served to heighten the forbidden thrill of the public tryst.

"Better stay quiet, old man," Will whispered, his lips brushing against Hannibal's neck. "Wouldn't do for Baltimore's number-one psychiatrist to be caught in a theater with his pants down. I mean, look what happened to Pee-Wee Herman."

Hannibal held on long enough for there to be an extremely loud part of the exorcism. Will felt Hannibal's body tense, his grip tightening on the armrest as the possessed girl's shrieks filled the theater. The film mostly muffled the gasp of rapture as he came, Will coaxing out every last drop of pleasure. He continued to stroke Hannibal's sensitive, spent cock.

With a final, tender kiss on Hannibal's cheek, Will withdrew his hand and cleaned up with his pile of napkins while Hannibal watched the movie; the only evidence of what had happened was his elevated breathing. Will tucked him back into his pants with the utmost care. Leaning back in his seat, he ignored his own cock, which was pleading for some attention.

"Shall we finish the movie?" Hannibal asked, his breath ghosting over Will's cheek. "Or would you like me to see to your needs?"

"Well, you've never seen it and I know you wanna know how it ends," Will whispered back.

"I'm sure they'll screen it next year." Hannibal leaned over, adjusting himself in the seat, and opened Will's jeans. .

"Careful now," Will warned, his voice a low, seductive purr. "We wouldn't want to cause a scene, would we?"

Despite his words, Will couldn't help but let out a soft groan as Hannibal stroked him with deliberate, teasing motions. On the screen, the final showdown between the priests and the

demon was unfolding, but Will scarcely paid it any attention, especially when Hannibal leaned further over his lap and parted those perfect, aristocratic lips to suck his cock right there in the theater.

The sudden rush of heat engulfing his sensitive flesh made Will inhale sharply through his nose, his eyes fluttering shut as his husband's talented mouth enveloped him. Will spread a hand over the back of Hannibal's head, pushing him further down.

His grip on Hannibal's hair tightened, urging him to take him deeper, faster. The wet heat of Hannibal's mouth and the gentle scrape of his teeth against his shaft made Will feel possessed in his own right. Will clamped his free hand over his own mouth, muffling the moans that threatened to escape. On the screen, the final moments of the exorcism play out. Poor handsome Father Karras made the ultimate sacrifice, but Will was too in his own pleasure to pay the pathos any mind. His world had narrowed down to the exquisite sensation and illicit thrill.

Hannibal added his hand to the mix, squeezing the base of the shaft as he sucked. The addition sent Will careening towards the edge, his thighs trembling with the effort of holding back his climax until there was a loud part in the movie again. The breaking glass in the film's big moment was just enough to cover up Will's unhinged sound when he came, blowing his load into Hannibal's waiting mouth only to have it greedily consumed.

That being said, when he offered Hannibal a sip of cherry Dr. Pepper, he actually accepted.

Oct. 10th: Black Heart and Sex for Favors

Chapter Summary

I know, I know I'm behind! I'm attending a work conference for the next couple of days, and while you might think, "DB you'll be busier than usual!" that's absolutely not true. I'll be staying in a hotel, which means no housework and no family distractions, so I'm hoping to produce copious amounts of smut and get caught up!

and trust me... this is a chapter WORTH WAITING FOR...

Oct. 10th: Black Heart and Sex for Favors

“Will!” Alana caught up to him in the hallway of the BSU. “Will, you owe me an explanation! What in the hell is happening with you? Every time something… fucking crazy happens, you’re there.” She tugged on his arm hard enough to yank him to a stop, which was impressive considering how pint-sized she was.

“Yeah, well, so’re you,” Will reminded her. This left her speechless and allowed him to escape into the crime lab. “Z. Lay it on me.”

Zeller and Jimmy were standing over a table examining the knife that had been recovered at the scene of the graveyard explosion, bathed in bright lights clipped to the edge of the tray that held it. “So when we were investigating the, um… mummy thing at the museum, I met a lady who was an expert in ancient weapons. I thought hey, why not have her look at this one and tell us what it might be?”

“Also, she’s a cutie-patootie,” Jimmy said behind his hand as if Zeller couldn’t hear. “Her name is Reba and she’s very nice. And brilliant. She identified this through touch and smell, along with the data from the carbon dating.”

Zeller’s cheeks reddened and he scowled. “Stop sending us off on side-quests – you always send the party on fucking side quests–!”

“Guys!” Will snapped. “The fucking knife, if you please.”

“Right, so it started its life as a Sumerian ceremonial dagger from, like, 2500 BCE. It’s got a double edged blade made of gold, and the hilt is made of lapiz lazuli gemstones and more gold. But someone modified it somewhere along the line, probably only within the last 200 years. Added this part here at the end…” Zeller indicated the dual faces on the end of the hilt, “and the symbol, as well as crafting a steel structure that fits around it, making it actually

sharp. Here, you can see the welding." He pointed a gloved finger to a seam Will hadn't noticed before. "Blood on it came back as belonging to the inside-out goat we found."

"Reba, the most beautiful archaeologist since young Indiana Jones, also said that the original dagger probably belonged to a Sumerian queen and was buried with her, then excavated in Iraq and sold. Apparently there was a lot of that kind of theft going on in the late 1800s and early 1900s."

"It belongs in a museum!" Zeller cried in his best Harrison Ford voice.

"She also said that she'd heard a rumor about a dagger like this from a guy named Neal Frank who she met at some conference a couple years back."

Will nodded, his mind grinding through the details. "Okay, anybody go looking for Neal Frank?"

"I did," Jimmy said, raising his hand. "He's dead."

"Fuck," Will groaned.

Just then, Hannibal sailed into the lab, looking polished and dapper as ever in his gray 3 piece suit and dark maroon-purple shirt and tie. "Good afternoon."

"Oh, hey, Dr. Lecter, we were just filling Will in." Jimmy gave Hannibal the TL;DR version of the new evidence. "Oh, and the weapon expert lady is hot-hot-hot, and Zeller's in love."

"Shut up!" Z thwacked him on the arm.

"That's certainly puzzling," Hannibal said in his mild, clinical tone. "But I have to steal my husband away from you, I'm afraid. We're having a guest for dinner tonight and need time to prepare."

"We are?" Will asked. Then, "Oh, yeah. We-we are. We gotta… get home and vacuum up the dog hair, you know how it goes."

"Please feel free to call if any more information comes to light." Hannibal took Will's hand and led him back out into the hall. Luckily Alana had gone, though Will didn't know where. Maybe she was the dinner guest and was gonna get roasted for asking too many questions. He hoped not – he'd always liked her and thought Hannibal probably did, too.

"Who's gonna be dinner tonight?" Will asked quietly as they strode through the halls.

"Coming to dinner," Hannibal corrected. "Bedelia du Maurier."

"Your therapist?"

Hannibal nodded. "She was Neal Frank's therapist too, once upon a time. She likely kept a copy of his case file."

"Why?"

“Because she killed him,” Hannibal said, pleasant as can be.

True to their word, Will and Hannibal spent most of the afternoon and evening cleaning and cooking. Around 8:00, a sleek silver Lexus pulled up and a tiny blonde woman with striking features and cold green eyes came to their door. As Hannibal introduced Dr. du Maurier, Will’s superpowered empathy pulse squirmed in his head, showing him the strand connected to her that wove her into the universal fabric. It was a beautiful ivory white, but just on the surface. A millimeter within, her heart was pitch black, the kind of person who would crush a dying bird without a second thought.

As the dinner commenced, a delicious but strained meal where everyone seemed to want to talk about anything except the supernatural and Neal Frank, Will continued to read her, digging into her point of view. She knew what Hannibal was, what they both were. And yes, she was afraid, but also deeply fascinated. With Hannibal, at least. She reminded him of that Tiger King guy, who insisted on having dangerous animals he couldn’t control for reasons nobody entirely understood. Also, they were both blondes.

Another thing: she despised Will. Didn’t think he was worthy of the magnificent predator that was Hannibal Lecter. It became more and more apparent as she spoke mundane pleasantries, a rime of frost on her words becoming liquid nitrogen, making them brittle, ready to shatter and carve Will up with the jagged pieces.

Well, if she was gonna try and take his man, Will thought, I’m about to be her Carol Baskins.

After an elegant dinner, it was finally time to get down to business. “I have Neal Frank’s file in an undisclosed location,” she said, sipping her digestif. “And my notes on him over a year of therapy. However, access to these documents requires a certain contrapasso. Hannibal, have you discussed this with your…” her lip curled, “husband yet?”

“Will?” Hannibal got up from the table and offered his hand. Will narrowed his eyes at the tiny little ice queen, who smiled so beatifically, and got up, following Hannibal to the bedroom.

“She wants to do what?” Will hissed in a disbelieving whisper after Hannibal told him what they had to pay to play.

“In my studies and meditations, my attempts to understand the forces at work putting us in danger, I did hear a whisper of Neal Frank’s name when I called upon Hecate last. I thought it was because I influenced him with psychic driving to attack Bedelia–”

“You did what?!”

“She survived,” Hannibal sniffed. “In fact, she killed him, as I suspected she would. She’s not to be trifled with.”

“Okay, so what does she want from us?”

Hannibal told him. It took about twenty minutes of heated discussion and cajoling, but in the end, Will agreed. They did need those files. And… the more they talked about it… it was

kinda… hot. Not that he was going to give her the satisfaction of knowing that.

When the bedroom door opened, Will turned his head to see Bedelia step through the door wearing a creamy white silk robe over a lacy negligee. Will was naked on his hands and knees, wrists strapped into cuffs, and already fully prepared and stretched. Hannibal, per Bedelia's specifications, was seated in a nearby chair, still immaculately dressed, looking like he was minutes away from a therapy session.

Bedelia trailed her fingertips along Will's spine. He gave an involuntary shudder, part disgusted aversion and part titillation. "I suppose he's a decent specimen," she purred, running her long-nailed hand along his ass, gripping it as she bent her head a little to examine his cock where it hung between his legs. She glanced at Hannibal, whose eyes were gleaming behind his mask of civility. Will could tell by the way his hands gripped each other over his crossed leg that he was as taut as a violin string, twisted with a mixture of possessive anger and erotic delight. Bedelia gave Will's backside a firm smack like he was a horse she was sending on its way down the trail. "I'm going to enjoy ruining him in front of you, Hannibal. I do hope you let this moment live in your memory palace, the fruits of your decisions."

"By all means, Bedelia," Hannibal said, voice like warm honey flowing across a straight razor blade. "Take your time. Savor every moment."

Bedelia shot him a heated look over her shoulder before turning her attention back to Will. Opening her robe, she revealed a strap-on with a huge black cock attachment, thick and intimidating. It must have had a vibrator in it for her, hitting her clit and/or easing up inside to hit her G-spot, and Bedelia handed Hannibal a small black object that was probably the remote to control it. Kneeling on the bed behind Will, she trailed her fingers along his flank, letting her nails scrape lightly over his skin. "So *obedient* ," she noted. To Hannibal: "I thought you said he was unpredictable. Part of why you found him fascinating."

Will bit back a moan as she ran her fingertips from his hole down his perineum, rubbing his prostate from the outside. Despite the situation, his body was already responding to her touch, to the heady mix of disdain and arousal that filled the bedroom. He knew what was coming, and dreaded and anticipated it in equal measure. He glanced over at Hannibal, his cheeks burning in shame, which in turn spawned a heat in his belly he hadn't expected. Bedelia was making a point. She knew Hannibal chose Will over her, and now she was going to degrade Will while Hannibal could only watch. It was a ballsy move for someone who didn't technically have balls – cucking a cannibalistic serial killer. This was her revenge, a power play to even the score. Will felt his erection hanging heavily between his bent legs, humiliation and lust mingling in a bitter cocktail.

Bedelia lined up the head of the massive dildo to Will's lubricated hole, gently pressing forward, her cold little hand closing around Will's hip. "Such a tight little thing," she says in a mixture of awe and derision. "Considering what the two of you must regularly practice."

"We *switch* !" Will insisted, which earned him a sharp-nailed hand scratching through his scalp to grip a handful of hair. Will growled, partly from the pain, partly because everyone just assumed he was the default bottom, like he didn't blow Hannibal's back out on the regular.

She reached for a bottle of lube that rested on the bedspread, squeezing a generous dollop onto her hand before spreading it over the head of the phallus. Will tensed, bracing himself for the invasion despite what he knew he had to do. "Relax," Bedelia instructed, her voice a soft caress. "I suspect you'll thank me for this."

Will glanced over at Hannibal, who was sitting with his legs crossed, elbow on the arm of the chair. Will didn't need his empathy pulse to suspect he was sitting that way to hide his bulge. The gleam in his eyes said it all.

"You remind me of Bluebeard's wife," Bedelia noted as she pressed the toy in slowly, her movements deliberate and unhurried. "I wonder if you'll be the last?" Will gasped as the pressure built, the head breaching his entrance. The discomfort was nothing to take lightly, and he gripped the duvet under him, knuckles turning white, sweat dripping down his face. The fullness stretched him in a way that was both exquisite and terrifying.

Bedelia continued to inch forward, the strap-on filling Will in a way that no human man could. It was a violation, but one Will couldn't deny he was… enjoying. Testing his limits. He tried not to think about the anal kegels he was going to have to do to shore things up again after this. "There, that's a good boy," she purred, going deeper. Will mewled as the thick rubbery member pushed against his prostate.

Hannibal was watching, a kind of predatory gleam in his eye. He had to know Will was fighting through the discomfort, but the hint of a smile on his face, just the tiniest feather-light curve, told Will he found it thrillingly erotic. Will swore he could smell his husband's copious precum flowing as it always did when he was particularly turned on. Will strained, trying to relax, hanging his head for a moment before turning to Hannibal again. His husband's hand had shifted, slipping between his crossed legs. Will dared to smile at him, a teasing curve. *You pervert, you shouldn't be enjoying this.* Then again, Will noted, he deserved the same admonishment.

Bedelia was apparently satisfied with how deeply she'd penetrated Will, but wasn't moving yet. Will cursed, damp curls brushing his face as he hung his head. Bedelia's hands gripped his hips with sudden force and she exhaled sharply. Will could feel the residual vibrations along the shaft. Hannibal must have pushed the button, firing up the vibrator. She suddenly plowed into Will, her movements growing faster and more determined. Will felt the head slapping against his prostate, the sensation driving him to the edge. "Oh *fuck* ," he moaned, unable to hold back the desperate cry. "You fucking bitch…" Though this was said rather lovingly.

She fucked him mercilessly, giving his ass a stinging smack. "Righteous… reckless… twitchy… little… man…!" she snarled with each thrust, then paused to climax, her nails digging into his skin again, hard enough to leave her mark, surely. She relaxed her grip once the first orgasm seemed to subside, and resumed her pace.

Will's mind was a haze, the pain now a distant memory, subsumed by the relentless onslaught that left him dizzy. He could feel the coil of tension within him, the sweet agony that precedes release. "You fucking came already," he says, his voice strained, a mixture of begging and pleading. "How much more…?"

“ *Will* .” Hannibal’s voice, a strained command that made Will bite his lip to keep his mouth shut. To Bedelia: “Proceed.”

Bedelia moaned through another orgasm courtesy of the vibrator, but she wasn’t done with him yet. She ground her hips, shifting the phallus inside of him. "He’s going to take it all, every last inch," she growled, her smoothly feminine voice now feral.

Hannibal's hand was moving, though Will could only see it out of the corner of his eye. Will was drenched with sweat, his face hot, hair damp. He strained against the cuffs, gasping out muffled whines, trying not to give Bedelia the satisfaction even as his cock begged him to stroke it in time with her heated thrusts. He wanted to be stoic, to maintain a certain narrative that he was only doing this for Neal Frank’s patient files, but the relentless penetration, the stretch and burn, it was too much. And aw fuck, the humiliation – he’d never felt so *used* .

Bedelia leaned over him. "You're doing so well, Will," she cajoled, her voice a silky poison. "Taking it all like a *good boy* . Hannibal chose you for a reason, didn't he? I suppose I never could have satisfied that aspect of his needs. I struggle with *indignity* ." Her words were the cruelest tease he’d ever experienced.

Bedelia's hips moved faster now, the phallus pumping in and out of Will with a brutal pace. The wet squelch of lubricant, the slap of flesh against flesh echoed through the room, a lewd symphony. Will panted out hot, begging breaths, the pleasure coiling tighter and tighter in his core.

"I'm going to come again," Bedelia announced, her voice strained with the effort of holding back. "If only I could… give you the further insult of ejaculation… you’d take it all, wouldn’t you? It seems… Hannibal… only wants *needy whores* behind the veil."

Will bit back a moan, furrowing his brow, twisting his mouth in a rictus of pleasure-pain. He could sense Bedelia's third orgasm approaching, the telltale grip on his hips and the tensing of her body. He also knew he couldn’t stop himself, either. Especially when he looked over and saw Hannibal with his hand in his pants like an absolute creep, plush lips slightly parted.

Will’s body tensed, the pressure inside him threatening to boil over. Bedelia's words echoed in his mind, and he hated her with a black heart of his own, that disdain pure gasoline for the fire inside him. "Please," he managed to gasp out, the restraints biting into his flesh.

Black heart. White light. Will’s vision bleached out and slowly shadowed back in as he came, his cock dribbling all over the duvet as the strap-on milked him.

At the sound of Will's plea, Bedelia came again, harder than the first two times, her body shuddering. She collapsed over Will, her breath ragged, the smell of masculine arousal mixing, for once, with the unmistakably delightful perfume of pussy. Damn, it’d been awhile – he missed it. Will breathed it in deeply, trying to let it out slowly.

With a loud plopping sound, Bedelia pulled out. Will collapsed forward with a whine, the emptiness of his hole sudden and shocking.

The next thing he knew, Bedelia was standing next to the bed, dressed again, a thick file folder in her hands. Hannibal was still in the chair with his legs crossed, his face betraying nothing, though Will could see he'd loosened his tie, and his hair was a little disheveled. She handed Hannibal the file folder as Will groaned, propping himself up on one elbow.

Bedelia leaned in close, her lips brushing Will's ear. "Whore," she whispered, and left.

Oct: 11 - Belly Bulge, and a Banshee

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It hurt to walk. Will waited as long as he could without taking any pain medication out of some kind of stubbornness, but caved in the end, letting Hannibal give him a Percocet. It knocked him out for a while, but significantly eased the pain from Bedelia's little contrapasso. After a few epsom salt baths, things definitely improved. During one of his soaks, Will read through the lengthy file Bedelia had given them, with all of her notes on Neal Frank and his medical history.

Neal had apparently been an antiquities dealer, and had told Bedelia about his interest in ceremonial weaponry with occult origins. She'd noted that, a couple of weeks before his death (apparently he'd "attacked Bedelia and then swallowed his tongue" as if anybody would believe that shit) he'd mentioned being excited about buying a new piece for his collection – a dagger that had belonged to renowned occultist Aliester Crowley of the Order of the Golden Dawn.

Aside from that mention, however, there was nothing else to go on. The next step, Will thought, was to get in touch with Neal's next of kin and ask what had happened to the dagger after Neal had "mysteriously perished" at Bedelia's house during a therapy session.

"You should have seen it," Hannibal said when Will called him later. "She reached into his mouth to check for obstructions, but instead of moving his tongue out of the way, she stuck her hand down his esophagus to the elbow. To the elbow, Will."

Will gritted his teeth. "Yeah, well, I could stick my hand up to the elbow in something, too." He winced. "Ugh, never mind, that came out wrong."

"Intriguing visual."

"Don't get any ideas! My ass has had enough!" Will opened the back door to let the dogs out, watching them scamper through and thump down the wooden deck stairs. "I'm gonna look through the databases I have access to and see if I can track down Neal Frank's family or whoever would have inherited his stuff. Will you be home soon?"

"A quick stop at the market, and then I'm all yours."

True to his word, Hannibal was home soon, and made a scrumptious meal, even more decadent than usual. Will thought it was probably an "I'm sorry I let my psychiatrist peg you with the biggest dildo ever made and then got turned on and had to flog my log in secret and ruin a pair of perfectly good suit pants" gesture, though Hannibal never said. Foie gras, followed by butternut squash and shallot soup, then duck in orange sauce, and chocolate mousse for dessert.

Will eased down onto the bed with a sigh, rubbing his stomach. “I need to get back on the Bowflex or something. All this paranormal weirdness – just like last year, I, ah… I’m always cowering behind sigils and salt circles instead of exercising.”

Hannibal took off his reading glasses and set Neal Frank’s file aside, turning to face him. “You’ll always have that boyish figure, beloved,” he teased, running his hand over Will’s middle.

“Not if you keep feeding me all that stuff,” Will groaned.

“I’m afraid age is catching up with me.” Hannibal turned on his back and pulled up his pajama shirt, passing a hand over his own stomach, which yes, did have a little bit of a dad bod thing going on these days, though he took exceptional care of himself. “Something about married life, perhaps.”

Will tilted his head, studying his husband in profile. He turned on his side and propped his head up on his hand, letting his mind drift until it found Hannibal’s blood-red strand, teasing it open. “You really are bothered by it, aren’t you,” he murmured.

Hannibal glanced at him, pale brow quirking up in surprise, perhaps at the truth in the statement. “No matter how long we’ve been together, I’m always taken by surprise by your cleverness,” he admitted.

“So it does bother you.”

“Do I daily feel a stab of hunger for the metabolism I enjoyed as a young man, that I took for granted?”

Will slid over and caressed Hannibal’s stomach reverently, his thumb ghosting over his navel. “It’s hardly anything,” he assured.

“I’m a man ruled by aesthetics,” Hannibal told him, stroking Will’s curls. “But I am also a creature of pleasure and excess. Sometimes these two facets of myself don’t play nicely.”

Will leaned in and kissed Hannibal’s gut, then worked his tongue along it in a smile shape. “Pot bellies are sexy,” he said in his best Fabienne-from- *Pulp-Fiction* impression.

“Hmm. In that same scene, Maria de Medeiros also says something along the lines of, ‘pot bellies make a man look either oafish, or like a gorilla.’”

Will continued his sensual assault, stroking Hannibal’s middle, kissing it, flicking it with his tongue, and sucking a little bruise on the curve that made his husband suck in a breath, breaking his placid facade. “‘But on a woman’,” Will quoted the film with a teasing smirk, “‘a pot belly is *very sexy’.* ”

“Will…” Hannibal sighed as Will slid down a little further to rub his cock through the silk of his pajama pants.

“ ‘ The rest of you is normal. Normal face, normal legs, normal hips, normal ass, but with a big, perfectly round pot belly. If I had one, I'd wear a tee-shirt two sizes too small to

accentuate it.’”

“I believe you do have a tee-shirt like that, Will – why don’t you put it on for me?”

Will got up and rummaged around until he found the little red and white ringer tee crop top he wore sometimes to give off a ‘70s naughty camp counselor vibe, and slid it on. Returning to Hannibal, he slid up between his legs and kissed the belly in question again.
“You remember what she says after that?” he asked, pulling at Hannibal’s pajama bottoms.

“‘What we find pleasing to the touch and pleasing to the eye is seldom the same.’” Hannibal beckoned him up for a kiss, then flipped Will on his back. Closing his eyes, he caressed Will’s shoulders and pecs, then down to his own midriff, teasing the line of his boxers. “I’d have to say both of my senses are delighted.”

“Good. Because you owe me after the whole Bedelia thing,” Will told him, planting a hand on Hannibal’s head and pushing it down between his legs. “And go deep, Doctor. I wanna feel your fucking tonsils.”

“Such a filthy mouth.” Regardless, Hannibal pulled down Will’s boxers and dove right in, sucking his cock into his mouth and working it to full hardness, head bobbing above Will’s thighs as he came up to tease the tip, then plunged back down, staying true to Will’s request. When Will came, he kept the suction on until every last drop was siphoned out of Will’s grateful cock.

“If you wanna cum on the shirt, go ahead,” Will said after he recovered, wiping sweat from his brow as Hannibal teased his nipples through the little shirt. “But I’m not helping out, not after taking one for the team like that.”

“Completely understandable.” Hannibal got up on his knees and freed his cock to do as Will had suggested.

After, when Will got up to put his cum-splattered baby tee in the hamper, he checked his phone. There was a text from Matthew Brown. “Matt messaged me,” he said, sliding back onto the bed and showing Hannibal the screen. “Probably, uhm… wants to, ah, hook up again…” Will opened his texts to see a string of messages from Matthew that got progressively more dire in tone. Will called him immediately and put it on speakerphone.
“Matthew, what’s going on?”

“Will.” Matthew sounded relieved. “I didn’t know who else to call. All night tonight the staff has been hearing a weird… screaming sound coming from outside. It was moving from one end of the hospital to the other. They were maybe fifteen minutes apart for a while. It was honestly the scariest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Is it still going on?”

“It’s been a couple of hours and we haven’t heard anything else. I’m sorry I bothered you, it’s just… there’s a patient here from Ireland, Mr. Byrne, and… he says he’s heard it before. That it’s a *banshee* , and it means… somebody here is going to die.”

Will rubbed his forehead as Hannibal opened his notebook and noted the time of the call and the report. “Otherwise, is everything okay?”

“Yeah, it’s just… it was really unnerving…”

“Okay, well… just, ah… call me back if it happens again? See if you can get a recording of it. I’m not sure what else to tell you,” Will admitted.

“I will. Thanks. Sorry to bother you. Is Dr. Lecter there?”

“I’m here, Matthew,” Hannibal said.

“Just wanted to say hi.” There was most definitely a subliminal message there – *hey, remember how much fun we had last time?* “Well, I’ll let you know.”

“Yeah, I’ll call you tomorrow to check in,” Will promised.

“Goodnight.”

Hannibal and Will lay there for a few moments, each deep in thought. Hannibal broke the silence, easing Will’s phone from his hand. “You said he has some semi-professional pornography available online?”

Will chuckled. “He has an Onlyfans, yeah.”

“Show me.”

Oct. 12: Touch-Starved Frottage and Fangs

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Hannibal had been out of town for the last two nights during the Hunter's Moon, which was also a supermoon, staying in their fishing cabin in West Virginia to commune with the spirit energy that connected him to Grazina and the witch-blood of the Lecters. Will wasn't concerned about Hannibal's safety there, as there were wards in place, Hannibal was a damn witch, and he'd taken Winston and Buster with him. Winston was a perceptive animal and could be very protective, and Buster was just there for cuddles and moral support.

And Hannibal, he knew, trusted he'd be safe as well. Will's power seemed to grow with practice, and he could communicate with Hannibal in a rudimentary way across the miles. Will meditated a couple times a day and checked in on Hannibal, sliding into his point of view and making his presence known.

It'd been a long day at the BSU. Somebody had killed a dirt biker in an undetermined way, and the body had been feasted on by crows. Will had a sinking suspicion that the crows themselves had been the culprits, attacking the birdwatcher, causing him to trip and fall down a steep ravine, caving in his head on a sharp rock. Corvids were very intelligent and they remembered human faces for years. He couldn't be sure, but had a gut feeling that the crows and ravens had killed the Mt. Dew guzzling adrenaline junkie just for annoying the shit out of them riding around the woods on his stupid dirt bike.

"Hey guys," Jimmy said, slipping off his lab coat and putting on his jacket. "A little birdie told me that it's 5-dollar Halloween margarita night at Hacienda Las Glorias."

"A *birdie* ? Christ on a pogo stick, Jimmy," Bev groaned.

"Oh, nuts, I forgot about our Hitchcockian victim," Jimmy winced. "Too soon. But… margaritas."

"After today, yes, one-thousand percent, yes." Bev nodded firmly. "And Will can drive."

"What?" he protested, pulling free when she grabbed his arm. "After today, the last thing I want to see is more… horrors. Like you two throwing up spook-a-ritas in my Volvo."

"That was *one time* ," Beverly sassed him, tossing her long black hair over her shoulder. "And you'll never let me forget it, will you?"

"Besides, you said Hannibal won't be back until tomorrow. What are you going to do, sit home alone all night? Well, I'm not. Oliver's mother is visiting, and so I'd like to be out as late as possible, *por favor.* "

Will sighed. “All right… you have a point. But nobody’s throwing up. And that means no ordering a *bucket* of anything.”

“You’re such a square, man,” Bev pouted.

Soon, they were at Hacienda Las Glorias with Fangtastic Margaritas big enough that maybe they should have been in buckets. Each one came with a pair of plastic vampire fangs that Jimmy immediately put in and started taking selfies with. Bev put hers in and lifted Will’s wrist to her mouth, trying to bite him. Luckily, the plastic prevented this entirely. “I vant to suck your blood!”

“I don’t say blah-blah-blah,” Jimmy announced in an Adam-Sandslyvanian accent.

About half an hour later, Zeller showed up… with a date! It was Reba, the definitely cutie-patootie ancient weapons expert. Will drank more margarita than he should have trying to find a non-weird way to ask her about Neal Frank when he decided to try a different approach.

He excused himself to take a piss but actually went outside and leaned on the side of the restaurant building. Closing his eyes, he reached out and found her strand, a tiger-orange glowing beam. Assuming the point of view of a person who had been blind since the age of two was a whole new experience that Will found so beautiful he was moved to tears for reasons he couldn’t entirely explain. But deep within her strand, he found what he was looking for – a memory of Neal Frank talking excitedly about an athame, which Will knew was a ceremonial dagger used in witchcraft. Hannibal had started a collection, of course, and had about sixteen of them now, different colors and shapes and sizes depending on the spell or the vibe.

In the memory, Neal said, “Aliester Crawley of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn actually touched this thing. Can you believe it? I think the original piece was ancient, maybe even Sumerian, and he added his own embellishments. The male and female heads to represent the dual aspects of the entity, and the seal…”

The symbol on the blade wasn’t just a symbol; Neal thought it was a *seal* .

Will returned, claiming to have taken a phone call from Hannibal, explaining why he’d been gone so long. The group was halfway through devouring their third order of App-Tober Endless Chips and Queso when there was a disturbance on the other side of the restaurant near the dance floor. “And who are you to tell me I’ve had enough Witches’ Brew?” slurred a familiar voice. “What’s your name… Kyle? Kyle, you look like a boy who punches through drywall when a Fortnite game doesn’t go your way, and you’re telling *me* I’ve had enough to drink?”

“Holy shit, is that Chilton?” Zeller queried, standing up from his cafe chair to look.

“Oh my God, it is,” Bev confirmed.

“My my,” Jimmy said, laying a scandalized hand on his chest. “He’s absolutely *blotto* .”

“I’ll have you know I was planning on leaving anyway. Because Los Portales has superior *arroz con pollo* , and everyone in Baltimore knows it!” To the staring crowd, “ *¡No me mires!* Have you *tried* the empanadas here? *Mi abuela llora en su tumba* .”

Just then, Alana Bloom came hurrying through the door. “I’ve got him,” she said to the bartender, linking arms with Chilton and trying to haul him towards the door.

Of course, Frederick resisted. “Alana, my dear – you’re just in time. Meet *Kyle* , who thinks he’s hot shit because someone let him stand behind a bar with a nametag pinned to his Wal-Mart polo!”

“She’s gonna need help.” Will slipped off his cafe chair with a grunt of disgust and wove his way through the tables to Alana’s side. “Chilton, c’mon, let’s go.”

“Will, what are you doing here?” Alana asked.

“Just came to be sociable,” he said. “Black, ah… plastic fangs in margaritas…”

“Oh, hello Will,” Chilton drew his lower lip in, slinging his suit coat over his shoulder in a move that would have been rakish if he wasn’t wobbling on his feet. “It’s like I conjured you from thin air; I was just telling Kyle here all about you.”

Kyle shook his blond highlights with a sneer, wiping out a pint glass to fill with Dos Equis.

“Take a good look, Kyle,” Chilton slurred. “This is the man you could have been, if you hadn’t stunted your intellect with Monster energy drinks and YouTube from age eight onward. Will Graham has the most brilliant mind in Baltimore, and what I wouldn't give to… probe his depths…”

“Okay, that’s it, let’s go,” Will ordered, taking Chilton by the arm while Alana slid her hand in his.

“Where are you taking me?” Chilton asked as Will waved to his friends, signaling he had to leave. Zeller would have to drive everybody home, or they could suck it up and call a Lyft.

“Home,” Alana said firmly.

“Oh, excellent. It’s the perfect night for a *mé·nage à tres* , wouldn’t you say?”

“Is he always like this?” Will growled, shoving Chilton in the back seat of his car. “Frederick – hey, pay attention! There are plastic bags back there if you’re gonna puke.” Of course Will always kept a dispenser of doggie-doo-doo bags in the car.

He and Alana got in the front seats. “What do you see in him, exactly?” Will snapped, jerking his chin over his shoulder towards the psychiatrist stretched out on the back seat murmuring about how much he hated Kyle the bartender.

“What can I say, I like to fix broken things,” Alana said with a sigh, leaning her arm on the car door and rubbing her forehead. “We’re not dating, by the way. Gave it a try but it didn’t really…” She made a motion of her hands coming together, fingers interlaced. “We’re just

friends. And he can be really sweet when he isn't being a pompous asshole. And clearly, he's going through something. He's been acting weird for weeks now, and the… spooky stuff isn't helping. Matthew told me he called you about the alleged banshee wails?"

Will nodded, pulling into traffic.

"You should see the security footage," Alana said with a shiver. "There's some kind of… image, or… I don't know what. But it looks like the silhouette of a woman with long black hair and a black cloak, her hands up like she's… weeping. It only appears in a couple of frames, but…"

"Were you at the hospital that night?" Will wanted to know, lifting a brow.

"I was," she said. "Frederick called me again to help him with a new patient. Abel Gideon, a doctor who shot his wife and her family. Frederick's starting to think he might be the Chesapeake Ripper."

Will bit back his incredulous snort before it escaped. *Yeah fucking right.* "Did you hear the wailing?"

She nodded. "What does it all mean, Will?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "But… we're working on it."

After depositing Alana and Chilton at Chilton's vulgarly large house, Will headed home. To his surprise and delight, the Bentley was in the garage and there were lights on in the house. He practically leapt out of the car and hurried inside. Will only gave the dogs a cursory petting before abandoning them and making his way to the bedroom where he found Hannibal already in bed. He must have been so tired he'd forgotten to go through the dogs' bedtime ritual.

Will eased the bedroom door shut and ushered the dogs downstairs to their room filled with beds and toys. After settling them in, he snuck through the bedroom door and got undressed. Then got *all the way* undressed, slipping between the sheets naked. Hannibal did not wake, his face ethereal in the dim lighting, smoothed free of worry and practically glowing with what Will assumed was moon energy he'd absorbed in West Virginia. Will felt tears spring to his eyes, reaching out to touch his otherworldly gorgeousness, tracing his fingers among his sharp cheekbone. His fingers sang with connection and he felt it deep in what he assumed was his soul. It resonated in the golden pendulum in his mind, his strand.

Hannibal didn't move, still deeply asleep. He must have been particularly exhausted, as he was usually an unnaturally light sleeper. Will knew he should leave him alone, let him sleep, but his body drew Will forward like a magnet. He globbed on to his husband's sleeping form, rolling him into his back and lifting his arm to tuck himself beneath. He slung his leg over and slid it between Hannibal's, burrowing in and breathing in the scent he craved and knew so well.

Only then did Hannibal wake, blinking blearily. "Sorry, sorry, sorry," Will murmured. "Go back to sleep…"

Hannibal rubbed his face a moment, then pulled Will even closer. “Went out tonight,” he said, a statement, not a question. “With… Mr. Price…” He buried his nose in Will’s hair and inhaled. “Mexican restaurant.”

Will smiled, his hand stealing under Hannibal’s pajama shirt, stroking his chest, the curves of his pecs, the flat plane at the base of his ribs, and yes, the much-discussed tummy, the peeking round of love handles above the hard ridges of his hips. “I didn’t know you’d be home tonight, or I would have waited.”

Hannibal ran his hand through Will’s hair and down his arm and back, then squeezed his ass. “Too warm for sleepwear?”

“I just… didn’t want anything between us,” Will admitted.

Hannibal sat up, gently shifting him onto the pillow, and reached behind his head, lifting off his pajama top. Will helped him slip off the pants, which Hannibal always wore without underwear, a firm believer that his junk needed to breathe at the end of the day. Will clung to him again as they lay on their sides, pressed together, Will’s head resting on Hannibal’s arm, face buried in his chest, making little detours to kiss his neck every so often.

“You can go back to sleep,” Will said, despite the twitch of his cock. “I really didn’t mean to, ah…”

“Nonsense. I’d planned to be gone another day and rescheduled my appointments.” Hannibal guided his chin upward to kiss him. “Are you all right? You seem… attached.”

Will just tightened his hold. “Go ahead, say needy,” he murmured. “I was in… *withdrawal* . Need my fix.”

“Touch starved. Just like you were when I first met you.”

“I was?”

“You were. It took some time for you to relax into the fact that I wanted you. That you were a permanent part of my life, that we were conjoined.”

Will nuzzled against Hannibal’s collarbone, his voice muffled against his skin. “You’re the psychiatrist. Psychoanalyze me.”

“Every time you formed a connection in the past, it was ripped away from you. Your mother’s decision to leave. Any friends you made before your father moved you to the next port. College lovers that couldn’t fathom you and fled. I had to *train* you to trust that I wasn’t going to abandon you.”

“Pavlov style, but with orgasms instead of doggie treats?”

“I’ve given you plenty of treats as well,” Hannibal reminded him.

“Got me all trained to be addicted to you.” Will slid on top of him, draping his body over like a weighted blanket, which Hannibal sometimes did for him when he was feeling anxious or

having trouble relaxing. He rocked his hips forward gently, pressing his erection against his husband's thigh.

"Yes," Hannibal said, a simple statement of facts.

"Well, then you gotta hook me up even if it costs you some, ah… shuteye, darlin'."

"A consequence I'm willing to endure." Hannibal kissed him again, clinging to him just as tightly as Will was, like they were both koala bears on the same eucalyptus tree. Will spread his legs wider and repositioned without letting go, his knees on the outside of Hannibal's. Hannibal reached between them and adjusted their cocks to meet and grind together as Will rolled his hips. Clasped together chest to chest, lips on lips tongues on necks and shoulders and earlobes. Will was desperate for every single millimeter of skin he could press himself against. Nourishment in the very sight, taste, smell, feel — it was the closest they could get without actually consuming one another's flesh. The thought made Will come almost immediately, smearing the minuscule space between them with his hot essence. Hannibal chuckled softly in his ear, a hand on the back of Will's head, gripping and stroking his hair and ass cheek. He flipped them over and gave as good as he'd received, rutting against Will's moist skin until he caught his pleasure.

"Well? Have you gotten your fix?" Hannibal made as if to separate, but Will growled, teeth catching the skin under his jaw to arrest his motion.

"Nope, not yet. You did this to yourself, Pavlov."

"What a good dog you are," Hannibal teased.

Oct. 13: Olfactophilia, Edging, and The Number 13

Chapter Summary

I'm almost caught up, right...? All I have to do is write two more today, no problem (cries)

Oct. 13: Olfactophilia, Edging, and The Number 13

Hannibal had been working the witchy angles to solve the mystery of what the fuck was going on in Baltimore, but Will had his ways as well. In an uncharacteristically social move, he invited Brian Zeller and his new girlfriend Reba over to play with the dogs and have a casual dinner (casual by Hannibal standards still involved three courses, followed by Reba's famous pecan pie for dessert). Will managed to get Reba alone for a little bit while Zeller was off chasing Buster around. They were petting Winston together, and Will was describing the different hues of his coat the best he could.

As casually as he could, he dropped in a little request. "I know this is going to be… strange, but, ah… I was wondering if you could find a not-weird way to contact Neal Frank's family about that Aleister Crowley dagger he was talking about buying. It might have something to do with an FBI investigation, but I don't want to say anything just yet. Especially because of their… loss."

She felt his face to read his expression. "There's definitely plenty you're not telling me," Reba said. "But I suppose that's because it's an open case?"

"Yeah," he said with feigned reluctance. "I'm sorry I can't say more. I think his mother runs a beauty parlor in Timonium – Lori's Place…?"

"And you want to know if he bought the dagger, and she still has it?" Reba stroked Winston's ears between her first two fingers.

"Yeah." He bit his lip, hoping against hope. "Would you…?"

"I'll certainly try. I can tell her that I know a museum that might be interested. The Buckland Museum of Witchcraft might want it – I know they have several artifacts from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn."

"Thank you," Will said, catching her hand and giving it a sincere squeeze. "I… really, thank you."

“No promises, but I’m happy to help.” She smiled. “I like you, Will. You empathize, but you don’t pity. I can’t stand pity, it makes me sick.”

“I get it,” he said.

“Yes, I think you do,” was her soft response.

Later, he was in the kitchen helping Hannibal with the dishes. “She said she’s going to ask,” Will reported, scraping crumbs into the trash can before gently slipping the Tiffany plate into the sink full of soapy water.

“Nothing to do but wait,” Hannibal nodded, polishing a wine glass with a soft cloth.

“Shit, I think I left my phone outside. I’ll be right back.” Will grabbed a flashlight and headed out onto the deck, looking for his phone, which he’d likely set down on the railing. It took a few minutes, but he found it on the bottom step of the deck’s stairs where he’d left it after bending over to pet Max. He paused, breathing in the crisp, delicious fall air, made even more so by the faint scent of wood smoke as someone nearby had their fire pit going or were burning leaves.

When he returned and resumed his duties, Hannibal set down the wine glass and closed the distance between them with a purposeful glint in his eyes. He opened his arms and Will took the invitation to be embraced. Hannibal buried his nose in Will’s neck and breathed in deeply not once, but twice. “Did you just *smell* me?” Will asked in mock indignance, goosing his husband’s butt.

“You smell like autumn embodied.” Hannibal’s hands mapped out the curve of his spine and the rounds of his ass, the flat blades of his shoulders. Leaning back, he stroked Will’s cheek and kissed him with an eldritch slowness that reminded Will of an ancient beast awakening after a millenia and rising from the sea. “And you *look* good enough to eat.” He leaned in close, nose brushing against Will’s neck as he inhaled deeply. “Mmm…” Hannibal hummed low in his throat. “Would you indulge me?”

“Depends on if we’re talking literally or figuratively,” Will said archly, pressing himself against Hannibal, offering up his throat, an act of pure trust. “Clarity is, ah… just a little important when you’re married to a cannibal.”

“True for both of us.” His hands slid down to Will’s hips, gripping them firmly. He drew their bodies flush together, pressing Will back against the pantry door. Hannibal licked a stripe up Will’s throat, humming again the way he did when savoring a particularly rare culinary delight.

“Do you love my… flavor more than pumpkin spice?” Will challenged. Hannibal’s response was to suck hard on his pulse point, a claiming mark that would have to be covered with a turtleneck sweater or a bandaid and a lie about cutting himself shaving. Hannibal’s hands roamed greedily over his husband’s body, still breathing him in. He ground his hips forward, letting Will feel his outline, what Will’s very scent did to him.

“I *am* going to feast on you,” Hannibal growls against Will’s ear. “I’m going to take my time. A good meal should be savored, after all. I want you writhing beneath me, begging for more.” His fingers slipped under the hem of Will’s shirt, ghosting over bare skin. “And then, once I’ve had my fill, I’ll let you have the scraps. Provided that you’re a *good boy.* ”

“You dodged my question, darlin’. I have to be, ah… vigilant when you say you want to devour me.” Will’s breath caught and he bit his lip as Hannibal sucked on his earlobe.

A dark little laugh. "Don't worry, beloved." His fingers continue their exploration, teasing and tormenting. “Should I be worried? I’d make a lovely osso buco.”

“Maybe. Nothing’s off the table,” Will teased, “including Roasted Leg of Lecter.”

With his free hand, Hannibal reaches up to cup Will's cheek, tilting his head to the side. "If I did choose to eat you," he murmured, tongue touching his lower lip, a playful glint in his eyes. "I would dine alone. No guests. You’re off limits. No one else gets to have you, not even a taste." His teeth sank into the tender flesh of Will's neck, not hard enough to break the skin, but enough to leave a mark right next to the suck bruise he’d conjured earlier. He sucked and bit a line down the column of Will’s throat to the rise of his clavicle, each action punctuated by a rumbling growl. Will gripped the back of his hair and the fabric of his bespoke autumn gold dress shirt as Hannibal’s hand slid down to palm Will through his jeans, rubbing him through the fabric with the heel of his hand.

“I’m like your… reserve caviar or an aged wine?” Will teases, trying to squirm away. “That stupid expensive bottle of cognac with the swirly gold thingy on it?”

Hannibal's grip tightened, holding Will in place. "Something like that," he agreed with a closed-mouth, catlike smile. "A delicacy to be savored and enjoyed, but not devoured all at once." His tongue traced the shape of Will's ear, teeth grazing the lobe. "And I do so enjoy you, beloved." Hannibal's hand continued its ministrations, stroking and teasing. He latched onto Will's neck again, sucking another mark.

“You bastard,” Will panted, twisting his head and neck away. “How am I supposed to go to work like this?”

"In the spirit of full disclosure," Hannibal murmured, voice heavy with lust, "In case there’s any doubt in your mind, you have nothing to fear, Will. I couldn't bear to lose you, and I think you know that." He opened Will’s jeans, fingers slipping into the waistband of his boxers, brushing over the tip of his cock. His eyes darkened at Will's sharp intake of breath. “I’d love to share the feast, if you ask nicely.”

“Please,” Will begged through a smirk. “I’d really like you for an appetizer. Then you can… arrange dessert.”

He captured Will's lips in a searing kiss, tongue delving deep. Hannibal kissed him with an intensity that borders on feral, all teeth and tongues and bitten lips. When he finally pulled away, Will was delighted to see Hannibal panting heavily, eyes dark with desire. "I thought you'd never ask." He yanked firmly at Will's clothes, sinking to his knees in haste to get Will naked, assisting him with stepping out of his jeans as Will tossed his shirt on the kitchen

counter. Hannibal's own shirt, despite its expensive origins, joined the growing pile on the floor, left in disarray. His pants made it as far as the bedroom door before Will stopped to open the belt for him.

Hannibal pushed Will down onto the bed, crawling over him with a predatory gleam in his eye. He latched onto Will's neck again, marking him with teeth and tongue despite Will's protests and complaints about high-necked clothing. Hannibal's hands were large and warm on Will's body, touching and exploring every inch of exposed skin. He took his time, savoring Will like the aforementioned 1888 cognac.

"Delicious," Hannibal breathed against Will's skin. "I *could* eat you up." And then he did, trailing open-mouthed kisses down Will's chest and stomach. Hannibal took Will into his mouth, swallowing him down to the hilt, setting a brutal pace, determined, it seemed, to make Will come undone.

"Hey…" Will protested breathlessly, "I thought *you* were the first course."

Hannibal pulled off with a wet pop, licking his princely lips. "All in good time, my love." He crawled back up Will's body, settling between his legs. Hannibal rutted against him, letting Will feel his hard length against his own. The friction was delicious, sending sparks of pleasure racing up Will's spine and making him tip his head back to moan. Hannibal's lips found Will's again, feasting on Will's moans, relishing the sounds he makes. Hannibal's hand wrapped around both of their cocks, stroking them in tandem. His other hand gripped Will's hip, holding him still.

"You want me for dessert, darling?" Hannibal whispered against Will's lips. "Then come for me." His hips start to roll, thrusting into his fist. "Come for me, Will," Hannibal growled, low and rough. "Let me taste you." He leaned down, licking a stripe up Will's neck. "Let me devour you."

"Not yet, not yet," Will teased breathlessly, pinching his nipple, then twisting, bringing Hannibal's ministrations to a frustrated halt. "You know what today is?"

Hannibal's eyes widened slightly. Will could feel him flipping through the blueprints of the memory palace desperately, praying he hadn't forgotten an important anniversary. Didn't find anything. Then he leaned down, absorbing Will's lips in a slow, sensual kiss. Hannibal's tongue probed deep, claiming Will's mouth with ease."Mmm…" he hummed against Will's lips. "Interesting tactic to destabilize me. I never could entirely predict you." His hand wrapped around Will's cock again, stroking with a practiced precision that made him moan at an unselfconscious volume that echoed in the shadowy corners of their bedroom. "The question now, of course, pertains to your motive." He nipped at Will's bottom lip, then soothing the sting with his tongue. "Tell me what you want, Will. Perhaps you'd prefer… " His finger breached Will's entrance, sliding in up to the knuckle. Hannibal pumped his finger slowly.

"You can lay down and let me have my way with *you* ," Will said with a naughty smirk. "I told you you're the appetizer, Dr. Lecter."

“I’d be delighted.” Hannibal shifted, laying back on the bed and spreading his legs in clear invitation. He stroked himself lazily, eyes never leaving Will's. "Well then, beloved. Take what's yours." Hannibal's other hand reaches up to play with his nipple, rolling the pinkened bud. He arched into his own touch, a soft moan falling from his lips. Will gave himself a couple of strokes, savoring the moment. The sight was absolutely mouthwatering, Hannibal laid out like a presented feast.

"Don't keep me waiting." Hannibal's voice was strained with need. "Take me, Will."

Will’s lips twisted up on one side. Somebody was feeling… impatient, and for once, it wasn’t him. “I will. In time. But it’s October 13th. So I’m going to tease you… twelve times. Twelve times you’ll be a hair's breadth from coming and then I’ll stop. But I promise for lucky number 13, you’ll lose your fucking mind.”

Hannibal's breath hitched, so softly Will almost missed it. "Playing with fire, are we?" He licked his lower lip, eyes dark and hungry. "I may not be able to control myself. A reckoning accompanied by pain. Is that what you want?"

“Maybe. Guess we’ll see how strong that famous self-restraint of yours really is.”

Hannibal shifted on the bed, grabbing the pillow and placing it under his hips. He spread his legs wider, baring himself completely to Will. "Go on then. Make me ache for you. Let's see who breaks first." His black eyes were half-lidded, pupils blown wide with lust. "Make it worth the wait."

Will leaned in and drew Hannibal’s already leaking cock into his mouth, giving it several hard sucks, rolling his balls in his hand. But his close attunement with Hannibal’s body and the blood-red strand in his mind warned him immediately when Hannibal was about to climax. Hannibal let out an uncharacteristically strangled moan, hips bucking up into Will's mouth. He was so close, teetering right on the edge. But just as he tensed, Will pulled away, leaving him gasping and desperate. Hannibal's fists clenched in the sheets, a low growl rumbling in his chest.

"Fuck, Will," Hannibal panted, which only earned him a mischievous little laugh. Will climbed back up his body, licking a stripe up his chest. Hannibal shivered at the sensation, his cock twitching against his stomach.

Will finally descended again, licking and teasing the head before going deep, only to bail at the last second again. Hannibal arched into the ghost of Will's touch, a soft whine escaping his lips. "Please," he begged, the word sounding foreign from his tongue.

“That’s only two, and we have nine more to go,” Will chided him, his own cock throbbing in response to watching Hannibal suffer.

“Vicious boy.”

Will took Hannibal’s cock in hand this time, and edged up right up to climax before letting go. Hannibal growled but took it without much more complaint, despite the copious amounts of precum he was leaking everywhere. But number four was a struggle. When Will took his

hand away, Hannibal let out a broken cry, hands fisting in the sheets. His head fell back, chest heaving with each ragged breath, his skin flushed and sweaty. Will had never seen him so desperate and he felt like he could come untouched, just looking at the quivering mess that was the Chesapeake Ripper.

"Will," Hannibal whimpered. "You're killing me." His hips rolled, seeking some form of friction, but finding none. Hannibal's hand moved to his own hair, tugging at it.

“Nobody ever died of blue balls,” Will chided, and leaned in to suck his cock again just to the edge before stopping. Hannibal's eyes were wild, and Will had a moment of being concerned for his life. "Please," Hannibal begged again. "Tell me what you want."

“I *want* to do that again, until we get to the magic number,” Will said, softly cruel, as he reached out to pump his husband’s abused cock again.

Hannibal's dick was red and angry, swollen drops of fluid leaking from the tip. Will had never seen him so hard and desperate. His husband’s entire body trembled, on the verge of shattering. "I need you, Will," he whisper-whined, sounding more human than he had in ages. "Please, Will. *Please* ."

“What happened to ‘better watch out, I’ll hurt you, I can’t control myself’?” Will cajoled cruelly, taking Hannibal’s cock and only giving it three slow sucks before sitting back again.

Hannibal muffled a broken sound with the back of his hand, precum pooling at the base of his shaft. His eyes were wild. "Please," he begged, the word torn from his throat.

“Ssshhh…” Will soothes. He got up and helped himself to prostate massager with a remote, lubing it up quickly and working it into Hannibal’s ass. Sitting back at the end of the bed, Will smiled at him, stroking his foot. Then pressed the switch.

Hannibal's eyes flew open, a choked sob falling from his lips. His back arched off the bed. His hands scrabbled at the sheets."Please," he begged again, the word torn from his throat. "I need to come. I need you. I'll do anything. Anything you want, Will."

Will sighed. “You made me lose count. Guess I have to start back over at one.”

“ *Will!* ”

Will smiled benevolently down at him, then pulled out the vibrator with a wet plop. “Looks like you’re really suffering, sweetheart. I’ve got your treatment right here.” Will spread Hannibal's legs roughly and buried his cock in his husband's lubed hole.

Hannibal mewled, his back arching off the bed. He wrapped his long legs around Will’s waist, heels digging into his lower back, demanding more, harder, deeper. "Yes, Will," Hannibal panted. "Give it to me. *Harder* ." His hips rocked up to meet Will's thrusts, taking him to the hilt. Hannibal's nails dug into Will's shoulders, hard enough for Will to know there would be welts left behind.

Will grabbed the backs of Hannibal;s knees, folding him in half, and snapped his hips against him, fucking mercilessly.

Hannibal cried out, his head thrown back in ecstasy. Will's thrusts were relentless. "I'm yours, Will," Hannibal choked out.

Will leaned closer so their chests came together, trapping Hannibal’s cock between them where it would, at last, get some rudimentary friction. He could feel his thighs burning, but ignored his muscles entirely, fuelled by the heady power of plowing the Chesapeake Ripper while he begged for it, tears in his eyes.

"Fuck, Will," Hannibal panted, voice broken and desperate. "I'm close. I'm... Please, let me..."

Will grinned, wide and feral. Hannibal could climax now, if he wanted to. But he was *asking for permission* . "Please," Hannibal whimpered, hair soaked with perspiration, sticking to his forehead."Please, Will. I need it. *I need you* ."

“Then come, you needy, desperate fucking *whore* .”

Hannibal’s mouth opened wide in a silent, choked scream, his entire body convulsing with pleasure. Will's words seemed to shatter the last of his control, sending him hurtling over the edge. Hannibal's cock pulsed, spurting thick ropes of cum between their bodies. His nails dug deeper into Will's shoulders, penetrating skin."Will!" His name was a shard of glass falling from those aristocratic lips, and it slammed Will’s orgasm through his own body, pumping Hannibal’s hole full of his seed until he pulled out, leaving it dripping between his husband’s cheeks.

“Did you eat your fill?” Hannibal asked a short time later as they regained some semblance of rational thought.

“Stuffed,” Will agreed.

“I think that was me,” Hannibal corrected.

October 14: Role Reversal and the Evil Eye

Chapter Summary

> I'm still horrendously behind, but I am going to finish this even if it takes me into November, because I cannot be stopped, the world will feel my gay kinky cannibal wrath.

October 14: Role Reversal and the Evil Eye

"He's gonna be so surprised," Maeve giggled, slicing up a mound of fresh apples from the local orchard. "Bev, are you done with the slaw yet?"

"Almost." Bev poured the sauce she mixed over the broccoli and cabbage slaw, scraping the bowl with a wooden spoon.

Will was at the sink, scrubbing and trimming sweet potatoes. "Franklyn, it looks fine," he insisted tersely, glancing over at the heaping charcuterie board, which was 80-90% cheese with a few scraps of meat.

"I haven't even arranged the pumpkin spice cheddar!" Franklyn lamented, carefully slicing the cheese in question into bite-sized pieces.

"Hey, Franklyn cut the cheese!" Zeller announced as he entered with Reba on his arm, a covered pie plate in her free hand.

"He who smelt it dealt it," Franklyn shot back.

"Whoever said the rhyme did the crime!" Jimmy pointed out as he came in from outside, wearing an apron he'd gotten on his honeymoon in Italy – Michelangelo's David interposed over his chest, dick hanging right where it should be. "The chicken thighs are almost done. Oliver, mi amor, are you done with the centerpiece? Dr. Lecter has very high standards when it comes to centerpieces—"

"I know, I know," Oliver Price called from the dining room where he was busy arranging purple and yellow mums and decorative corn cobs. "Is Eddie here yet? He's supposed to be bringing the mini pumpkins and the ostrich feathers!"

"I think he just pulled up," Will said, glancing out the kitchen window and seeing the tail end of Eddie's van before it was obscured by the garage.

The team worked busily with Will directing, putting together a massive fall feast dinner party for Hannibal, who was due to arrive home from the office around seven. “Oh shit,” Will breathed, staring disbelievingly at his phone screen. “His last appointment cancelled! Franklyn, get it together!”

“Don’t rush my art!” Franklyn snapped, carefully molding his cheddar ranch cheese ball into a pumpkin shape, using a pretzel for the stem.

By some miracle, everything was ready when Hannibal walked through the door, surely already aware something was up due to the number of cars in the driveway. The table was set with the decorative fall centerpieces and the black candles that dripped red like blood were burning, emitting their blood-like wax. Eddie had brought those, originally purchasing them for a D&D session featuring Strahd but decided this was a better use.

Will hustled off his apron and approached the door that led from the attached garage to the kitchen, reaching out to take Hannibal’s hand, a smirk on his face. “Welcome home,” he said.

“I see we’re having a dinner party,” Hannibal said, a glow emanating from his eyes that washed Will with loving warmth. “One that I had no hand in planning.”

“Surprise.” Will brought him into the dining room where everyone was already seated, then tried to give him the seat at the head of the table.

“Of course not,” Hannibal said, pulling the chair out for Will instead. “This is your design, beloved.”

He sat at Will’s right hand, and Will paused before taking a seat with a self-deprecating little scoff that elicited some giggles from the table. “Before we begin, ah… I have to warn you that, um, nothing here is vegetarian,” Will said, squeezing Hannibal’s shoulder.

“The skillet cinnamon apples are,” Maeve said behind her hand. “But they’re definitely not vegan, if that helps.”

“*Bon Appetit*,” Will said.

The meal went splendidly. Will’s “Autumn in the South” menu included cranberry pecan coleslaw (the bacon bits were people), baked sweet potatoes, garlic honey barbecue chicken thighs, the apples Maeve made, and Reba’s chess pie.

“Thank you all for your kind contributions to Will’s event,” Hannibal said as dinner neared its end.

“We figured you’ve cooked for us so many times,” Franklyn said, “sent all those treats to D&D, made the popcorn balls for Maeve’s church fair… we wanted to say thank you, Dr. Lecter.”

“I know you love a little role reversal,” Will said, trying not to make his words ring with a double (sexual) meaning.

After calvados digestifs, everybody packed up and headed out, full and happy. Zeller and Reba were the last to leave, and Reba pulled Will aside before she headed out. “I spoke with Mrs. Frank,” she murmured softly, leaning closer to him. “She said she auctioned off everything in Neal’s house that didn’t have emotional value for her or Neal’s siblings. She gave me the name of the company that ran the estate sale – Memory Lane Estate and Tag Sales out of Laurel. And she told me a strange story – when the company came in to price the items, one of their workers saw the dagger and made a symbol with her hand. Like this.” She extended her pinkie and pointer finger, and folded the other two down, holding them with her thumb and nodding her hand up and down.

“Thank you,” Will said, glancing at Hannibal, who was watching the exchange from the dining room doorway.

“I know you can’t say much, but do let me know if that ends up being helpful, will you?” she requested, slipping her arm through Zeller’s again.

“Of course.”

Will joined Hannibal on the front lawn to wave as everyone pulled away in their respective vehicles.

“So?” Will asked. “Did you catch all that?”

Hannibal nodded. “The hand gesture is an Italian one. Meant to ward off the Evil Eye. Apparently the estate sales representative observed something about the dagger that was cause for alarm.”

“Huh,” Will mused.

Hannibal turned to Will, his dark eyes finding Will’s own in the moonlight. "Tonight was beautiful" he said as he leaned in, caressing Will's lips with a soft kiss. "Truly, you outdid yourself." His hand closed on Will's hip as the kiss intensified, his tongue teasing out to meet his husband’s, a slow savoring, as if this was the final course of the meal. He circled Will's neck with his other hand for a soft squeeze, a cherishing threat, his thumb reading the braille of Will’s hyoid bone.

“Yeah?” Will’s cock twitched as arousal bloomed there, taking root, a pleased blush heating his face and neck. “You mean it? You’re not just… saying that…?” He cleared his throat, feeling it bob against Hannibal’s thumb. “Just, ah… humoring me?”

Hannibal released his neck and hip, cupping Will's face with both hands, his thumbs gently caressing Will's cheeks. "In all sincerity," he said softly. "The food was delicious, the decorations were beautiful, and the company was... well, it was as stimulating as it could be." They chuckled softly, both thinking, perhaps, of Franklyn’s half-hour explanation of the cheeses he’d brought. To be fair, though, the pumpkin spice cheddar was absolutely lit. "But that's beside the point. You truly outdid yourself, and I am so proud of you." He leaned in, pressing his forehead against Will's. "You never need to doubt my words, my love. If I say something, I mean it with every fiber of my being."

“You’ve cooked for me and our friends so many times, took the time to host really nice meals… I wanted you to be able to relax and enjoy a dinner party for once.”

"I am always relaxed and enjoying myself when I’m graced with your presence," he declared, his eyes never leaving Will's. "But I understand why you wanted to do this. And I appreciate it more than you know." He leaned in, pressing his lips against Will's in a relishingly tender kiss. "Thank you, beloved. A most thoughtful gesture." He pulled back, his eyes searching Will's. "To the bedroom? I believe we have a few things to discuss."

“We do?” Will asked uneasily. “Is that code for ‘we need to talk’?”

Hannibal’s princely mouth twitched in a one-edged smile, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know me better than that, Will," he purred, a seductive hand finding purchase in Will’s hair. "I assure you, this is not a 'we need to talk' situation." He leaned in, his lips brushing against Will's ear as he whispered, "This is an 'I want to worship every inch of your body until you're screaming my name' situation."

“Right,” Will nodded, teeth grazing his lower lip as he linked arms with his husband.

Hannibal led them into their bedroom. He turned to Will, his eyes roaming over his body. "You looked stunning tonight," he murmured, his hand reaching up to touch the soft weave of Will’s brown and green heathered sweater he wore with a crisp cream dress shirt underneath. "I am in a state of constant wonder when I consider how our stars aligned."

“You look stunning every day, so I get excited when you’re a little, ah… frumpy or disheveled,” Will teased.

“I’d love for you to dishevel me.” Hannibal’s hand slid down to the back of Will's neck, gripping it tightly as he came in for a deep kiss, his tongue colonizing Will's mouth and inviting a similar invasion. He pulled back after a moment, his breathing heavy. "I want to hear it in your voice tomorrow, a strain, a rasp, roughened by screams." He guided Will towards the bed, pushing him down onto it and straddling their hips. "Another way to mark you that doesn’t involve turtlenecks," he murmured, his hands sliding up under Will's shirt and sweater as he untucked them from Will’s trousers. “Tell me, Will – *do you want me* ?”

“Tonight and every night for the rest of my life,” Will vowed, running his hands up and down Hannibal’s meaty thighs.

Hannibal's eyes became maroon shadows, glinting in the soft lighting. "Good answer," he growled, before crashing his lips against Will's in a heated kiss. He broke away after a moment, trailing his lips down Will's neck, licking a broad swipe with his tongue. His skillful surgeon’s hands made quick work of Will's sweater and shirt, tossing them aside. Hannibal took a moment to admire the view, his hands roaming over Will's skin, exploring every domestic curve and dangerous edge. "You're beautiful," he murmured, a simple declaration burning with adoration and leaving ashes in its wake. "And by some dark miracle, you’re mine." He leaned down, capturing one of Will's nipples between his lips, teasing it with his tongue before edging it with his teeth, biting down just hard enough to make Will gasp. He swirled his tongue around the sensitive bud, before switching to the other, giving it the same treatment.

Will gripped the back of Hannibal’s head in delight, moaning, nice and loud with the hopes of partially losing his voice. It’d be hot, talking to people at work tomorrow like he’d shouted himself hoarse at a football game or something. But it was hot, hot sex instead.

Hannibal hummed in response to Will's moans, his own arousal growing against Will’s thigh with each vociferation. He pulled back, looking down at Will with hooded eyes. "I want to hear more of those," he said, before trailing kisses down Will's stomach, dipping his tongue into his navel. He reached for Will's belt, quickly unfastening it and pulling it off, along with his pants and underwear. He took a moment to admire Will's naked form, spread out beneath him.

Sliding off the bed, Hannibal hung up his clothes as Will turned on his side to watch him, lazily stroking his cock. Hannibal helped himself to a prostate massager and some lube, bringing both back to the bed and working the toy into Will’s ass with patience and care.

“Mmm, pumpkin spice,” Will said, grasping Hannibal’s finger and sucking hard on it, tasting the cloyingly sweet autumnal flavor.

Hannibal turned on the massager, laying out so he could position and move it in Will’s hole, finding the perfect spot that made Will cry out. But that moan was nothing compared to what was coming. "So beautiful," Hannibal murmured, leaning down and running his tongue along the length of Will's cock, from base to tip. He looked up at Will, their eyes meeting as he swirled his tongue around the tip, before taking Will into his mouth, swallowing them down to the hilt.

“Oh… Hannibal, fuck…!” Will whined, even louder than before.

Hannibal hummed around Will's cock, the vibrations sending waves of pleasure through Will’s body. He bobbed his head up and down, taking Will deeper with each movement, his tongue a teasing tornado around his length. He pulled back, moving the massager against Will’s sweet spot several times before diving back down, taking Will deeper into his throat. He pulled back again, repeating the motion, his free hand coming up to grip the base of Will's cock, twisting and stroking in time with his other movements. Christ, he was playing Will’s body like a fucking theremin.

Will’s thighs trembled, his moans and cries and gasps growing louder and more desperate. He doubled his efforts, his mouth and hands working in delicious tandem.

“Han… oh my god… you’re amazing…!” Will managed, a strained shout, his body tensing as more desperate moans that spilled from his lips. Hannibal pulled back, releasing Will's cock from his mouth, and looked up at them with hooded eyes. "Come for me.” A sultry command. "I want to taste you." He wrapped his hand around Will's cock, stroking it firmly, his thumb swirling around the tip. Will's body locked up and his breath staggered, catching in his lungs.

Hannibal leaned down, taking Will's cock back into his mouth, his hand still guiding the massager. He looked up at Will, their eyes meeting as his throat constricted around Will’s length. He held Will there, the ridge of his throat massaging his cock, his nose pressed

against Will’s pelvis in a total flex – Hannibal could control his heartbeat, but more importantly, he could control his gag reflex.

Will was done for, blowing his load the second their eyes connected in that final moment, screaming his husband’s name, as promised. Hannibal closed his eyes with a hedonistic moan as Will's release spilled into his mouth, cock pulsing against his tongue. He pulled back, licking his lips as he looked up at Will with a satisfied little smirk. "Delicious," he breathed, turning off the vibrator and crawling up Will's body to seize his lips, scorching them with his own. Will could taste himself on Hannibal’s tongue.

Hannibal lingered for a heartbeat before slowly pulling back, their breath still mingling in the space between them. He pressed a gentle kiss against Will’s forehead, a tender connection that spoke of quiet intimacy.

“I love you too, sugar…”

Hannibal’s eyes searched Will's. "I want to make love to you," he intoned, each word deliberate and gentle. "An expression of how much I cherish you." He trailed his fingers down Will's chest, over his stomach. "Will you let me?"

The evening eventually evolved into Hannibal riding Will with reckless abandon and Will gripping his thighs as his husband cradled his cock deep inside of himself. “So tight!” Will gasped, his voice bearing the telltale signs of strain, just as Hannibal had wanted. “Those anal kegels, I swear to God…!”

After sex, a quick shower, letting the dogs out, and sneaking a few more bites of leftover cinnamon apples, they were back in bed. "I'm delighted you threw this dinner party, Will" Hannibal said softly, his fingers running through Will's hair. "An exceptional evening." He snuggled closer, pressing his lips against Will's in a gentle kiss. "Thank you." He pulled back, his eyes shining with adoration. "Now, let's get some rest. We've got a busy day ahead of us tomorrow."

“A full day of work, and trying to find somebody with Italian ancestry who works for that estate sale company?”

“We must pull every thread and see what unravels,” Hannibal said. “Besides, I want to hear you interview them, knowing you strained your voice praising my prowess.”

“Nah, I’m just gonna tell everybody I went to a football game–ow!” Will yelped as Hannibal tweaked his nipple.

Oct. 15: Role Play and Wraith

Chapter Summary

> Only five days behind! It's all good. I was telling FanFaron the other day if you're not having fun, and it's starting to feel like work or anxiety then you're doing it wrong.

Oct. 15: Role Play and Wraith

Will leaned against the light pole, smoking a cigarette. It was part of the illusion, otherwise Hannibal would have never allowed it. Damn, he'd sort of missed smoking. There was something about a cigarette on a crisp fall evening, like the smell of burning leaves.

Crisp, yes. Chilly, also yes. Will rubbed his bare arms to fight the goosebumps. Tonight he was dressed in leather pants that were almost painfully tight, and a red mesh and lace tank top with a torn hem that left very little to the imagination. He was absolutely not dressed for the weather, but that was okay. Things would be hot as fuck soon enough.

At last, a car turned down the street. The midnight blue Bentley hummed smoothly as it approached, pulling up to the curb. The spotless window gleamed in the dark as it slid silently down, revealing a well-dressed man with carefully styled ash-brown hair. He gave Will a deliberate once-over as Will leaned dispassionately against the light post. The man's eyes traced the curves of Will's body, seeming to relish in every detail of Will's outfit. His tongue stole out from between his sumptuous, elegant lips to touch the lower.

Will sauntered over to the car window and leaned in, studying his potential client with hidden wariness. "Are you looking for a date, sugar?"

"How much for a good time?"

"I could show you a good time. But I'm a very busy guy so you'll have to make it worth my while, if you get what I'm saying."

"Oh, I think we can come to an arrangement that will be mutually beneficial." His cultured words and tone were somehow low and enticing. "Why don't you get in the car and we can discuss the details further?"

Will tossed his cigarette, opened up the passenger door and slid into the luxurious interior of the Bentley. "Nice car," he said. "You must have a good job. What do you do?"

"I'm in… mergers and acquisitions," the man said with a barely-perceptible twinkle.

“In what now?” Will pretended not to have heard him correctly.

“Mergers and acquisitions.”

“Oh,” Will chuckled, laying a hand on his exposed clavicle. “I thought you said, uhm, ‘murders and executions.’”

“They require a similar skillset.”

“I’ll bet.”

The Bentley pulled into a weed-choked parking lot behind a crumbling bar with the windows boarded up. The establishment had once been called Mum’s. Hannibal turned to face Will, his hand resting on Will's thigh, just above the knee. "Shall we discuss terms?"

“Blowjobs are 50. Handjobs 25. If you wanna fuck me, you have to use lube and a condom, and it’s 200.” Will had no idea what the going rate was these days but he aimed low like it was a 1970s porno.

Hannibal's eyes cinkled at the corners. He slid his hand further up Will's thigh, his fingers brushing against the bulge in Will's ridiculously tight leather pants. "I see," he murmured, his voice suffused with dangerous want. "Two hundred? That's quite the deal. Perhaps I could sample some of everything on the menu, and you can calculate a final tab."

“Plus tip,” Will added with a smirk.

“Of course. You’re a member of the service industry, after all.” Hannibal’s hand massaged him through the fabric of his pants. "Perhaps we ought to get business out of the way," he suggested, reaching for his wallet and withdrawing several crisp hundred dollar bills that he placed tidily onto the dashboard. Will reached for them, but Hannibal caught his wrist, gripping it with warm force. “First, I’d like to see what I'm paying for."

“Financially sound decision,” Will agreed, raising an eyebrow.

“You can leave the top on. It leaves very little to the imagination, and I enjoy the juxtaposition of the patterns and color against your complexion.”

“You use a lot of big words, mister. You must have a talented tongue,” Will said, a teasing edge to each word. Slipping off his shoes, he unbuttoned the skin-tight pants and peeled them down, shivering a little as his bare ass spread over the Bentley’s leather seat.

Hannibal's eyes glimmered hungrily as Will revealed his body, taking in every inch of exposed skin as if for the first time. "Very nice," he murmured. “If you’d find your way to the back seat?”

Will chuckled, squeezing himself between the two front seats while Hannibal exited the car and walked around to open the door, stealing a glance around the deserted parking lot, deliciously furtive. He slid into the backseat and edged close to Will, who angled himself toward his client. Hannnibal’s fingers traced Will's chest and stomach through the tawdry garment, slowly making their way down. “I’m going to remove some of my clothing,”

Hannibal told him evenly as if discussing a treatment with a patient. “And I want you to watch me and touch yourself.”

Will leaned against the door, spreading his legs as much as he could, working his already-responding cock into his fist. Licking his fingers, he circled his hole and pressed into it as he stroked, leering at Hannibal as the client patiently removed his suit jacket and tie, unbuttoned his cuffs, removed his shirt, slowly opened his belt to free his cock, which greeted them both enthusiastically.

From within one of the back seat pockets, he came up with a condom and a small bottle of lube. Squirting some into his hand, he rubbed it between his fingers to warm them up. "My turn," he insisted, though gently, his fingers finding Will's entrance and applying pressure.

As Hannibal's fingers breached Will's entrance, he let out a low hum of appreciation, seeming to enjoy the feeling of Will's tight heat enveloping his digits. He worked Will open, adding more lube as needed, until he was satisfied with Will's preparedness. “You’re a real gentleman,” Will said as Hannibal withdrew his fingers. “Most Johns would just plow right in there.”

"I think you're ready for my cock," was the response as Hannibal tore open the condom packet (not with his teeth, because everybody knows that’s irresponsible) and rolled the latex down his shaft. "But first, I want you to put those lips of yours to good use. Don’t worry, it’s flavored."

“I better impress you – love it if you become a-a repeat customer…” Will dutifully leaned over the seat to suck him off with a professional’s skilled precision.

Hannibal groaned softly as Will's mouth enveloped his hard cock, the sensation of his warm, wet mouth seeming to transcend the barrier of the condom. He tangled his fingers in Will's hair, guiding his head as Will took him deeper into his throat. "That's it," he encouraged, voice elegantly strained. "Keep going, just like that."

As Will continued to work, Hannibal spoke. “How should I fuck you?” he intoned as Will’s head moved up and down. “imagine all the ways I could use your body to bring me pleasure. Perhaps I’ll bend you over the hood of the car. Or maybe I could have you perched on the edge of the seat here…”

Will could feel his client’s orgasm approaching. Just as he was about to reach his peak, he pulled Will off his cock. "Not yet," he growled, his voice thick with desire. "Time is money, and we did prepare you, after all.."

Hannibal maneuvered Will into position, his back pressed against the cool leather of the Bentley's backseat, legs up and draped over the headrest and Hannibal’s shoulder, folding him up. Hannibal guided his cock to Will's entrance, teasing the slick, lube-covered hole with the head of his member. "Tell me you want it," he ordered, his eyes locked onto Will's.

“Yeah, Daddy, give it to me,” Will begged with a professional’s skillful yet underlyingly insincere attitude.

Hannibal's eyes darkened and he thrust forward, working his cock deep inside Will with several advances. A guttural moan escaped his lips as Will engulfed him, and it seemed he had to take a moment to compose himself before he could start to move.

Will's "client" set a steady, powerful rhythm, his hips snapping against Will's with each thrust. His hands gripped Will's hips, fingers digging into the flesh as he pulled Will onto his cock, pushing him deeper with each movement. The sounds of their coupling filled the car, the licentious echo of their bodies' contact and their moans and gasps mixing together like a Gregorian chant to fill their tiny but no less sacred cathedral.

"You feel… so… fucking *good* ," Hannibal managed ineptly through strains of unintelligible (to Will) Lithuanian and French, his mouth latching onto Will's neck, licking and grazing it with his teeth, covering it with starved kisses. He reached between their bodies, his fingers finding Will's cock and stroking it in time with his thrusts. "Come for me," he demanded. "And you'll collect… an ample gratuity."

"Most of my clients don't care if I come," Will panted.

"Don't flatter yourself. I want to feel your body constrict," Hannibal growled down at him, pumping faster.

So fucking hot. Nothing beat a good roleplay. Will blew his load, and Hannibal threw his head back, no doubt feeling the way Will's insides massaged him. With a final, deep thrust, he buried his cock inside Will and let out a long, low moan as he came, the condom capturing his release. He kept thrusting shallowly, riding out the orgasm until he was spent.

As he caught his breath, Hannibal slowly pulled out Will, carefully removing the condom and tying it off before tossing it out the door onto the cracked concrete of the run-down parking lot like it was a table centerpiece to match the vibe. He ran his hands over Will's body with gentle caresses. "You were truly remarkable," he murmured, his voice soft and sincere and clearly outside of his assumed character of the high-powered financier John buying sex from a down-on-his-luck rentboy.

He leaned in and ensnared Will's lips with his own, kissing him with a tenderness that belied the intensity of their earlier encounter. Wiping down, re-dressing, and returning to the front seats, Hannibal flipped through the wad of cash. "What do I owe you?"

"Two-fifty," Will said, running his hand through his hair and catching his breath. "Plus tip," he added.

"Thank you for an unforgettable evening," he said, eyes alight as he pressed the entire wad of cash into Will's hand. "Is this your usual corner? Perhaps I'll cruise by again sometime."

Will got out of the car and resumed his place on the corner until Hannibal drove away, completing the scenario. Will slipped the money into the tiny pocket of his scandalous pants and made his way back to the Volvo to drive himself home, unable to wipe the satisfied smirk from his face, already planning an alternate scenario for next time where Hannibal was the high-class escort and he was the suburban dad unable to tell his wife he liked having sex with strange men.

He put on some music for the drive, then cursed. It was already after midnight, and he had an appointment at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane in the morning. To consult – not for intake, mind you.

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"Will!" Chilton greeted as Will walked into his office. The director of the BSHCI was seated behind his egregiously enormous desk, a leatherbound volume open in front of him that he was clearly pretending to read with a magnifying glass. "How good of you to come. Please, have a seat. Can I get you anything? A Southern-style sweet tea, perhaps?"

Will entered cautiously, watching Chilton as he opened a mini-fridge with a ridiculous flourish, showing off an array of bottled sweet tea, everything from Arizona to Pure Leaf. "I have fresh lemon wedges," Frederick added.

"I'm good," Will said, crossing his arms over the pumpkin-and-oak-leaf colored turtleneck sweater he was wearing to hide the array of hickeys on his neck. "I'm ready to do the interview."

"Well, there's no reason to rush – it's not like Mr. Gideon is going anywhere, is he?" Chilton sauntered closer, straightening the lapels of his dark blue suit jacket he'd paired with a navy and burgundy paisley tie. It looked like something Hannibal might wear… and yet it didn't. There was something about the combination that seemed like it was reaching for ultimate style but fell short, a sweet tea made with stevia or aspartame or Splenda instead of real cane sugar. Will couldn't put his finger on it. Maybe it was the cut of the suit and tie, or the choice of the pinstriped shirt beneath that was meant to be daring and bold in contrast to the other pieces but ended up just looking muddled and confusing. "Sit down, have a drink – tell me how things have been going at the FBI."

"You… wanna make small talk?" Will furrowed his brow, pushing his glasses up higher on his face. "Frederick, you asked me to come here and interview Abel Gideon so you could get some insight into his case and because you didn't want Alana getting close in case he was dangerous."

"Exactly. I do need your insight, Will – but that's no reason that we can't socialize. God forbid we become friendly."

"You will," Frederick promised, wiggling one dark eyebrow. "I assure you, I can be quite… fascinating, if you'd let me."

"No," Will said flatly, reaching for the door handle.

"Wait!"

Will sighed, turning around again.

"One more thing… before your interview," Chilton tried. "I won VIP tickets to the Westminster Dog Show and I thought, well, maybe you'd like to be my plus one. Because you love dogs, of course. I'm sure Hannibal would understand. I'd give him the other ticket

but my cousin Rosita is showing her Standard Poodle this year, and I think Buffy has a real chance of taking home the win."

Will scoffed. "What is this, Frederick? You called me here to… ask me to go with you to a dog show? Was the Gideon thing a ruse to get me here or–?"

Suddenly, there was a sharp rap at the office door.

"Come back later," Frederick snapped.

The knock sounded again. "Dr. Chilton, are you in there?"

"Yes, now go away, I have a very important guest!" Chilton snapped.

The door opened, and an orderly stuck his head in. His eyes grew wide and Will could feel the fear rolling off of him, his strand in the weave of life vibrating with it. "Dr. Chilton… but if… you're here, then…"

"What are you babbling about, Justin?" Chilton demanded crossly even as the hairs on the back of Will's neck rose.

The orderly swallowed hard, his knuckles turning white on the edge of the door. "I… just saw you downstairs in Cellblock A… in the empty one next to Abel Gideon…"

"What? That's nonsense, I've been up here since lunch. Time for a psych eval for you, it seems," Chilton said, waving a dismissive hand.

Matthew Brown poked his head in also, then slid through the threshold, marveling at Chilton. "I saw it – you – too," he said, his gaze flicking to Will. "Clear as day. Walking around the cell and staring off into space. I-I tried to speak to you but you didn't answer."

"When did you see him?" Will demanded.

"Five minutes ago, or less…" Matthew said.

Will turned to Chilton. "Pull up the cameras."

"Cameras? Oh, Will, you've got it all wrong, I don't surveil my patients–"

"Just turn on the fucking camera, Frederick, and the microphone too," Will ordered, coming around Chilton's desk and adjusting the monitor of his computer. "I'll do it myself."

"Wait! WAIT!" Chilton hustled over and logged himself in, quickly closing some sketchy tabs on his browser before pulling up the surveillance program. "Cellblock A… let's see…" Chilton's hand flew to his chest and he gasped, eyes bugging out. "Dear GOD!"

Will's hand gripped Chilton's shoulder. Another Dr. Chilton stood in the cell, staring right up at the camera. Unmoving. Unblinking. An unnervingly wide smile on his face.

“This… must be some kind of… special effects computer generated… something!” Chilton squeaked, hyperventilating.

Will ignored him, striding over to the door. “Take me there,” he ordered Matthew, who jogged out into the hallway with Will at his heels.

The orderly unlocked the series of doors that led to the cell block in question. Prisoners shouted obscenities and howled at them as they raced along the dank corridor to the final cell.

And there was Chilton, standing still as a statue, his eyes vast and black. Will gripped Matthew’s coat, keeping him from getting any closer. The thing, whatever it was, had no strand. It wasn’t a human, living or dead. It wasn’t even breathing.

“What are you?” Will demanded, shoving himself in front of Matthew

“What’s going on?” came a deep, laconic voice from the nearest cell. Abel Gideon. “Who are you guys talking to?”

Will slowly got closer and closer, studying the being that was Chilton but not Chilton. “What do you want?” he growled. “Why have you come?”

At last, Frederick Chilton’s doppelganger moved. Its sinister smile deepened and its eyes flooded black from lid to lid. “How long do you mean to be content?” Its voice chilled Will from head to toe, Chilton’s voice but woven through with an echo of unsound that gripped him with an instinctive, uncanny-valley style fear. This thing looked human, but absolutely wasn’t, and Will’s primordial brain screamed DANGER.

And then, it was gone.

Oct. 16: Housemaid and Ghost Hunters

Chapter Summary

> No hate on any Ghost Adventures fans, I did poke a little fun at them but I've enjoyed the show before too, LOL

October 16th: Housemaid and Ghost Hunters

It was true what they said (whoever “they” are) that finding good help was a difficult thing. Will and Hannibal had to be very selective about who they hired to help out with house cleaning, laundry service, the occasional in-home dog sitting, and landscaping projects. The person had to be either extremely professional and would never breathe a word of anything or stoop to any snooping, or pleasantly half-witted and unobservant. Once in a great while, somebody needed some psychic driving, but for the most part just having things locked up was fine. Their housekeeper, Francis, was a true gem of a tiny gray-haired lady. She was fully retired from her career except for cleaning their house, and kept them on as clients because it paid for her cruise trips twice a year with her pack of matronly girlfriends.

Last year, when things around the house had gotten downright spooky, she’d never asked any questions, simply calling Hannibal and telling him that she was taking an unpaid leave of absence until they had themselves, in her words, “situated.” Hannibal had agreed without explanation, except to insist that she continue to receive her pay. Once they’d destroyed the Dragon, she was right back to work, minus the dog’s room downstairs, which she smoothly negotiated out of her duties upon returning. Now Will had to vacuum it once a week to keep the dog hair in check, but that was a small price to pay to have Francis back.

Earlier in the week, however, Hannibal received worrying news: Francis had to take another leave to stay with her sister Edith for a while. Edith had been injured while decorating her yard for Halloween. While she’d been on a step ladder stringing fake cobwebs across her bushes, three ravens had dive-bombed her, causing her to fall and break her hip. The ladies assumed Edith had inadvertently disturbed a nest or something, but Will and Hannibal weren’t so sure. There was the dead dirt biker for one, and the Baltimore birdwatching message boards were teeming with posts about ravens acting in uncharacteristically aggressive ways (Franklyn had sent Will the links, as he had ties to the secretive, close-knit avian observation community).

All this to say, shit in Baltimore was deeply weird and only becoming more so, and Will and Hannibal didn’t have Francis, which meant they had to spend more time than usual on mundane chores. Will was used to it – when they’d hired Francis, Hannibal had had to train him out of his routines of cleaning the bathroom twice a week or running the vacuum over

everything before bed. When Will's mother had left, once he'd been old enough, he'd picked up after himself and his father for years. Hannibal was no slob, but he took to the chores less easily than Will did, probably thinking it was beneath him as Count Lecter the 8th.

However, Hannibal knew how to motivate himself – if it had to do with taking care of Will, he was more than willing, ironing his shirts and folding his boxers, doing the dishes so he could cook for him, even polishing his shoes.

Right now, on a windy and cold October evening, he was standing at the ironing board. They'd set up in the kitchen so Hannibal could straighten shirt collars while Will had a case file spread out on the table, talking through it with Hannibal as he worked.

Will paused and looked up from the murder, loving the way his husband's bared forearms looked as he slid the iron over the clothing. He was so dangerously domestic wielding an iron, a gentleman in his shirtsleeves and an apron, making sure every crease was perfect. A naughty idea came to mind, and he sat down in one of the kitchen chairs. Grabbing his glass of water, he pretended to take a drink and spilled it down the front of his shirt and the crotch of his pants. "Shit," he muttered, waiting for Hannibal to look up from his ironing. "A little help?" he requested, eyebrow raised.

"Certainly." Hannibal opened a drawer to snag a dish towel and came over to hand it to him.

"I asked for *help* ," Will said, a licentious smirk tickling the edges of his mouth. He spread his legs and arms, offering up his damp clothing. Hannibal knelt in front of him, clearly catching the vibe, and blotted the wetness on his chest, working his way slowly down until he reached Will's crotch, pressing against it to absorb the moisture. "It's still kind of wet," Will complained, sliding his fingers into Hannibal's hair.

"That might not be a result of the water," Hannibal reasoned, pressing harder now until he was straight up massaging Will's dick through his pants. Then, he abruptly stood, folding the damp towel and laying it on the countertop. "Will that be all, Mr. Graham?" he asked, a teasing lilt to his voice as he returned to his work. "I hate to waste a hot iron."

Will huffed out his frustration, but he was smiling, though trying to hide it. "No, that's not all of the, ah… husbandly duties I need you to fulfill." Getting up, he stalked closer and eased the iron out of Hannibal's hand, setting it upright on the board.

"Am I hired help, or your dutiful spouse?" Hannibal asked as Will backed him up none too gently against the countertop.

"I think the answer to that is 'yes,'" Will confirmed. "I should keep you in the kitchen all day every day, barefoot in an apron…"

"Hmm, warming up to the erotic nature of feet at last?" Hannibal asked as Will grabbed him by the hair to kiss his neck, pressing his hard cock against his husband's inner thigh and grinding there for a moment.

"I have some more laundry for you to do," Will breathed against his throat as Hannibal gave in and made a soft sound of assent, his arms closing around Will's shoulders in return.

“C’mon, be a good wife for me, darlin’...”

Hannibal scoffed quietly but said, “I assume your trousers need to be washed? Your boxers as well?”

“That’s right, baby, you always know, ah… just what I need…” Will backed up to let Hannibal kneel down in front of him to unbuckle his pants and slide them down, followed by his damp boxers, Will’s cock popping out in greeting. Hannibal went to work on him as Will stroked his hair and sang his praises. He felt like he was moments away from exploding when Hannibal paused, dropping Will’s cock out of his mouth unceremoniously. Will cursed, then smirked as he saw Hannibal tuck up the apron to open his own trousers enough so that he could stroke his cock while he sucked Will off.

Will gripped the countertop and Hannibal’s hair when he came, and Hannibal dutifully swallowed, but ended up blowing his own load all over the kitchen floor, some of it splashing up onto Will’s stockinged foot. Will gazed down lovingly at his good little husband, murmuring praises as he panted through the aftershocks.

Then, “Clean that up,” Will ordered.

“Of course, dear.”

He’d just finished doing so when Will’s phone rang. He put his cock away and answered, noting it was Maeve Katz. “Hey, what’s up.”

“Hi Will. Uhm… so, it’s kind of a long story… hmm, how to summarize…”

“Let me guess,” he said. “Something paranormal is happening.”

“Well, yeah, it’s been happening. So, Jimmy and Eddie’s mom lives here in Baltimore and she’s been having some, erm… weird problems, I guess? Well, she’s a huge fan of that *Entity Expeditions* show and so she called in to the network and they actually sent the film crew out. They’re setting up right now and I’m just… I feel like they’re in over their heads and something bad might happen. I called Chiyoh too, but I’m not sure that spirits can be shot with sniper rifles. I just… Franklyn and I don’t know what to do and we’re worried about the twins.”

“Are Eddie and Jimmy there?” Will asked, turning her on speakerphone so Hannibal could hear.

“Yeah, they’re staying on site during the investigation or whatever it is.”

“Okay, we’ll be there. Text me the address.” Will hung up and turned to Hannibal, who was already unplugging the iron and removing his apron. “Pack the witchy stuff,” he suggested.

The twins’ mother lived in a little brick cottage in the Homeland neighborhood. When Will and Hannibal rolled up they saw a couple of vans parked in the driveway and a big camera crew filming a man wearing a black Ed Hardy tee shirt with rhinestone crosses printed on it, with Jersey-Shore style hair. “My name is Mack Vagans,” he said into the camera as the

boom mike hovered overhead. “I never believed in ghosts until I came face to face with one. I set out on a lifelong odyssey to capture one on film. With no big camera crews following us around, I am joined only by my fellow investigator Vic Shnoff and our equipment tech Baron Badlose…”

Will furrowed his brow. “Isn’t that a huge camera crew that’s filming him right now?” he muttered.

“The magic of television,” Hannibal said. “I fear these young men may be ill-equipped to deal with the manifestation present here. Can you feel it?”

“Yeah, there’s something wrong in that house for sure,” Will agreed. He closed his eyes a moment and fell into the dark place between the strands, reaching out his mind like a radar system. “Fuck, there’s all kinds of shit around here,” he murmured. “I got a couple ghosts and… something that doesn’t feel human.”

“A non-human entity, perhaps an elemental spirit, a poltergeist, or a demon,” Hannibal agreed, his eyes glowing blue for a moment as he made a gesture with his hand to cast a small spell. “And it gets worse, I’m afraid.”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s a portal of some kind in the dwelling’s cellar,” Hannibal said. “A small one, recently opened.”

Now Jimmy, Eddie, and their mother Joyce were on the lawn, giving interviews in front of the allegedly-not-there big camera crews. Then they went to wait in one of the vans while the ghost hunters went in to begin their investigation. Once the initial filming was over, it seemed that they were truthful in their claim to only bring the three main cast members inside.

“They’re agitating the spirits,” Will said, feeling a wave of antipathy flood him as he kept his connection to the ghosts that had been barfed up by the vortex and were now haunting the home. “Daring them to do shit.”

“This endeavor is misguided and dangerous,” Hannbial said, getting out of the Bentley. “We have to put a stop to it. If they provoke the nonhuman entity it could spell disaster.”

Apparently it did, because there was a scream from inside and all three ghost hunters came running out. Will and Hannibal hurried over to the front lawn where the cameras were ready to catch the men’s obvious terror. The leader of the team turned around to show the back of his shirt. Will had seen ghost shows here and there where someone got “scratched” but it was really that they had hypersensitive skin or had scratched themselves absently. This was not… that. The entire back of the man’s shirt was shredded and deep scores bled openly as he moaned and wavered on his feet, trying to deal with the pain as his friends held him upright.

“Mack, dude, we need to call an ambulance,” one of them insisted.

“No… no, send me… back in…”

“You’re not going back in there,” Will said, breaking through the circle of cameras.

“Whoa, hey, who’s this guy?” one of the Entity Expeditions hosts demanded as the other helped the lead host over to a van for medical attention.

“Will, Dr. Lecter – what are you doing here?” Jimmy asked, hopping out of the other production van, Eddie peering out as well.

“Maeve called. I think these guys are in over their heads,” Will explained. He growled and pushed a camera out of his face. “We need to go in.”

“I told you you should have just called them first!” Eddie called from the van.

“I didn’t want to bother them!” Jimmy shouted back. “These are two very busy guys!”

“Jimmy, we would have found time,” Will said. “But we’re here now.”

“Okay, just be careful,” Jimmy said. “I’ll talk to mother and let her know what’s going on.”

“Keep the amateurs out if you can,” Will instructed, joining Hannibal at the door where he’d slipped over to avoid the cameras.

Inside they found Joyce’s home immaculate if cringily decorated. “I think the Precious Moment figurines are scarier than the vortex,” Will joked softly.

Hannibal shushed him, opening the grimoire. “You focus on the human spirits. I’ll deal with the other.”

“Be careful.” Will gave him a kiss and headed into the kitchen, where he could sense one of the ghosts. It was the spirit of a man who had lived on the property long ago, conjured back to the house by the formation of whatever the thing in the basement was. Will could see him in the dark places between the strands, grumbling as he puttered around the kitchen complaining about all the changes that’d been made since 1932 when he’d lived there.

Will spoke to him, not aloud, but through the connection in his mind, communicating not with words but in an unspoken language on a psychic level. He gently broke the news to the spirit (Harold was hi snake) that he was dead and this wasn’t his house anymore. Harold described a white light that he’d seen when he’d initially passed and asked Will how to get back to it. Will felt around the strands and the darkness between until he found what he could only describe as a fissure. He pried it open a little further. “Is this what you need?” he murmured aloud.

And just like that, Harold was gone, leaving only an echo of his grateful goodbye.

The second ghost was heartbreaking – that of a child that’d been hit by a car on the street outside the home. Will felt tears leaking down his face as he worked with the little spirit, eventually coaxing it through the fissure as well. At last, he opened his eyes and found some tissues. “Han?” he called softly, listening for a response.

He heard a muffled banging from down in the basement, and a strangled cry. Will threw open the door to the unfinished cellar and found Hannibal next to the water heater, his jacket and tie discarded, a long ugly set of scratches running from his pecs to his navel. “Are you all right?” Will demanded, rushing to his side.

“Feisty little thing,” Hannibal muttered, flipping pages in the grimoire, oblivious, it seemed, to the oozing scratches on his chest. “Perhaps you’d assist me, beloved?”

“Always.”

Will closed his eyes and was greeted with a series of kaleidoscopic horrific visions as the nonhuman entity came barrelling at him, sensing an opening. Will was helpless, barrelling through his mind, careening between twisted visions he couldn’t control.

Then, Hannibal’s voice, raised in command. “You will return. You will return. Return the way you came. Accept your banishment.”

He could feel Hannibal all over and inside of him, as if Hannibal was made of mist and was clinging to Will, invading every inch of his body. Will’s mental vision finally cleared, and he opened his eyes to see a glowing, shadowy vortex on the wall of the basement and Hannibal floating a couple of inches off the ground, grimoire in hand, eyes luminescent glacial blue. Will put a hand on his husband’s leg and instinctively gripped his strand, fortifying it with a glowing golden light that coated the bloody red length of Hannibal’s life force.

With an ear-splitting crack like a lightning strike, the vortex disappeared, leaving a splash of unimaginable black ooze on the wall, but nothing more.

The atmosphere in the dwelling lightened immediately, and Hannibal floated back down to the floor to take Will in his arms. “You were superb, beloved.”

“Thanks for the assist,” Will breathed against his neck.

Outside, the camera crew came rushing over. A woman in a sleek pants suit had arrived at some point – probably a producer. “Hello there, I’m Gloria Carlos from DiscoverJourney TV, have the two of you ever thought about having your own television show?”

“Many times,” Hannibal said just before Will elbowed him.

Oct. 17th: Soft and Sweet and Pumpkin Carving

Chapter Summary

contains spoilers for the HULU movie CARVED

Oct. 17: Soft and Sweet and Pumpkin Carving

"It's called *Carved* ," Will said, sitting his laptop on the coffee table. "And you're going to hate it, and I'm going to hate it, but then I can say that I watched a horror movie during what Eddie insists is 'spooky season' and he'll shut up about it."

"How did you hear about it?" Hannibal asked, cuddling up with Will on the couch, weighted down by a cozy blanket, Buster, Zoe, and Ellie.

"It's literally the first horror movie that I saw when I signed in to Hulu," Will said, pressing play and sitting back, sliding under Hannibal's arm to snuggle in close.

The film was, as the young folks these days often described, "mid"; it chronicled the struggles of living history farm employees desperate to escape a mutated pumpkin intent on killing all who entered a pumpkin carving contest. Will chuckled aloud at the Bryan Adams jokes but otherwise found it only mildly entertaining. "It's funny to me that when people wanted to evoke nostalgia five or so years ago, they set their movies and TV shows in the eighties – like *Stranger Things* ," Will noted. "But now, the year of golden nostalgia is 1993 apparently."

"Time waits for no one."

Will hadn't been paying too much attention to the plot, compounded with the problem of Buster deciding that *right now* was play time and bringing him eighty different toys in an attempt to get some attention, and it slipped by him initially that two of the main characters were a brother and sister pair whose parents had been killed in the tragic chemical spill that had caused the evil pumpkins to mutate. When the story became clearer as the lead girl strove to protect her little brother no matter the cost, Will winced and leaned forward to pause the video. "I'm sorry," he said quickly. "I'll turn it off, I must have missed earlier on that they were…"

"Orphans," Hannibal said evenly, though Will could hear the vein of sadness under the surface of his voice.

"Yeah." Will leaned forward to shut the laptop.

“I’d like to finish,” Hannibal protested gently, drawing Will back into his arms. “I sincerely doubt the film would depict the death of her cherubic young brother, but I’d like to know the outcome all the same.”

“Han, I’m really sorry–”

“Buster was squeaking his toy during the important dialogue, beloved, you’re forgiven. I could have stopped the film at any time.”

“Okay, if you’re sure.”

They finished out the film, and…

SPOILERS FOR CARVED ON HULU, SKIP TO THE NEXT KINKTOBER CHAPTER IF YOU DO NOT WANT SPOILERS

The plucky orphans managed to survive, though the Bryan Adams loving gay couple unfortunately bit the dust albeit heroically.

“Don’t apologize again. I can feel it vibrating on the tip of your tongue,” Hannibal warned as Will shut the laptop and got up to pour his husband a glass of wine.

“I could… vibrate something else with the tip of my tongue,” Will suggested.

“A capital idea,” Hannibal agreed.

“I know you forgave me,” Will said as they retired to the bedroom. “But I still feel bad. Let me make it up to you.”

“Who would I be to deny you?”

Will undressed them both and positioned Hannibal on the bed to give him a slow, deep massage with his favorite massage oil, paying special attention to his neck, back, and glutes, even rubbing his feet after licking his toes a little bit. Hannibal flipped them over eventually and rubbed his oily body all over Will in turn, kissing his lips and neck as their slicked bodies rutted together in a slow and sensual dance.

“I’ll save your tongue from tiring itself,” Hannibal said, getting into the bedside drawer and pulling out a vibrating cock ring. Will turned his husband on his back and slid it onto his erection, smirking as Hannibal’s aristocratic lips parted to moan as the vibrations pulsed through him. He rolled on top of Will again and rutted their cocks together in a slow, sweet grind, in no hurry at all, as Will squirted some more massage oil on his hands to work on Hannibal’s pecs, playing with his nipples, teasing them with the pads of his thumbs, pinching them gently.

Hannibal leaned in, brushing his lips over Will's in a soft, lingering kiss as he continued his tortuously slow grind, reaching between them to align things more to his liking. Will gasped as the fire within him was stoked with each stroke. Hannibal held Will's cock steady and moved his own against it to work the vibrations up and down Will's length, pausing to switch the speed up to the next level. They were both breathing hard, maintaining long moments of loving eye contact, kissing until their lips were swollen and puffy. They moved together now, in harmony, two killers singing one another a serenade of pants and groans and gasps of delight.

Will's orgasm crashed over him, making him tense up beneath his husband and grip his chest hair, his pleasure ebbing to wash over him in gentle waves as Hannibal continued to thrust himself to climax.

He gently removed the ring, turning off the vibrations, and settled himself down on top of Will in an oily, cum smeared mess. "I'm proud of the film's heroine," he said after a long time. "She saved her brother. And she could do so much better than her high school boyfriend."

"I hope they make a sequel," Will breathed against his ear. "Carved 2: The Pumpkining. Also, the cornmobile wasn't a bad business plan. I'll drive the Corn Wagon and keep it tuned up, and you find 87 different ways to make and sell corn. Solid plan B for us."

"Plan C."

"Huh?"

"For corn."

Will chucked. "That was corny, but I'll allow it."

Oct. 18: Predator and Prey and Alone in the Dark

Chapter Summary

I am... still... gonna finish this... I SWEAR

Oct. 18: Predator and Prey and Alone in the Dark

Will wasn't exactly sure what to call this game they played. It was sort of like Ghost in the Graveyard or Bloody Murder, outdoor night games he remembered playing in Biloxi when he and his father lived in the public housing block. There, 8-year-old Will had a built-in group of playmates, though not all of them could have been considered friends. It was also a little bit like… maybe flashlight tag? He supposed they could call it Predator and Prey, even though who was in which role constantly shifted. He'd have to ask Hannibal. Then again, Han would come up with something unnecessarily fancy and/or mythological like "Moonlight Lovers' Worship of Artemis" or some shit.

Whatever the game was called, they were playing it. With the dogs in bed back at the house, Will and Hannibal had the run of the acreage on this cloudy night. All of the house and outside lights had been turned off, leaving them with only the ambient glow of Baltimore from outside the boundaries of their little kingdom encased in residential neighborhoods.

The rules were simple. The game began at exactly 10:00 pm from opposite ends of the property. Whoever subdued the other got to run the show in the bedroom tonight. Risky, invigorating, unforgettable – games like this for two cannibalistic serial killers most definitely "got the blood pumping" as Hannibal liked to say.

Will crept through the dark, his eyes roaming the shadowy trees, searching the outbuildings, the copses and small depressions in the land. It took over an hour, but eventually Will spotted Han crouching low next to the cattails at the edge of the pond. He waited until Hannibal's head swiveled in the opposite directions to dar closer, then went for it, pouncing on his husband with what felt like catlike grace (though the move probably looked totally silly from an outside standpoint. Before Han could react, Will had him pinned to the ground, straddling his hips, wrists grinding into the dirt. Hannibal arched his back, trying to throw Will off balance, but Will had him dead to rights after a few minutes of grappling.

A fine sheen of sweat glistened on Hannibal's brow in the dim light coming from the city around them; they were both breathing hard, their chests rising and falling in sync. Will smiled triumphantly and leaned down, brushing his lips against Han's ear before whispering, "I win."

“Indeed, beloved. I concede.”

His hand found its way to the hem of Hannibal’s sweater, roughly pulling it up to his neck. Beneath, he revealed that beautiful hairy torso he loved so much. With a growl, Will lowered his mouth to Han's neck, sucking gently on his pulse point as he ran his hands up and down Han's chest and belly.

Han arched into Will's touch, moaning Will’s name softly as Will went after the other side of his neck while rubbing his cock through his trousers – not bespoke, a pair Will had gotten him for outside games like this, top of the line from L. L. Bean. Will was already achingly hard, and Hannibal seemed just as eager. His hands found purchase on Will's shoulders, digging in with an enthusiastic, claw-like grip. With a playful growl, Will nipped at Han's earlobe before sliding his hand lower still, hooking his finger into the waistband of Hannibal’s trousers and pulling them down along with his boxer briefs in one swift motion. His fingers found their way to Han's erect length, already slick with his copious pre-cum, and began to stroke gently, eliciting a moan of pleasure from deep within Hannibal’s exposed throat.

Hannibal *squirmed.* Yes, Will thought, that was the word, and this vocabulary-related discovery doused him with another wave of boiling heat. He squirmed beneath Will's touch, arching his back in invitation as his Will stroked him expertly. "Will," he groaned, and Will felt a maliciously delighted smirk smear across his features as he sensed his husband was getting close. “Will, wait…”

“I get to choose,” Will argued. “I caught you, didn’t I? Come to think of it, sugar, you, ah… weren’t trying very hard. You wanted to get caught, huh? So you could be my little bitch for the night?” Will pushed Hannibal’s hands away as he tried to interfere with Will’s pumping of his cock.

“Will… it’s dark–!” That’s as much as he could get out before his climax, painting Will’s hand with his generous emission. Will wrung it out of him, then made a cum handprint on either thigh of his outdoor pants, chuckling at his rudimentary art skills.

Damn, it was hard to see them.

Damn, it was hard to see anything at all.

Will slowly stood up, looking around their acreage. The glow from the city that should have provided enough ambient light to see a little something on their property was out. Now that he wasn’t busy tackling and then jerking off his husband, he realized he could hear car horns honking, and faint distressed voices carried by the wind. There should have at least been car headlights, and maybe there were, but otherwise Baltimore seemed to be in the middle of a total blackout.

Hannibal was at his side now, filthy pants back on. “Part of why you got the drop on me, beloved. I sensed something building during our game, and it came to a head, so to speak. A great disruption, magickal in nature. Whatever this is – an entity, an opening portal or vortex like the one we experienced during the ghost hunt – it’s draining power from the electrical

grid. Even those amateur ghost hunters understood that spirits can disrupt electromagnetic fields and drain device batteries."

"Yeah, but, this is a lot more than a couple of cell phones and a laptop," Will breathed, doing a slow spin. Somewhere, sirens blared and then dopplered away.

"Shall we?" Hannibal nodded towards the house. "I do so enjoy making love to you by candlelight."

"And I do so enjoy dripping hot wax on your ass," Will said fondly, kissing the corner of his jaw.

"You're a true romantic, beloved."

October 19: Aftercare and Raven

Chapter Summary

> I feel like the last couple chapters of this were rushed, because I was so intent on getting done, but knowing that I'm absolutely not gonna make the deadline, I'm just going to take my time and enjoy this because... as I've always said... THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUN AND IF YOU'RE NOT HAVING FUN OR IT FEELS LIKE A CHORE YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG! (points to self in mirror)

October 18: Aftercare and Raven

Will took his time unstrapping Hannibal from the fuck bench. He started with the legs, taking off his leather gloves and running his bare hand up Hannibal's quivering flank, making sure that his fingertips glanced off of every welt left by the riding crop and the flogger, making his husband wince and let out the most precious little whimpers. Slipping a finger between his husband's cheeks, he gently caressed Hannibal's puffy hole, dripping with cum and lube, eliciting a whole-body tremor.

Will resisted the urge to give his ass a resounding smack – as it was, Hannibal was going to have a day or two where it wasn't easy to sit down – and undid the strap that held his waist down on the padded bench. He traced the welts on Hannial's back, the teeth marks and red spots. Unbuckling the neck strap, he leaned in to gently kiss the nail marks where he'd held Hannibal down by the neck at one point. At last, he unstrapped the wrist restraints and helped his husband to his feet.

Snagging a black silky robe with white piping from a nearby hook, Will helped Hannibal into it, trying not to smile too widely at the little winces he gave as the fabric touched his skin. Hannibal could hide it all, cope with any pain without flinching, but he let Will see each stitch of discomfort, because that was part of the game.

Will gently tied the robe tie, then eased Hannibal's shoulders around, turning him so he could slowly unbuckle the ball gag and leave it on the bench to clean up later. Francis was back, and she always did a tip-top job with the sex toys and bondage gear, though Will would bring it upstairs to be washed. They kept the room locked so she wouldn't see the ever-growing witchcraft altar filled with bones, (some of them human) antlers and feathers.

Will kissed the stretched edges of Hannibal's mouth one after the other. "You were so, so good tonight, sugar," he crooned, stroking Hannibal's wild, sweaty hair.

Hannibal's eyes danced, though he kept his face submissively passive, nodding only. He'd been told not to speak and that status hadn't been updated yet.

"Let me take care of you," Will said, a silken order. He wrapped Hannibal's arm around his shoulders and took him by the waist, helping him upstairs to where a nice hot bath was waiting. Over the summer, they'd finished a second bathroom remodel, having to literally cut a hole in the side of the house to make it big enough for the enormous slipper tub and walk-in shower. The tub was full of steamy water and the gentlest of oils. Will had even floated a small variety of fall blossoms on the surface – some white and purple mums, a marigold or two, and rose petals of course. Candles glimmered on the windowsill and the counter by the sink and the Goldberg Variations murmured through the wireless speaker.

Will watched Hannibal's face as he showed him the tableau, his design of aftercare, and was filled with pleasant warmth by the small smile that perked up on his swollen lips, plush on a normal day and obscene now after all that kissing and rimming and working hard around Will's cock all night. He gently untied the robe and hung it up, then took Hannibal's arm to ease him into the tub, helping him sit down slowly, delighting in every wince as the hot water assailed his welts and raw places. What hurt the most to soak, it seemed, was the two-inch slash right under his collarbone where Will had cut him with his own folding knife and licked the wound open further, a fantasy Hannibal had related to him a couple of weeks ago that Will pulled out as a surprise during their session tonight.

Heh, session – like it was therapy. But in a way, it was – Hannibal would never say, but Will could always sense – especially now when his powers of empathy were so much stronger than they'd ever been – when his husband needed a long, strenuous foray into the realm of submission. It happened when Hannibal was particularly stressed, and Will knew how hard he had been working trying to ascertain what was happening with the increasing number of paranormal instances happening around Baltimore. Just yesterday a couple of corpses in a funeral home came to life – after they'd already been embalmed. Luckily, the funeral director's daughter had seen enough zombie movies to know what to do, and the living dead were quickly dispatched, though no explanation as to how they'd been reanimated had been discovered. Will had heard about it from Jack Crawford, because the FBI had gotten involved. The cops had planned to charge the scrappy gal with desecration of a corpse before security footage was reviewed, showing that, indeed, the dead had risen.

While the mystery persisted, after being tied up and tortured and fucked within an inch of his life, there was a great relief, a softening of the tension in Hannibal's body and mind and strand that represented his life force.

"How do you feel?" Will asked. "Oh, you can speak now."

"I find," Hannibal said, his voice gravelly from moaning and keening and screaming, "that my mental distress eases when my physical distress overtakes it."

"I thought so." Will smiled, helping him lay back in the tub, attaching the inflatable bath pillow at just the right angle, then dragging over a chair behind the tub to tenderly wash and condition Hannibal's sweaty hair for him, to gently sponge every angle of his face, washing his neck, clearing the remaining blood from the little wound. "We'll disinfect and bandage that when we're done here," Will soothed, lifting Hannibal's arm from the bath and rubbing

the sea sponge up and down it, soothing the restraint marks, running the sponge between each finger before dipping it back down into the water and repeating with the other.

He drew his husband's long legs up and out of the bath one at a time, balancing the back of his calf on the side of the tub. He put some light oil between his palms and then treated his little slave bitch to a long foot rub, spending enough time on both feet that his own hands were aching.

Lastly, he took his time washing Hannibal's cock, his balls, his taint, and oh so gently circling a baby washcloth around his puckered entrance, eliciting a soft, contented moan that was threaded through with arousal.

At last, the water was cooling off. Will gathered up the flowers and set them in a small crystal dish of water to float next to the sink, then retrieved a fresh robe and a matching pair of burgundy 1950s dad slippers. Helping Hannibal out of the tub, he dried him off, being extra careful with the painful spots and using the softest towel they had.

He combed Hannibal's hair for him, so it wouldn't dry all crazy, and took him to the bedroom to clean out and bandage his cut, and put salve on his restraint burns. A little pain medication, and there was just one thing left to do.

"Lay there and let that stuff soak in for a while," Will directed. "Don't move, you hear me?"

"Yes, beloved," came the meek little reply.

Will opened up a drawer in his dresser and came up with one of Hannibal's collars, a thin rose-gold metal one that said PROPERTY OF WILLIAM JAMES LECTER-GRAHAM on the inside. He eased it around Hannibal's neck and locked it, resting it softly against the discolored flesh of his neck. Then he slid down between Hannibal's legs, opening up the robe tie and moving the fabric aside to expose his clean and fragrant genitalia.

"You were *such* a good boy for me," Will purred, nuzzling his inner thighs as he spread Hannibal's legs wider, then separated his cheeks. "Your poor little ass, ah… was a real trooper."

Hannibal's eyes darkened, glimmering in the candlelight with sexy mischief, even as he kept his face submissively blank. He nodded, then dropped his head back on the pillow with a delighted sigh as Will sank his face into his crevice to lick his entrance with teasing gentility before subjecting it to broad swipes of his tongue, the miniscule texture of taste buds seeming to make him shudder and grip the pillow behind his head.

Will subjected him to a long and torturous rimming, then traveled his tongue up behind his balls, dragging it between them along the center of the sack. The amount of precum made him smirk – Hannibal wasn't just wet for him, he was fucking flooding the basement. Will licked his cock clean, then swallowed him down, rewarding his good husband-doctor-boy with the most loving and attentive blowjob he could perform, drawing him deep, caressing his thighs and stomach, gazing up over the landscape of Hannibal's chest to make eye contact. He only stopped when Hannibal had the audacity to grab his hair, which earned him

a swat. “I told you not to move,” Will growled, his words making Hannibal blow his load in the span of a couple more sucks.

Will swallowed it all, cleaned up the few drops he’d missed, and helped Hannibal into a pair of silk pajamas, then tucked him into bed. He brought the love of his life/fucktoy a big glass of water and some wine, then quickly showered and got into bed himself with a little glass of whiskey to end the night.

Hannibal fell asleep in his arms. Will was just about to doze off when he heard his phone vibrate on the nightstand. Damn it. He had turned off the Do Not Disturb function since they’d both been getting a lot of emergency calls lately (emergencies like banshees, headless horsemen, restless spirits, y’know, the usual). He reached over slowly as not to disturb Hannibal, and snagged the phone to look at the notification.

Jimmy Price had sent him a Tattlecrime article link. Will cursed silently and clicked on it. Flipping through the site, he noted that apparently Freddie Lounds had completely pivoted and was devoting a whole section at the top of the page to the supernatural occurrences plaguing Baltimore. Will read through several articles quickly, noting that there were apparently spooky fucking events happening that he hadn’t even heard about – rogue murders of ravens fucking things up at the airport, statues crying blood, a ghost train traveling along tracks that had been ripped up long ago, phantom screams from the USS Constellation (a Civil-War era ship docked in the inner harbor) that were recorded on 12 different phones from witnesses, and several reports of demonic possession. According to the article, church attendance had risen 40% since the beginning of the month and faith leaders were convinced that Baltimore had offended God because of LGBTQ+ people existing / abortions / strip clubs / celebrating Halloween / unpaid parking tickets and was now suffering the consequences.

“Really?” Will muttered incredulously. No, it was certainly not the wrath of a God known for his wanton generosity or cruelty and matchless irony – this was some interdimensional shit, and Will would be surprised if attending church helped whatsoever.

The specific article that Jimmy had sent blared the headline BALTIMORE RAVENS MASCOT BIRDS POSSESSED BY EVIL SPIRITS. Apparently workers at the Maryland Zoo were reporting that the football team’s official mascots, Rise and Conquer, were behaving eerily, not eating, not moving more than to preen a feather or two. The birds’ eyes had started glowing a demonic red, and they could now speak, repeating the same phrase over and over…

Nevermore…

Jimmy texted again. *Guess we all should have paid more attention in high school English class. What does it mean?*

IDK, Will responded with a shrugging emoji.

Jimmy’s response was the screaming emoji, to which Will sent a gif zooming in Grizzly Adams as he nodded YES.

October 20th: Praise Kink and Fall Baking

Will came in from taking the dogs on a run around the property to find Hannibal in the kitchen making breakfast. But it wasn't going to be a protein scramble day, oh no – he was aproned up and dipping homemade pumpkin cake doughnuts into a soft, sugary glaze that looked a lot like… well, you know.

"Look at that." Will leaned on the kitchen island to watch him work. "Remind you of anything?"

"I was thinking about the story you told me last night about your favorite doughnut shop in Metairie," Hannibal said, setting a glazed doughnut carefully onto another pan for the glaze to harden before picking up the next with his tongs. "I thought I'd try to recreate those autumn pumpkin doughnuts you were missing."

Will sidled up behind him and slipped his flannel-clad arms around Hannibal's waist, leaning his chin on his shoulder as he watched him dip another doughnut. "Aww, sweetheart, you shouldn't have."

"It's a good thing you took the dogs for what appeared to be a brisk walk, as the calorie content shouldn't be ignored," Hannibal told him, though Will could tell from the way his muscles moved against the side of his face that he was smiling

"You can take the cop off the force, move him up to the FBI, but, ah… you can't take the doughnut out of the cop," Will declared, kissing Hannibal's neck. "Very thoughtful." Hannibal lifted out another doughnut and dipped it, then set it on the pan where the others were lined up neatly, no edges touching, the glistening viscous whitish maple glaze hardening in streams down the sides and in deep, sugary pools in the doughnuts' center. Will grazed his lips up Hannibal's sweet-smelling throat an inch at a time, and then whispered, " *Good boy."*

The tremor that vibrated through his husband's body was absolutely delicious, and fumbled the doughnut out of the tongs, plopping it directly into the bowl of glaze. Upon rescuing it, he tsked, moving it to the hardening pan. It was twice as glazed as the others. "Dibs on that one," Will declared.

"You and your sweet tooth," his husband chided.

"Well, it just… y'know, reminds me of something," Will teased, sliding his hand underneath Hannibal's apron to feel him up. Shit, Han was already hard as a fucking rock, all from two little words – *good boy.* "I do love a well-glazed doughnut. When the hole is just… *dripping* ."

Hannibal cleared his throat, but Will knew him well enough that it wasn't to get something dislodged, or even to scold. That was Hannibal's *I'm unbelievably aroused but I can't act on it right now* throat-clear. As he reached for another doughnut with the tongs, Will pressed into him from behind, rubbing his bulge against the cleft of his husband's thicc beautiful ass, giving it a little rub. "You look so fucking hot in an apron," he hissed into Hannibal's ear, hot

breath stirring a strand of hair at his temple. “With your sleeves rolled up, fuck, I could stare at those forearms and hands for hours. And who the fuck makes homemade doughnuts? Hannibal fucking Lecter, that’s who. The man who feeds me right… all day and all night… my *good boy.* ”

His hand closed around Hannibal’s bulge, massaging it with his cupped hand. Hannibal’s tongs paused in midair, a glob of glaze dripping obscenely from the end. The wetness seeping into Hannibal’s pants under Will’s fingers told him that the glaze was flowing somewhere else, too.

“Fuck, darlin’... you make me so hard I’m not liable to survive it,” Will drawled into Hannibal’s ear, channeling Metairie doughnuts and his NOLA accent. “Can I please have a little taste?”

“Of what, beloved?” Hannibal answered his own question by dipping his finger deep in the glaze and turning to bring it, dripping, to Will’s mouth. Will opened up eagerly and pressed the digit against his concave tongue, tasting with each set of buds, savoring as Hannibal had taught him, then sucking the finger clean, both of which seemed to work in tandem to make Hannibal’s pupils open up like baby black holes.

Will fluttered his eyes closed as the maple flavor warmed his tongue. “This is better than any damn doughnut shop,” he purred. "Hannibal... this is..."

“...divine," Hannibal finished for him, eyes dark, feasting on Will's enraptured response. Will's gratitude, his pleasure, was like fucking catnip to Hannibal, and Will knew it well. "You like it, then?"

Will nodded, licking his lips. He must have missed a drop; Hannibal reached out, gently wiping at Will's bottom lip. Will felt like spontaneous human combustion was imminent under Hannibal's touch. "So thoughtful, always, the way you, ah… surprise me… the way you listen to everything I say, even when I’m just talking about random doughnut shops… How can I... thank you?" He leaned into Hannibal's hand, nuzzling his palm, inhaling the scents of sugar and fall spices.

Hannibal's smile widened, closed-lipped but beyond pleased. "There are ways, beloved."

Will smirked in return, trapping Hannibal against the counter, hands roaming, tracing Hannibal's chest, his shoulders, his back. “Where would you like my gratitude, sweetheart…?" he leaned into a whisper across Hannibal’s lips. “Maybe I get on my knees?”

Hannibal's breath hitched, his dark eyes glimmering, even as his voice remained softly neutral. "Yes... and then, perhaps, you could show your gratitude with your body bent over the kitchen island. I do love the view of you, spread out on my range.”

Will nipped at Hannibal's throat, smirking. "Mmm, and what about my thanks for this masterpiece?" He gestured to the plate of glazed maple doughnuts. "Can I ride you while you tell me every step of the recipe?" His hands wandered lower, tracing the bulge in Hannibal's pants once more, which was even harder by some miracle of God or Satan.

Hannibal chuckled, his fingers curling around Will's wrists. "You know I don’t share recipes, Will," he murmured with a barbed edge of danger.

Will pulled free to sink down on his knees. “Everything you make is a winner,” he confessed, looking up at his husband with adoring eyes as he rubbed his cock through his clothes and massaged his thighs. “Hell, even that time you allegedly burnt that human meat Christmas pie, I literally couldn’t tell. When I eat your food, it’s like… you’re doing that thing where you speak different languages to me in bed but it’s on my tongue.”

Hannibal smirked, his eyes glinting with dark promise. "Let's see that sensitive tongue of yours in action." Will unzipped his pants slowly, revealing his bulge. "Show me the depth of your appreciation," Hannibal urged as his cock was freed, seeming to reach for Will.

Will took Hannibal's cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the tip. He looked up at Hannibal with adoring puppy eyes as he began to suck, taking him deeper. Hannibal's head fell back with a groan as he leaned against the counter. Will hummed appreciatively, pulling back to suckle at the head before taking him deep once more. "Mmm," he murmured, pulling back briefly, “This glaze…”

Hannibal's grip tightened in Will's hair, his voice revealing only the slightest strain. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Will."

Will chuckled, then leaned forward eagerly, relaxing his jaw and taking Hannibal to the hilt. Will's eyes watered, but he held Hannibal's gaze as he worked and worked. He pulled back again, trying to get a breath. Hannibal's smirk was borderline wolfish as he guided Will's head back down, his hips bucking gently.

"This is the one and only time I’ll endorse talking with your mouth full,” Hannibal panted. “Tell me, Will..."

Will mumbled around his mouthful, the vibrations eliciting a pleasured gasp from Hannibal. "Louder, Will."

Will struggled to form words around the thick, leaking cock in his mouth. "Mmmph..."

Hannibal's eyes were pure Chesapeake Ripper. "More? More what, Will? More of my expertise in the kitchen? Or more of me in your mouth?"

Will pulled back, his breath coming in pants. "Both... please... Hannibal, you're *God* ... in the kitchen... in the bedroom... in... ahh!" Hannibal had seized the opportunity to tighten his fingers in Will’s curls and push back into mouth.

"And what about in the dining room?"

Will's fingers dug into Hannibal's thighs as he took him deep, his words muffled again. Hannibal threw his head back, his voice strained with amorous delight. "Thank you, Will."

Hannibal's hips began to move faster, fucking Will's face with increasing urgency. Will squeezed his streaming eyes shut, submitting completely to Hannibal's thrusts. His grip

further tightened in Will's hair, an indicator of cum to come. “Beloved…” Hannibal hissed in a scorching whisper. "You enjoy what I make for you, don’t you? Then don’t spill a drop." Will nodded eagerly, the motion causing Hannibal to gasp. With a final, powerful thrust, Hannibal spilled into Will's mouth.

Will dutifully swallowed, his throat convulsing around the thick liquid. He sucked him clean once he’d regained some modicum of control. As Hannibal pulled out, Will sat back on his heels, licking his lips. Hannibal helped him up, his touch gentle. "You’ve learned so well how to express appreciation,” he murmured, giving Will a kiss. “Would you like to try a doughnut now, or have you had enough glaze for the day?”

“Never enough,” Will promised.

“Come to the bedroom. I’d like to taste your version of the recipe.”

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Will, Bev, Zeller, and Jimmy were in the lab looking at a severed hand on a tray. “I swear that thing moved,” Beverly insisted. They all bent over to watch, studying it raptly.

Just then, the lab door barged open, and they all gasped. Jimmy literally leapt into Beverly’s arms. She caught him like he was Scooby Doo, then tossed him aside with an annoyed grunt.

Chilton swept in wearing a suit Will hadn’t seen before. Unlike most of his outfits, the cream, blue, and champagne ensemble finally seemed to come together in harmony, so unlike his usual attempts to pair patterns and colors, resulting in an outfit that was either extremely over-or-underwhelming. He must have gotten a new tailor – the shit looked bespoke, and Will had been with Hannibal long enough to know.

“Hello there – oh, Will, I didn’t know you were going to be here,” he chirped, striding forward with a white box in his hands.

“Bullshit,” Will muttered.

“I brought you all some pumpkin spice cupcakes. I’ve been trying my hand at baking and thought they turned out rather well.”

“Food? Hell yeah.” The twitching hand on the tray was forgotten as Team Sassy Science rolled out a cadaver stretcher to use as a table, opening the box and diving into the treats.

“You *baked* these?” Will asked, eyebrow raised, as Chilton handed him one. The bottom was spice cake, the top a lovely amber frosting drizzled with what looked like caramel, the swirls perfect.

“Yes! It wasn’t even that difficult.”

Will looked at the box. “That says Angie’s Cupcakes on it.”

Chilton scrambled with a flustered little huff. “I only used the box for delivery.”

“So it’s just a coincidence that the Angie’s logo is also on the baking paper?” Will asked flatly.

“Will, shut up, these are really good,” Zeller hissed, his mouth full. “Thank you, Dr. Chilton, I am quite grateful for this and am not asking a bunch of stupid questions…” He swiped his hand across his throat at Will in a *shut it down! shut it down!* gesture.

“I’ve got my grandmother’s tres leches cake recipe,” Chilton said, sidling closer to Will as he set down the clearly store-bought cupcake. “Why don’t you stop by this weekend and I’ll show you how to make it? We could bring it in for our hungry scientists on Monday morning.”

“Yeah, do that,” Zeller urged. Bev slapped his arm in lieu of telling him to shut up, as her mouth was full of cupcake.

“I’m busy this weekend,” Will said bluntly. “Hannibal made a bunch of doughnuts and he needs my help glazing them.”

“Oh yeah? You gonna glaze those doughnuts yourself?” Jimmy giggled.

“That’s my business,” Will said, flipping up the collar of his flannel shirt dismissively, then stalking out the door.

Oct. 21st: Crossdressing and a Macabre Scene

Chapter Summary

Making progress... only ten to go...

Oct. 21st: Crossdressing and a Macabre Scene

Hannibal was home a little later than usual; he'd texted Will that he'd needed to collect graveyard dirt at a very specific time in the evening, which Will fully understood. He busied himself with a chore that was actually pretty fun – Maeve and Franklyn's church had a Halloween costume donation drive to create a costume library where local kids (and adults) could check out costumes, wear them, and return them for someone else to enjoy. They'd gotten so many donations Maeve had begged the D&D party to help sort, wash, repair, and tag everything. So, the dining room table at the Lecter-Graham house was covered in sparkly princess dresses, witchy robes, little baby pumpkin suits, and a random assortment of items that people had apparently decided were Halloween costumes including a completely real military grade ghillie suit, a bag full of mostly headless/hairless Barbies, and a prosthetic leg with a shoe still on it. No way Will was throwing that out – shit like that was expensive and the community center would know how to get it to someone who really needed it. Donation boxes were wild.

Will was down in the basement loading up the washing machine and hanging up some items that needed to be hand-washed in the laundry room when he discovered a costume that caught his eye. It was a sleeveless, backless red gown made of slinky satin with an extremely risque slit up the side. Will had an inkling what the costume could be, and his suspicions were verified when he discovered a pair of elbow-length purple satin gloves. He pulled the dress over his head for a quick check of the size and found that while the waist was definitely tight, he could shimmy into it and safety pin the bodice, considering he absolutely did not have the tits to fill it out. He checked his phone and saw that Hannibal hadn't texted to say he was on his way home yet, so he hurried to get ready and surprise his husband.

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The soft click of the front door's handle and the unhurried slide of its opening echoed through the quiet of their home. The sound of keys being placed on the side table, followed by the light thump of a briefcase settling on the floor. Then, the murmurous scrape of leather soles on hardwood. Will peeked out of the living room doorway, watching Hannibal as he paused, clearly listening, his dark gaze roving through the kitchen.

Will shifted, emitting the faintest whisper of fabric shifting against skin. Hannibal turned his head, following the sound, and caught sight of Will as he stepped out into the soft light of the living room in the dress and gloves. Hannibal's eyes traced the curve of Will's neck; Will tilted up his chin a little, making sure it was exposed and inviting

Hannibal’s delight crept over his face for the span of a breath, yet he recovered himself smoothly, a slow smile playing on his lips. He stepped fully into the living room, his gaze never leaving Will, drinking in the sight of him with the thirst of a man chugging a beer after mowing the lawn in 90 degree heat. The red of the dress was a vivid contrast against Will's skin, and Will knew the satin was clinging to his every curve and contour like a second skin. He couldn’t really sit down, but that wasn’t gonna be necessary.

Hannibal moved closer, deliberate and purposeful, stalking. Silence stretched between as his gaze roved over Will's form with unabashed hunger.

“Hey there, handsome,” Will purred, leaning against the door frame. “Look what I found in the donation box.”

Hannibal's gaze tracked the movement of Will's body as he leaned against the doorframe, the red satin of the dress clinging to his form with every subtle shift and sway. "A delightful surprise. One might think you were trying to tempt me."

He moved closer, close enough to reach out and trail a fingertip along the edge of Will's collarbone, autumn-cold to arousal-warm. "Though I must admit, if you ask me to dress as the cartoon rabbit, I may have to, for once, refuse you."

Hannibal's hand slid down, his fingers tracing the curve of Will's pectoral through the thin dark satin. Will loved it when his tightly controlled facial expressions slipped, all because of something he’d done. It was a heady sensation, knowing the effect he had on his husband, the power he wielded over him, the big bad Chesapeake Ripper just a touch, a word, a look.

"You're playing a dangerous game, Will," Hannibal murmured, his lips brushing against the sensitive skin of Will's neck. "Teasing me like this, presenting yourself as a feast."

His hands drifted lower, skimming over the swell of Will's stomach, the curve of his hip. The satin was cool and smooth on Will’s skin beneath his touch, a tantalizing barrier.

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal requested in a sexy, teasing version of his therapy voice. “What was it about this particular costume that drew your attention?”

“Mostly, I was curious if it would fit. Obviously I don’t have the tits for it, but a couple of safety pins later…”

"Curiosity is the lifeblood of experience," Hannibal told him, his voice low and velvety with want as he stroked Will’s thigh, the one actually covered by the dress versus the one exposed by the massive slit, revealing his thigh-high stockings. "Especially where physical intimacy is concerned."

He stepped closer, crowding Will against the door frame, his body a hard line of heat and tension. His hands came to rest on Will's hips, thumbs skimming over the jut of his hip bones through the thin satin.

“I like the gloves,” Will says, tracing a silken finger down Hannibal’s finely cut cheekbone.

Hannibal's eyes fluttered shut for a moment as Will’s touch seemed to ignite every nerve ending in its path, lips parting for a small but significant intake of breath. “A delightful contrast. I enjoy the way your hands convey the roughness of your physical labors but this provides a certain novelty.” He leaned into Will's touch. “I have a curiosity of my own to satisfy, if you’ll indulge me.”

“What’s that?”

“I’d like to know what you’re wearing underneath all of this… finery.”

Will chuckled – he always appreciated dry irony, the drier the better. “Guess you better find out.” He turned and offered Hannibal the back zipper of the costume dress, smirking at him over his shoulder.

With deliberate slowness, Hannibal reached out and grasped the tiny metal tab of the zipper, his fingers brushing against the warm skin of Will's back in the process. Hannibal's eyes followed the path of the zipper as he slowly dragged it downward, revealing inch after tantalizing inch of Will's skin. The cheap satin parted like a curtain. Hannibal's tongue darted out to wet his lips as he drank in the sight, his fingers straying to trace the newly exposed skin.

Will had raided his lingerie drawer, and beneath the dress wore a pair of black lace panties and a black and red lace bralette with red ribbons woven through its seams; it was sheer everywhere else. There was a matching garter belt that held up the thinnest, most delicate black thigh-high stockings.

Hannibal's breath escapes him in an appreciative exhale as the zipper reaches its end, revealing the scandalous secrets concealed beneath the sinful red satin. Will knew it was the sight of the garter belt, those thin black straps disappearing beneath the swell of Will's ass, that truly set Hannibal aflame. Man LOVED his garter belts.

His hand came to rest at the small of Will's back, fingers splaying across the revealed skin. It was Will’s turn to tremble beneath his touch, breaths hitching audibly in the quiet of the room. Slowly, reverently, Hannibal traced the line of the garter belt, his fingers smoothing over the lace and following the path of the straps.

Hannibal's other hand joined the first, sliding around to the front of Will's body, folding down the front of the dress. His fingers grazed the lace-covered curves of Will's pecs, feeling the firm peaks of his nipples through the sheer fabric. Hannibal's breath was heavy against the back of Will’s ear as he, at last, pressed fully against him from behind.

"Beloved," Hannibal murmured, thick with desire. "I never could entirely predict you."

“Gotta keep you on your toes, old man.”

His fingers ghosted over the plane of Will's stomach, the dip of his navel. Backing up a pace, Hannibal turned him gently in his arms, palms coming to rest on the curve of Will's ass, squeezing the firm globes through the thin lace of his panties.

"Despite the supernatural imbalance we face," Hannibal breathed, leaning in to press open-mouthed kisses along the column of Will's throat. “I do so love this time of year. You are a vision, my love,"

Will stepped back to shimmy the dress all the way off, stepping out of it, leaving him in just the lingerie and the purple satin elbow-length gloves.

"Exquisite.” He came closer again, the heat of his body enveloping Will like a physical caress. His hands rested on Will's hips, thumbs skimming over the jut of his hip bones through the lace. Hannibal hummed in approval as Will leaned back against the doorframe that opened between the kitchen and the living room, his body yielding to the pleasure of Hannibal's mouth on his neck as Will stroked his back and shoulders with gloved hands. Will’s muscles tensed and quivered with each flick of Hannibal’s tongue, each drag of his lips, and his cock strained against the soft confines of his undergarment, balls heavy, desire pooling in his gut.

When he pulled back, Will stroked his face and neck with his gloved fingers. Hannibal clearly relished the sensation, eyes drooping shut as he blindly stripped off his suit jacket and tossed it on the nearest chair. He sank to his knees, dragging his tie off as Will ran his purple fingers through his hair. Hannibal’s deliberate resistance to rushing seemed to snap, and he leaned in, gripping the waistband of Will’s panties with his teeth and dragging them down to free his cock, then swallowing it down with a hungry moan.

“Fuck,” Will rasped, tossing back his head hard enough to bonk it against the wooden doorframe, not that he minded.

Hannibal took his time, his head bobbing slowly as he worked Will's cock with his mouth. He explored every inch of the hot, hard flesh, tracing the thick vein on the underside with the tip of his tongue, swirling around the sensitive crown. He hollowed his cheeks, sucking hard, making Will's hips jerk forward, seeking more of that most exquisite pressure.

Hannibal's hands roamed over Will's thighs, stroking over stockinged flesh, his fingers digging into the firm muscle, urging him to open wider. As he worked, Hannibal's eyes remained locked with Will's, the intensity of his gaze a silent promise of the pleasure to come, dripping with adoration.

Will moaned and stroked his hair with his gloved hands with touches both soft and commanding, spreading his legs wider as requested, bracing himself against the door frame. The silky caress of Will's gloved hands through his hair caused Hannibal to hum around Will’s cock, the throaty moan vibrating around the length in his mouth.

Hannibal's lips and tongue worked in tandem, alternating between long, slow drags and quick, teasing flicks. He took Will deeper, swallowing around him, the muscles of his throat

fluttering and massaging the sensitive flesh. His free hand came up to cup and gently squeeze Will's balls as they drew up tight with anticipation.

Will was vaguely aware that the sounds spilling from his lips were a symphony – a killer's serenade of breathy moans, needy whimpers, broken gasps of Hannibal's name. Hannibal's eyes fluttered closed as Will's fingers tightened in his hair.

Now he doubled his efforts, his tongue swirling around the weeping tip of Will's cock, his lips sealed tight as he sucked hard, hollowing his cheeks. Will watched with burning satisfaction as Hannibal gripped his own bulge for a moment as if begging it to be patient. It was too much, and Will couldn't hold on, squeezing his eyes shut and gasping out a half-silent cry as he came.

Hannibal scooted the panties back up gently around Will's softening cock and took Will's offered hand, fingers lingering on the purple silk. Will kissed him, fumbling with the buttons of his shirt as he slowly walked backwards toward the hallway. "I have another surprise for you," he said through heavy breaths. "But, ah… these gloves are shit for undoing buttons."

"Happy to assist." Hannibal stripped as Will beckoned him back to the bedroom, leaving his clothes in an uncharacteristic crumpled trail behind them like fallen soldiers.

Will took off his panties and lay down on the bed, spreading his legs and bending his knees, twirling the panties around his finger. "Surprise." He gestured to the plug in his ass holding in the lube he'd already squirted up there in preparation.

A low, appreciative growl rumbled in Hannibal's chest as he took in the sight laid out before him."You've been a very good boy," Hannibal told him. "Presentation is everything, and you've certainly outdone yourself this time."
He stalks towards the bed, his own arousal jutting proudly from his trimmed body hair. Hannibal's hands traveled over Will's ankles, his calves, his thighs, mapping the contours of his body with a reverent touch. Slowly, teasingly, Hannibal circled the base of the basic black toy, his fingers brushing against the flared end. Will moaned as he shifted it inside of him, moving it this way and that. "So eager for me," Hannibal murmured. "Such a good boy, presenting yourself so beautifully."
Hannibal's other hand came up to stroke Will's inner thigh, his touch light and teasing. Will's hips twitched, the beginnings of another erection stirring in his loins. "That's right," Will agreed through a breathy smile. "I'm not *bad*, I was just *drawn* that way."

Hannibal's fingers gripped the base of the plug, applying steady pressure as he slowly, teasingly, pulled the toy free. "You're so beautiful like this," Hannibal breathed. "Open and ready for me." He set the plug aside, his hands smoothing over the curve of Will's ass and thigh, kneading the firm flesh. Hannibal leans in, his breath hot against Will's inner thigh, his lips whispering over the sensitive skin. Inch by inch, Hannibal trailed his first fingers along the crease of Will's ass, his touch feather-light and teasing. The skin was slippery and sensitive, and Will's hole unconsciously fluttered against the pads of his husband's clever fingers, clenching around nothing, as if desperate for the stretch and the fullness of Hannibal's cock.

Will was certain Hannibal was seconds away from breaking, the sight too much to bear, but Hannibal seemed to take a moment to rein in his own desire, to remind himself to savor this moment, to draw it out and make it last.

Hannibal's fingers massaged the slick, stretched rim of Will's entrance.

Will moaned in frustration, gathering the duvet in his fists, squirming. Hannibal chuckled, a deep, rich sound. He leaned down, his lips brushing against the shell of Will's ear. His breath was hot, his words a rasping, seductive whisper. "Tell me what you need, beloved. I want to hear you say it."

"I'm feeling sort of… empty now," Will confessed, caressing Hannibal's bare back and face with his satin-gloved hands.

"Let me assist." Hannibal lined himself up, the blunt head of his cock nudging against Will's slick entrance. Hannibal's other hand ran up Will's side, over the bralette, then curled around his neck, anchoring him in place.

With a single, smooth thrust, Hannibal sheathed himself fully inside Will's tight heat. The sensation is overwhelming, a rush of pleasure that bordered on pain. Will gasped, and Hannibal closed his eyes, teeth clenched, holding on to the backs of Will's knees for dear life, probably to keep from coming on the spot.

"*Will*," he groaned, his hips rocking, slowly at first. Then his hips pistoned faster, harder, driven by the desperate cries that spilled from Will's lips like a litany.
"Yes, Will," Hannibal growls, his voice rough and ragged. His fingers circled the sensitive bundle of nerves at the base of Will's hard-again cock. Will bucked into the touch, his back arching off the bed as pleasure crashes over him in waves. The other hand gripped the underside of Will's knee hard enough to bruise, holding him in place as Hannibal's thrusts grew erratic, his climax building

"Oh fuck-fuck yes baby…!"

His hips snap forward, driving into Will with a brutal force. The angle was devastating, the head of Hannibal's cock pounding mercilessly against that sensitive bundle of nerves inside Will with every thrust.

Will's gloved hands scrabbled for purchase, slippery against Hannibal's shoulders and back.
"Come for me," he commanded, his voice a low, authoritative growl. "Now, Will."

As if flipping a light switch, Will's body responded before his brain even fully registered the words, throat raw with delighted half-screams of pleasure. Hannibal's cock pulsed and twitching as he spilled himself inside Will. The rhythmic clench and release of Will's inner walls milked him dry, wringing every last drop of pleasure from his shuddering body.

Hannibal collapsed on top of Will, his weight pressing him into the mattress. For a long moment, they breathed in tandem, Will's satiny hands stroking every bit of Hannibal he could reach.

“I’ve forgotten the name of the character associated with that particular costume,” Hannibal admitted into the folds of Will’s neck.

Will chucked. “Jessica Rabbit.”

“ *Jessica Rabbit,* ” Hannibal murmured, an exhausted mumble of a deity’s sacred name.

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The next day, Will met Hannibal at his tailor’s shop to help him “pick out ties and pocket squares” which in reality was just Will ogling his husband while he was getting measured, and sometimes they messed around in the fitting room. Andre, the little old man who was the all time best tailor in Baltimore, knew his clients well enough to go back up to the front of the store to “check the register” and then take a chair nap while Hannibal and Will did their thing.

Andre usually worked alone, but today another man was with him to help out, since apparently he was double booked with someone else being measured in the back. His assistant was introduced as his cousin Lalo, and Will forced himself to make eye contact – difficult in general but extra difficult in this instance, because Lalo had a pale blue eye with a film over it, denoting some kind of traumatic injury that had probably left him blind on that side – impaired, certainly, and Will didn’t want him to think he was was avoiding looking at it out of some kind of disgust.

Lalo excused himself to the back while Will and Hannibal waited. Eventually someone pushed his way through the curtain, but it wasn’t Lalo – it was Frederick Rafael motherfucking Chilton of all people, mincing out in another new eggplant-purple suit that was much more coordinated and well-made than his usual douchey attire, which typically resembled something an 80s Mergers and Acquisitions guy would wear to Dorsia because somebody told him it was cool, not because he had any real sense of style.

“Well, well, well, look who it is!” Chilton exclaimed, a pleased grin spreading over his face. He’d started growing a beard, which Will had never seen him do, but a stylist must have recommended during his last admittedly better haircut. Will scowled at the thoughts that flitted over his mind – that Chilton actually looked good, not just mildly better than usual.

“Frederick,” Hannibal greeted with a fake warmth that made Will’s blood run cold, then hot again because it was sexy when he got all possessive and murdery. “I see you’ve discovered Andre’s talents.”

“Oh yes, I desperately needed a new tailor and Andre is the best in the city,” Chilton said as Andre nodded in thanks. “Are you having something made, Hannibal, or were you at last able to convince Will to start dressing more… appropriately?”

“Will’s wardrobe is quite appropriate for his daily activities and comfort level,” Hannibal said with the kind of easy smile that was giving, I’m going to rip your throat out with my teeth.

“Ah, well, perhaps I merely need to see him in a situation where other attire is required. I’m sure he has something lovely hiding in the back of his closet, just waiting for the right event.”

Chilton droned on about several charity events he'd been to lately, sure to point out that several were for rescued animals.

After a time, Andre went into the back of the tailor shop, calling for Lalo. A few minutes later, there was a terrified shout from behind the curtain. Hannibal vaulted the counter (mostly to show off, Will thought) and he and Chilton followed. There was nobody in the measuring room, but the back door to the alley behind the shop was open. They hurried over to see Andre knelt at Lalo's side, a bloody mattress on the dirty concrete next to him. Chilton shrieked, collapsing against the doorframe, but Will and Hannibal sprang into action. Will helped the tailor up and supported him, trying to keep him from hyperventilating, and Hannibal hurried to Lalo's side to check his vitals and begin CPR.

"I came out back to look for him," Andre sobbed brokenly. "I saw his legs sticking out from under that mattress our upstairs tenant had left in the dumpster last week. Someone pulled it out and crushed him underneath so he couldn't breathe!"

That did seem to be what had happened, though there was no sign of the perpetrator. Will pulled out his phone and called EMS, though from the look on Hannibal's face, there wasn't much point. Still, he dutifully administered CPR until they arrived.

In the meantime, Chilton had slunk off somewhere. Hannibal and Will stayed with Andre until his daughter arrived to take over. Later that night, Will got a text from Jack, who Will had asked to look into the murder even though it wasn't under FBI jurisdiction. He sent Will a video file.

Cuddled on the couch, Will pulled it up on his laptop and they watched. It was security footage from the alleyway. They saw Lalo step out to take out the trash, only to have the mattress rise up from the dumpster and crash into him, pinning him to the ground. All on its own. Some invisible force smothered him with it, pushing down on every inch of the mattress until it was nearly flat, ensuring the poor man with the vulture eye didn't have a chance.

"It's as I suspected," Hannibal murmured as Will closed the laptop grimly. "Something has deeply upset the paranormal balance here in Baltimore."

"Well, we knew that," Will said. "Just don't know what actually happened or how to reverse it."

"Indeed. But now I'm certain that the malevolent spirit of Edgar Allan Poe himself is involved," Hannibal murmured. "The man is not happy with his eternal rest being disturbed…"

"Once upon a midnight dreary, he was pissed the fuck off," Will said.

"Exactly."

Oct. 22nd: The Invisible Man and Bondage

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Perfectly hot water flowed over his fingers. Will hummed in appreciation, then closed the walk-in shower door, stripping off his boxers and getting in. He backed up under the stream of water, inhaling the steam, letting it soak his hair and run in comforting rivulets down his naked body.

When he reached for his shampoo, he felt… something.

Like he was being watched.

Will turned and peered out the glass door of the shower, sweeping the bathroom with a cop's quick, assessing gaze. Nothing. He turned off the water for a moment, and listened. He could hear the dogs messing around in the living room, waiting to go outside. They were acting normally, so…

"Paranoid," Will muttered, turning on the shower again. He washed his hair, rubbing his fingertips through the dark strands, and squirted body wash on the sea sponge, dragging it all over his body, then switched over to the mobile showerhead to give his ass, taint, balls, and cock their usual thorough washing. As he bent to spread his legs and squat a bit to get the right angle, he felt it again – that strange sensation of… not only being watched, but being *leered at.* He finished quickly, self-consciously, and got out, hurrying into his robe.

He felt it again in the bedroom getting dressed, and again as he combed out his hair. The feeling lessened when he took the dogs outside for their walk and play around the acreage, but didn't disappear entirely.

Will brought Buster inside to have his eye drops while the other dogs continued to play in the yard. He administered them, then set the little dog down on the kitchen tile. Buster's head shot up and he sniffed the air, tail wagging, then sat down on his haunches, eyes on the living room doorway.

Pausing to listen, Will heard… nothing. Nothing out of the ordinary, anyway. "Buster, what the hell…"

Buster gave a couple of happy barks, got up, and trotted to the living room with his tail wagging like nobody's business. Will followed cautiously, though it was hard to feel afraid when Buster was acting so friendly; usually in horror movies, the dog barked and snarled when something evil was nearby, right? Then again, Buster had to rely on his looks to get him through life, because he was dumber than a box of rocks. He would be the kind of dog to mistake a demonic presence for a person who might be seduced into giving him belly rubs.

Buster sat down in front of a patch of wall near the front door, which Will noted was still locked. The dog yipped and wagged his tail, tongue lolling, doing all his cute tricks to be noticed and petted by… something.

Will considered finding a weapon, but if it was invisible, it was probably a spirit, which meant his mind was the best defense. Though a spirit that made it through all of Hannibal's wards was certainly nothing to sneeze at.

Instinctively backing up a couple of steps, Will closed his eyes and reached out with his mind. Boom, right there – in neon lights! Well, in blood-red boudoir lights anyway. Hannibal's strand vibrated with heartbeat-dull thumps right in front of him!

"Han…?" Will called out, opening his eyes.

"Hello, Will," came a disembodied voice from the space on the wall in front of Buster. Buster yipped happily, doing a silly little spin around. Then, he rolled over on his tummy like somebody was scratching it, going still with doggy delight. Will could hear the faint rasp of fingertips on fur.

"Hannibal…?"

"Yes, it's me, beloved. Relax."

"Relax? You're… where are you? I mean, you're right here, but, ah… you're also decidedly fucking *not.* "

"I located the person I think was the estate sale agent who reacted so viscerally to the dagger once owned by Neal Frank," Hannibal's eerie voice said, floating out of nothing. "I discovered she was once a patient at Johns Hopkins and wanted to get a look at her file, but of course I had no business doing so. So, I experimented with an invisibility spell to sneak in and have a look. She had a preventative lumpectomy two years ago and made a full recovery. Nothing that seemed as if it was supernatural in nature. But I have her current contact information."

"So… are you… stuck like this?"

"No."

"You just wanted to… come home and *creep* on me?"

A pause. "Yes." Simple admission, as if this was all totally normal behavior. Well, no behavior of Hannibal's was normal, and Will should have known that by now.

"You creeper!" Will cried as Buster flipped back over and trotted to the front door. The door open and shut seemingly of its own accord, though Will now knew that it was just invisible Hannibal showing off. "You were creeping on me in the shower, weren't you?"

"I was." Unabashed, almost triumphant.

“Where are you?” Will reached out, stepping closer to the air that seemed like it was where Hannibal’s voice was coming from. No good – he didn’t feel anything until his hands hit the wall. “You voyeuristic little shit, I oughta teach you a lesson about… about being a dirty old Creeping Tom!”

“I believe it’s Peeping Tom,” Hannibal’s voice corrected from the opposite side of the room, near the arched doorway to the dining room. Invisibility, coupled with Hannibal’s ability to walk in total silence was an incredibly disconcerting combination.

“Whatever!” Will cried, turning the other way and reaching out again. He lunged forward, but caught nothing. “I’ll spank your invisible ass for this!”

“That’s a splendid idea,” Hannibal said, right behind his ear. Will yelped and spun around, reaching out, but all he felt was the lightest brush of Hannibal’s skin on his fingertip. “Wait a second – are you fucking *naked?”*

“The spell doesn’t work on clothing.”

“Oh my fucking – you snuck into Johns Hopkins buck-ass naked?”

“Yes, and I have to say it wasn’t pleasant in that regard.”

“What if the spell w-wore off in… in the middle of… you would have been standing there in the records room with your dick out like a fucking sex offender!”

“I knew the risks. Don’t you have faith in me, Will? I have great faith in you; I always have.”

Will pivoted and suddenly lunged in the direction he thought Hannibal was in, but again grasped air. However, Hannibal clasped him from behind, trapping his arms against his sides, then forcing one behind his back. Will could smell him, now – and he’d know that body blind. “Hey!” he protested, though he didn’t struggle as hard as he could, half-letting Hannibal drag him down the hallway towards the bedroom and throw him on the bed.

It was so weird, being pinned down by something his eyes couldn’t see. Will’s brain reeled, trying to process the uncanny liminality of being able to smell and feel Hannibal, to hear him breathing heavier now, but not be able to see him at all. “This is *so weird*... ” he murmured.

“And sexy,” Hannibal prompted, forcing his wrists into the restraints attached to the headboard, then pushing up his shirt to tease his nipples and kiss greedily down his abdomen, biting him just above the hip, his teeth impressions appearing magically as Will squirmed and gasped.

“And sexy,” Will confirmed through a disbelieving little smile as his shoes and socks were peeled off, seeming to float in the air before being set aside. The weight on the bed shifted as the drawer of the nightstand opened and shut, the lube bottle floating out in a poltergeisty moment of otherworldliness. Depressions in the mattress and then his jeans opened, the zipper sliding down millimeters at a time.

It was hot. Like being ravaged by a sexy ghost. Will scraped his teeth over his top lip as Hannibal's admittedly cold fingers dragged his clothes off of him. "You gonna be warm enough, sugar? Must have been frigid in the hospital."

"I'm feeling an increase in my body temperature at the moment," came the mild, clinical reply. And then Will's half-hard cock seemed to lift itself in the air. Hannibal's invisible mouth closed over it, and Will gasped – at the sensation, and at the sight of his dick being manipulated and pressured and made bigger and harder right before his eyes. He could see little drops of precum spread out and flow away as Hannibal swallowed them.

"So fucking weird…" Will gasped.

"And hot?"

"And hot, yes, oh…!"

Hannibal sucked him to full attention, then raised the lube bottle and squirted it into his hand, though all Will could see was a shimmery puddle floating in midair that traveled down and spread into a strange upright shape. He could tell by the sounds and the movement that Han was fingering himself open, though he couldn't see it. It left everything up to his imagination, and what his prodigious imagination cooked up was fucking incendiary – his husband's lithe fingers moving in and out of his hole, the look of greedy, impatient want on his face, the glimmer of lust in his hooded eyes. Will's cock flushed further, curving up against him as he squirmed, unable to touch himself.

At last, the invisible man stroked Will's cock with a slicked hand, then positioned the head. Will couldn't see it, only feel it as Hannibal sank down on his length and started riding him. Will marveled at the sight of his cock pointing up and curving in a bit, shifting slightly as Hannibal positioned himself for the best prostate stimulation. Will saw the remnants of lube, shaped like a handprint, close around something as the bed shifted under invisible weight. Again, his imagination went crazy picturing Hannibal demanding his pleasure from Will's body, riding him hard and stroking himself to completion.

Will held on until he felt the clench of Hannibal's body and recognized the familiar sounds he made when he came. Will felt cum hit his chest, but while it felt warm and sticky, it, too, was invisible. When Will blew his load, however, he could see it floating above his cock, suspended inside Hannibal's hole, viscous and oozy, Will's internal claiming mark.

"Holy shit," Will panted as his softening cock was slowly released from the invisible hold of Hannibal's ass, and an invisible body collapsed on top of him, clinging to him with a delicious shiver. "How long does that spell last?"

"Until the moon rises tonight."

"So what you're saying," Will panted, "Is that… we have time to go again."

Hannibal's chuckle came out of thin air, as did the feeling of his lips on Will's. "Let me warm up, first." He unstrapped Will and pulled them both under the covers.

“We can crank up the heat,” Will assured him.

Oct. 23: Swinging and Haunted House

Oct. 23: Swinging and Haunted House

Two rounds of autumn spiced Old Fashioneds and half a charcuterie board later, Will, Hannibal, and Matthew Brown were in the basement availing themselves of the sex swing, which had been moved out of the altar room and into the storage room (which was actually a murder room, but those toys were kept out of sight, hidden in bins labeled “xmas decos”.

Will was balls deep in Hannibal, who was strapped in the swing with arm and ankle restraints, naked save for a bondage harness, an ascot, and a dark red thong Will had moved to the side in order to fuck him. He used the swing to move Hannibal back and forth on his length, controlling the speed. “Now,” Hannibal directed breathlessly, tied up but still calling the shots like he was a porn director, “Matthew, if you’d be so kind— ah…!”

Will bent over the swing a little, holding onto it, and spread his legs further even as he kept up the rhythm, sweat beading on his forehead. Matthew approached from behind and pressed his taut, muscular body, naked as the day he was born, against Will’s back, holding him tightly around the chest with one arm while working lubed fingers against the plug in his hole. Will trembled at the dual stimulation, his eyes fluttering shut as Matthew kissed and licked at his neck and shoulder, biting down gently now and again. Hannibal must have said something to him about last time, Will thought, because he seemed to know now not to leave any marks on either of them. That was reserved for the married couple.

“Now, look at me, both of you,” Hannibal panted. Will could only imagine the sexy leer Matthew was giving, touching Will all over, playing with the plug, moving it around before removing it, kissing up and down Will’s neck on one side and then the other, a hand wrapped around his chest and rolling his nipple between his first two fingers. “Do you think you can handle him, Will?” Hannibal asked breathlessly.

“If not, I’ll just hand him over to you,” Will threatened.

“What is it – you always say, beloved – don’t threaten me with a good time.”

Will smiled through a wanton moan as Matthew continued to tease him with the plug, licking the shell of his ear greedily. Hannibal’s gaze feasted upon every detail, every touch and kiss, as if Matthew was his avatar. “Matty, I’m gonna blow my fucking load if you keep on…” Will panted.

“Look at you. So eager to be claimed by our virile young orderly."
Hannibal’s own cock stiffened further in Will’s hand in a kind of sympathetic pleasure, a dick-empathy, as he watched Matthew slowly draw out the plug, his huge cock brushing against the bottom curves of Will’s ass.

"Wish you could see it, Doc," Matthew teased, his thumb brushing over Will's slick entrance before sliding inside to test the waters. Will bit his lip, eyes drooping shut as he visualized various fishing lures to keep his orgasm at bay.

He opened them when he heard Hannibal speak again. “Go on, Matthew. It’d be rude not to take what’s offered by your host.”

Matthew chuckled as he stroked Will’s hair again, lining up the blunt head of his latex-covered cock. Hannibal's hands clenched reflexively, the restraints biting into his wrists and making the cords of his forearms stand out deliciously. Will knew he should close his eyes and think about fishing again, but one of his favorite things was watching Hannibal’s composure crumble, and he sensed it was in the mix as his husband’s tongue out to wet his plush, reddened lips.

"Matthew," came the low, commanding growl.

The young orderly's hands gripped Will's ass, spreading it open. Then, with remarkably patient thrusts, Matthew pushed himself inside. Will paused thrusting for a little bit as he focused on simply staying as relaxed as possible as Matthew’s cock sheathed inside of him, aided by the copious amounts of lube that’d been trapped behind the plug, prepping the runway for a smooth landing.

The sound that escaped from Will's lips was pure bliss, a sound that seemed to shoot straight to Hannibal’s cock; he bucked his hips in response, twisting his hands in the restraints, flexing them open and shut, grabbing the swing’s cables desperately. "Yes," Hannibal hissed, his voice strained with pleasure.

Matthew's hips pistoned faster, driving into Will with abandon. His earlier restraint had evaporated, seemingly replaced with an animal instinct. The wet slap of flesh against flesh echoed in the basement room, punctuated by Will's breathy moans and Matthew's grunts of exertion.

Hannibal observed the scene with rapt attention, his keen eyes seeming to devour every detail. And Will gazed back with the same starving want, eating up the flexing of Hannibal’s muscles as he gripped the chains of the swing, the perfect O of his mouth as pleasure overwhelmed him, especially after Will and Matthew found their rhythm. The symbiotic motion of their bodies became a choreographed dance, each thrust perfectly synchronized to bring maximum pleasure to all involved. The world narrowed. Will could feel every move Matthew made, and the sensation of his cock inside Hannibal reverberated through his own body, the delicious drag sending sparks of ecstasy racing up his spine.

"Yes," Hannibal gasped raggedly. "Just like that, good boy… Harder, Matthew, he can take it.”

The sounds of fucking became a debauched crescendo. Hannibal's dark eyes fluttered closed and Will lost himself in the dual sensations, his body a livewire of nerve endings all sparking with overstimulation. “Fuck,” he moaned as Matthew circled him with his muscled arms, holding him fast, panting into the back of his neck.
Hannibal's breaths came in short, sharp gasps, the rhythm building to a crescendo in the

symphony he was conducting. “Faster, Will,” he urged and Will did his best to multitask through the multitude of sensation, stroking Hannibal’s cock while fucking him and being fucked.

Hannibal's muscles clenched around Will's length, his body eagerly welcoming each deep, delicious plunge. Matthew’s grunts of pleasure mingled with Will's breathy moans, only adding to the whole symphony thing. Now there was a choir section.

"I'm close," Hannibal panted, his chest heaving as he fought to catch his breath.

Will nodded his understanding, unable to think enough to speak. Matthew’s hands climbed all over his chest and stomach, dragging through his hair and squeezing his ass greedily. His fingers tangled in Will's dark curls, tugging slightly as he leaned forward to nuzzle into the crook of his neck, warming it with his deep breaths.

"Beautiful," Hannibal purred. “Matthew. Don't be shy.”

“That goes for you, too,” Will reminded him and Matthew chuckled against the back of his neck. “I can hold on…”

“So can I,” Matthew promised. “But I think you should come, *Dr. Lecter.* ”

Behind Will, Matthew's pace grew frantic, his body slamming into Will's with bruising force. He gripped Will even harder, his breath coming in harsh, ragged gasps. Will’s body answered the rhythmic call and he pounded harder into Hannibal, wringing his cock as the swing creaked dangerously.

“Show Matthew how pretty you are when you come,” Will insisted.

Hannibal threw his head back with a guttural cry as Will's ragged plea washed over him, his body tensing and arching in the restraints. His cock pulsed in Will's grip, spilling on his chest and belly, and the constricting grip of his ass, tightening with orgasm, threw Will off the cliff with reckless abandon. Behind Will, Matthew let out a roar of completion, slamming into his ass one final time before stilling.

Hannibal slumped back in the swing, his chest heaving. He looks up at Will through heavy-lidded eyes, his gaze soft and sated. The swing and its restraints seemed to cradle him now.

"You have a rare gift, beloved," Hannibal mused as Matthew pulled out of Will. "A capacity for both tenderness and ferocity. It's a beautiful thing to witness, embodied in the act of penetrating and being penetrated.”

“I love it when you get all philosophical. You’d think I, ah… fucked your brains out, but it’s like they work better after you blow your load.”

“Post-coital clarity is a real thing,” Matthew said, wiping sweat from his brow as Will pulled out of Hannibal, then helped him undo the restraints. “I’ve had some major revelations in that moment before.”

“Any revelations this time?” Hannibal asked as Matthew helped him out of the swing, gentlemanly as you please.

“I’m really glad that fruit basket had a pineapple in it,” he said and they laughed.

“Speaking of,” Hannibal noted as they made their way upstairs to the shower, “I made dessert.”

“But it couldn’t be boring old pineapple upside-down cake, no,” Will chided lovingly as he turned on the water in the master bath. “It had to be a Hawaiian Dream Cake.”

“I could eat,” Matthew said with a smirk.

“To have a young man’s metabolism,” Hannibal murmured, watching the tattooed orderly get into the shower.

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Matthew had just left when Will’s phone rang. He had it set to only ring through from certain numbers when he had it on Do Not Distrub – the doggie daycare they used for long trips, Jack Crawford, Hannibal, Aunt Louise, and his father, Beau Graham. It was Beau calling, which was unlike him – he usually only called on Will’s birthday and the holidays, which was good, because he treated phone conversations like front porch gossip that could go on for hours if he got started.

“Dad?” Will answered quickly, pulling up his pajama pants one-handed. Hannibal looked up quickly from where he sat on the edge of the bed, applying salve to the red marks on his wrist. “What’s wrong?”

Will thought his dad would say something like, *Hey now, why d’you think somethin’s wrong whenever I give you a call and it ain’t a holidayl?* But that wasn’t the case.

“Billy. I’ve been havin’ some spiritual warfare goin’ on in my home.”

“What? What’s happening, what’s going on?” Will took the phone away from his ear to turn it on speaker as Hannibal joined him, putting a comforting arm around his waist.

“Well, now, you know I try not to even mention shit like this. Just makes it stronger – best to leave it be and it’ll go away, but it ain’t goin’ away. Things happenin’, like shadows in the corners movin’, I hear whisperin’, and stuff… movin’ around on its own and such. Well, I gave up and called Pastor Denny, you remember him, don’t you?”

“From First Baptist?” Will blinked. “He’s still alive?” Will’s father had, at last, returned to his hometown outside of Lafayette, after a lifetime of roving from port to port fixing diesel engines, settling down when he saw his son doing the same and finding some happiness. He even had a girlfriend who worked at the post office, Charlaine. First Baptist had been the biggest church in town from what Will remembered – they’d left not long after Will’s mother had abandoned them.

“Alive and sprightly for a man of 77,” Beau reported. “Well, he came on down and did me a house blessin’ but it didn’t take. So then Miss Satin, you remember Miss Satin?”

Will sighed, rolling his eyes. “Yeah, dad, I remember…”

“Her mama had that sewin’ business if you recall, and Miss Satin, she watched you for me when Charlotte up and left and I had to work, her and, oh, what was that other girl’s name…”

“Dad. Focus. Yes, I remember Satin Beauregard.”

“Well, she told me she knew a gal from Lake Charles area that might be able to help, and I says, you know, I don’t mess around with rootwork and all dat, and she says no, the lady is a psychic medium like the Arquette lady on TV. So I called her up, you know, I didn’t know what else to do. It wasn’t awful, you know, but it was uncomfortable, felt like I was bein’ watched all the time, or scolded almost, which makes sense considerin’.”

“Considering what, Dad?” Will urged.

“Well, down she came from Lake Charles yesterday, and she was lovely, really – her name was Sandy Stackhouse, and she just lit a candle and closed her eyes, walked around the house for a bit. Then she sat me down in the kitchen and she told me your Granny G’s spirit has become restless.”

“Granny G?” Will’s heart sank. He’d loved his grandmother dearly, and she’d passed when he was ten or eleven

“So Miss Sandy says, you know, that my mother, your granny, she came back from the other side and was tryin’ to get you a message. But she can’t get it to you because somethin’ is keepin’ her away, so she come to me instead to get your attention.”

Will thought of all the blessings and wards Hannibal had cast over the house and over each of their bodies. No spirits, even nice ones, could get too close.

“All right, so then I held Miss Sandy’s hands and Miss Sandy told your granny to say the message. And I heard her, Billy, clear as day, in her voice and everything. She said to tell you… well, it’s gonna sound real strange, and I sure as hell don’t understand it–”

“Dad, what did she say?” Will cried, squeezing the phone as if it would make his father speak faster.

“She said, ‘the symbol on the knife is from Solomon, and that should tell you the demon’s name’. That was the most important bit. She kept repeating it. But then before she left us, she also said a few other things like, she wanted me to tell you to make sure you brushed your teeth after every meal including lunch, and to make sure you’re not drinking too much coffee and never to take up smoking. Oh, and brush after drinking sweet tea, too, because it’ll rot every tooth out of your head, and to take a lot of walks, because as soon as you stop moving, that’s when you’ll stop moving, and… well, that she loves you, son, and she’s glad you’re happy and married, to which I added a ‘hell yeah.’.”

“Thanks, dad,” Will said, tears gathering in his eyes. He wiped them quickly, sniffing. “So, how’s-how’s it been since the, uh, the medium came?”

“Peaceful and quiet. She said her piece and now she’s gone.”

They talked for another half an hour, Hannibal pulling him to sit on his lap on the bed, holding him between his legs as he leaned back against the pillows. At last, Beau had finished recapping the local high school football team’s season and reckoned it was time to watch the news before bed.

“Love you, Dad.”

“Goodnight, Billy.”

Will hung up, cradling the phone against his chest with a sigh. “She was trying to get through to me, but because of all of the wards…”

“I’m sorry, beloved, I wanted to cast a wide net.”

“I know,” Will soothed.

“I believe she was referencing the dagger from the cemetery explosion,” Hannibal reasoned. “The seal on it must be from the Lesser Key of Solomon or a related text. Each demon mentioned has an associated seal, which means that the dagger was crafted to summon a specific demon, a personalized athame and sacrificial dagger.”

“Yeah, but which demon?”

“We’ll find out in the morning,” Hannibal promised.

Oct 24th: Voyeurism and Demonic Presence

Chapter Summary

Powering through to the end! Got detailed again by the terror and hopeless dread of Election Day. But now I'm going to redouble my efforts to finish this story and continue writing as much queer smut as possible before the totalitarian regime forms and bans Ao3 and tosses me in the gulag.

If you're reading this and you are from the US, it's okay to feel powerless and scared. You are not overreacting. But remember your spheres of influence. Go listen to the American Hysteria podcast on "Falling for Fascism" and the one about racism and the Rainbow Coalition. Anything on cognitive dissonance. Well, listen to the whole show, but those ones in particular will give you some tools for creating change within your sphere of influence.

Facts and stats DO NOT MATTER to these people. Personal stories and tales from the heart are our best bet. Hearts and minds change because folks realize someone who is their friend and neighbor will be harmed by radical conservative bullshit.

We must exist and persist and protect those we love. There's no other option.

Now, distract yourself with hot queer cannibal romance.

Oct 24th: Voyeurism and Demonic Presence

Will and Hannibal agreed that Matthew Brown had what it took to become a prodigious killer in his own right; he just needed some coaching/psychic driving/manipulation and would be a fun project for them to work on together. They also agreed that subscribing to Matthew’s OnlyFans was money *very* well spent. However, they debated the ethics of having a private show without Matthew’s knowledge, but the debate didn’t last very long. A massive tip in Matty’s electronic tip jar “just because” was enough for Will’s conscience.

Speaking of massive tips! Hannibal had turned them both invisible with his magick and they’d snuck into the locker room of the pool facility where Matthew and Hannibal swam laps for exercise. It was a convenient place to creep on somebody; the sauna worked great for casting spells and there were convenient lockers for your clothes, since you had to be naked to be totally invisible.

Will still couldn’t imagine how Hannibal snuck into Johns Hopkins buck-ass naked and invisible. Here in the locker room (which was a naked place) was bad enough, sneaking

around, sure that somebody would notice them and say something like, “Why are you guys tip-toeing along the wall with your dicks flapping in the breeze?” any second.

But it was alllll worth it. Hannibal and Will lingered against the painted cinder block wall, hands clasped, watching Matthew as he came in from the pool and opened up his locker. He removed his swim cap and goggles, placing them on the top shelf, then peeled off his itty bitty speedo, freeing his enormous trouser snake, which suffered minimal shrinkage from the pool water. His muscles glistened in the fluorescent lighting as he wrapped a towel around his waist and grabbed a little travel caddy of toiletries, heading for the showers. Will felt a delicious, salacious thrill as he flip-flopped past, humming tunelessly. A couple of other swimmers came in to get their suits on, but Hannibal and Will paid them no mind, using their clanging lockers to mask the sounds of their bare feet on the tile.

Ugh. Yeah. Bare feet on the locker room floor and in the communal shower. Luckily, Hannibal had a membership to the best pool in the area, which was kept meticulously clean, and there was no need to worry about getting a foot fungus. Just to be safe, they’d spray down with antifungal when they were visible again.

Hannibal and Will crept into the communal shower, and lingered in the corner as Matthew stripped off his towel and hung it up on the hook near the entryway. He went over to what was probably his favorite showerhead (everyone has their favorite) and turned it on, letting the water warm up before stepping under the stream, his cock and balls bobbing thickly between his legs. The water cascaded over his rippled back as he hung up his caddy of soaps on the bar provided, then dipped his head under the water.

Will felt Hannibal’s hand tighten in his own, and he grinned, delighting in their wickedness. Matthew turned towards them, tipping his head back to get his hair thoroughly wet, raising his hands to it and giving them an unobstructed view of his chest and the defined traps under his arms, water glistening over his tattoos, nipples pink and pretty, so small and neat on all that hard, glistening muscle.

Will made a small sound when Hannibal pushed him against the corner of the shower room, pressing him between the concrete wall and his own invisible body, but at such an angle where they could still both see the naked orderly directly opposite if they turned their heads a little. The little “Oof!” altered Matthew; he paused, looking in their direction but his eyes focused on the wrong spot on the wall. Shaking his head dismissively, he turned back to his task of squirting shampoo into his palm, the roped cords of his forearms flexing prominently.

Will felt rather than saw Hannibal’s hand between his legs and the press of his erection against his belly. He gripped Hannibal’s shoulder and the back of his neck with damp fingers as steam filled the room, biting his lip to keep quiet as Hannibal gathered their cocks together in one hand and gave Will’s underside a slow grind.

Matthew, none the wiser, lathered up his dark hair with businesslike fingers, the shower pounding against his chest, and then turned to rinse, giving them the perfect view of his rounded calves, the backs of his taut thighs, and the glorious half-cantaloupe shaped globes of his ass glimmering with beads of water like the dew on a ripe piece of fruit hanging tantalizingly from a tree in the morning. It was, in a word, *juicy.*

As was the forbidden delight of watching him without his knowledge, the boundaries-crumbling wrongness. Add that to the exhibitionary experience of having invisible sex but not being able to make a sound was like fireworks after the Superbowl in Will's body, the grand finale on its way.

Matthew squirted some conditioner into his palm, and worked it into his hair, then lathered up a mini-loofah and began dragging the soapy flower all over his body. Will watched greedily as he slid the loofah over his ass, the suds trickling down between his cheeks, then busily washed his cock and balls, letting them swing licentiously between his slightly bent legs.

At last, their hot little serial killer in training finished showering and turned off the water, grabbing his towel, just as another guy came in, a sandy-haired dude with a beard that said *I only drink craft beers* and an accompanying dad bod. "Oh, hey man," he greeted Matthew and they paused to talk for a second about sports. Then, "Guess who started swimming here? Your favorite guy in the world," Sandy Hair chuckled.

A look of panic flashed across Matthew's features. Will sensed through his empathy (which was not super easy to use with Hannibal stroking his cock, a hand clamped over Will's mouth) that he thought Sandy Hair was talking about Hannibal. How did he know about the sort of sometimes thruple thing when Matthew had been sworn to secrecy?

"My favorite person?" Matthew asked dubiously.

"Yeah, your boss," Sandy Hair said with a goofy smile.

"Chilton?" Matthew frowned. "When did he start swimming?"

"Like, yesterday. And trust me, you can tell. He's flailing around in there like a kid whose dad just tossed him off the boat and told him to figure it out, y'know?"

"I can't believe people do that," Matthew said, shaking his head. Will felt a little surge of indignance – that was how he'd been taught to swim and it'd worked, obviously.

"Yeah, well, heads up, you might wanna skedaddle if you don't wanna run into him."

"Thanks." Matthew left, and Sandy Hair came in, hanging up his towel and getting his shower started.

Now it was a fun game of trying not to make any noise as they moved together in desperate frottage, Hannibal holding Will's mouth shut and Will doing whatever he could to make Hannibal make some noise: pulling his hair, scratching his shoulders, thrusting into his grasp. He got so into it that when they both finally came, Will realized that Sandy Hair was cowering in the corner of the shower room, his eyes darting about frantically. "Fuck this," he hissed, grabbed his stuff, and flip-flopped away as fast as he could. Hannibal turned one of the showers on again so they could clean up, and Will stifled a giggle against his damp shoulder as he heard Sandy Hair give a little breathless shriek, racing by a couple of moments later with all his stuff gathered in his arms, wearing only his boxers, phone to his ear. "Taylor! You'll never believe this – but the locker room at the pool is haunted, too!... I dunno,

I think it's two dead gay guys who were killed having sex or something!" The locker room door slammed and all was quiet but the rushing of the water around them.

"What a way to go. Let's die having sex and then haunt wherever we died with loud, ah… ghost fuckin'," Will suggested.

"A splendid idea."

In the shower, Hannibal symbolically rinsed off the spell, and the water washed off the invisibility like it was paint all over their bodies, flowing off their skin in rivulets. They made out a little bit, then dried off and got dressed. Will was shirtless, helping Hannibal into his jacket, when the locker room door opened again, revealing Frederick Chilton in a barely-there tiger print speedo and black swim cap, goggles perched on it just so. Will had to admit this was authentic as Chilton had ever looked; whether accidentally or purposely, his loud swimwear was a tiny hint of true personality that usually hid behind something he wasn't.

"Oh, hello fellow swim enthusiasts," he greeted smarmily, slinging his towel casually over one shoulder. "I didn't see you out in the lanes. We could have had ourselves a race."

"We were in the sauna," Will explained.

"Oh, there's a sauna? Will, you're not all the way dressed yet – care to show it to me?"

"I dunno, I heard this locker room is haunted by the ghosts of two guys having sex," Will told him conspiratorially.

Hannibal slid his arm protectively around Will's back and pulled him close. For a second, Will thought it was a sexy, openly possessive move in response to Chilton's stupid flirting, but when the lights started flickering, Will realized it was because something was about to happen. The hairs on his arms and neck stood up as a strange greenish-black mist gathered in the corners of the room.

"Oh, shit – not again!" Frederick squeaked, clutching his towel like a security blanket.

The mist swirled and coalesced as the lights continued to go crazy, and the locker room echoed with strange growls and lilting sing-song howls. The mist became a column of smoke, which solidified into a humanoid shape. And now there stood a… something, Will had no fucking clue what, but the energy pouring off of it was enough to blot out everything in his mind, filling it with swirling green-black darkness, all other strands obscured.

The figure was tall, taller than all of them with the addition of two thick, twisted horns curving up from its head. Their skin was a luminous, iridescent gray, reminding Will of the scales of a sunbeam snake. Their eyes glowed an abyssal green, and their silky hair lay over their shoulders. Will was struck dumb, freezing up as he was flooded with the creature's emotional essence – this was a powerful being, ancient, wise, pitiless, powerful, and, above all else, coldly curious. Huh, well, maybe Hannibal could tame them since they had that in common.

The androgynous figure, Will's mind finally grasped, was… really fucking sexy, he had to admit. Gorgeous, otherworldly face with defined cheekbones (yes, Will realized, he had a TYPE) with a cruelly gorgeous mouth, their strong, lean body clad in green and black robes that plunged down their chest in a deep V cut. They carried a book in one hand, something that looked like a grimoire. All this was capped off by a set of enormous black wings with iridescent feathers.

" *AH. THERE YOU ARE,* " the creature said. " *FREDERICK RAUL CHILTON."*

Chilton screamed and fled, slipping dangerously on a wet spot on the floor before bursting out the door that led to the front desk and the parking lot beyond. Hannibal's arm tightened around Will, his fingers digging into his bare skin almost painfully.

" *AH. A WITCH. HERE TO BARGAIN, OR TO BANISH?"*

"Neither," Hannibal said.

" *AND YOU," the figure turned his attention to Will, catching him with his glowing emerald gaze. "HUMAN. BUT RARE. EMPATH. YOUR THIRD EYE OPEN WIDE. MY SUMMONER HAS FASCINATING FRIENDS."*

"What is your name?" Hannibal asked, his voice somehow finding its usual clinical evenness and mild polite tone even in the presence of… whatever the fuck this was.

The creature held up a clawed finger and shook it at him with a smile. *"NAMES HAVE POWER, LITTLE WITCH; CERTAINLY YOU KNOW THAT."* The creature's nostrils flared and he sniffed, leaning a little closer, his feathers rustling. " *YOU SMELL LIKE DEATH. BOTH OF YOU. FASCINATING."*

Just then, the door Chilton had raced through opened, and two rec center workers came in, college-age kids in matching tee shirts. One had a phone to her ear. "I dunno, a guy just came running out screaming his head off, just ran full-tilt outside in his speedo and flip flops… yeah, I know, it's like 30 degrees. So me 'n Camden are checking it out…"

They stopped in their tracks, the phone falling from the girl's hands and smacking onto the tile floor. Her coworker shrieked, clinging to her, then shoved her in front of himself, backing away.

" *UNTIL NEXT TIME."* The creature smiled at Will, then disappeared in a puff of smoke and a whiff of brimstone.

Oct. 25th: Changing Leaves and Uniform

Chapter Summary

> Since I'm long past the "due date" I'm just gonna take my time and have fun instead of making these chapters super short in an attempt just to finish, so enjoy this long-ass chapter full of autumn glory and fucking.

Oct. 25th: Changing Leaves and Uniform

Will liked Chilton's neighborhood. Yes, it was bougie, but the houses were midcentury or older, and the streets were lined with trees exploding in color: violently red sugar maples, some of them only half-changed, toasted red on the top and one side, and gorgeous orange-leaved and berry-heavy hawthorns with branches reaching out to their mighty red oak neighbors.

While the trees were still adorned, some of the leaves had fallen, creating a glorious carpet on the sidewalks, skittering across the street when the wind picked up, crunching underfoot in satisfying autumnal harmony. Living on the acreage was essential, and before that, Will had lived in solitude in Wolf Trap. But there was something so appealing about a street like this.

He paused as he got out of the van they'd borrowed from Eddie Price's friend Rusty, who worked for a company called Kozy-Kool HVAC. Will took a breath and let himself have a moment. The street was alive with neighbors doing neighbor things, and even though he'd never lived in a neighborhood like this, Will felt a kind of unearned nostalgia wrap around him like a soft, warm blanket. An older couple was out in their yard raking leaves, though very slowly. A girl in a green scout vest popped out of the house across the street from them, looked both ways, then trotted across with a kid-sized rake, asking if she could help.

A mom in leggings and a fuzzy fleece jogged by with her stroller bearing twins, the babies protected from the cold by matching teddy bear onesies, their little hands covered by paw-shaped mittens. Just across from where Will had parked the truck, a group of neighborhood kids had raked together a huge pile of leaves right in the middle of the sidewalk, and were taking turns riding their bikes through it, then raking it all up again. Their little sisters were spreading the leaves out on the lawn in a kind of blueprint, marking out rooms of their "house" and making beds to lie on.

Another group of kids zoomed in on electric scooters with huge black garbage bags. They pulled up to a house down the block with huge piles of leaves on the curb and started stuffing the leaves into the bags that expanded until they were almost as tall as the kids themselves.

“Finn! What are you guys doing?” shouted one of the bikers.

“My yard doesn’t have any trees!” was the reply.

“You can’t steal leaves!” one of the house-playing kids hollered.

“They put ‘em at the curb, that means they don’t want ‘em!”

“That’s stealing!”

“No it isn’t!”

The moral debate didn’t last long; the scooter kids managed to get aboard with the stuffed bags crammed between their bodies and the handlebars. They zoomed off to cover Finn’s yard with leaves, which Will was sure their parents would be absolutely thrilled about.

All of their strands were so beautiful, so joyful and present in the moment as only children could be – singularly focused and passionate, each emotion felt with the fresh vitality of new experience. Call him old-fashioned, but it was nice to see kids out and about with some degree of roaming freedom and not a tablet in sight.

Will zipped up the gray coveralls he’d borrowed from the back of the van, hoping it wasn’t terribly obvious that they were a couple sizes too big and that he didn’t really look like a “Lyle.” Grabbing his toolbox and an official looking clipboard, he went up to Chilton’s large white and brick colonial-style almost-mansion and rang the bell.

No answer, but he knew Chilton wasn’t home. That was kind of the point. But he kept up the facade, ringing again and waiting. Then he pretended to call, pacing the porch with his phone at his ear. Finally, he set down the toolbox and went next door and rang the bell. It was two in the afternoon, but the lady who answered the door smelled like martinis despite being dressed like she was minutes away from heading over to the country club for a cobb salad or something. “Yes?”

Will found her strand but didn’t need to deploy the empathy pulse to see how she looked him up and down. “Afternoon, ma’am,” he said, whipping out another weapon from his arsenal – the Southern Drawl. “I’m with Kozy-Kool HVAC. Mr. Chilton next door called us about his furnace and set up an appointment, but he doesn’t seem to be home. I tried callin’ but he didn’t answer – you don’t happen to be one of those trustworthy neighbors that has a key or somethin’ like dat, would you?” He smiled apologetically.

She leaned on the doorframe, flicking her painted nails through her carefully styled hair, revealing enormous diamond studs and a matching tennis bracelet. “I might be,” she said with a little smile. “But it wouldn’t be very neighborly of me to let you into his house without some kind of proof you’re supposed to be there. You might be a murderer or something.” She checked him out again, her eyes lingering on his crotch longer than was comfortable. “I watch a lot of true crime,” she revealed, as if it was a secret. “I know all the tricks.”

“Oh shoot, maybe I oughta be runnin’ from you,” Will joked easily. “Bet you know how to, ah… git away with murder, huh.”

“Oh, you have no idea,” she assured him, smoothing down her hair again.

“Well ma’am, I feel terrible fo askin’, but if you do got dat key I’d sure appreciate not havin’ to drive all over town to get here again. I got a work order right here I can show you.” He showed her the clipboard.

She examined it, then looked at him again. “Lyle,” she drawled. “You don’t hear that name much anymore, without following it up with ‘crocodile’.”

“I was named after Lyle Goodhue, who invented the aerosol bug bomb,” Will said, pulling a name out of his entomology days. “My grandaddy always said that without those bug bombs stoppin’ all the skeeters in the Pacific durin’ WWII, we woulda lost all our troops to malaria and whatnot.”

“And where would we be without hairspray?” she chuckled.

“Exactly,” Will laughed.

“Hmm.” She considered, looking him up and down again. “Well, all right, let me just get my coat.”

Will silently celebrated as the neighbor lady went back inside, then re-emerged in tawny high heeled boots and a matching wool coat with silvery fur at the cuffs and collar. She led him around the back of Chilton’s house to a neat little stone patio, and went up to the back door, which had a combo lock. “I don’t know if he’s changed it, but my husband helped him program this thing when he couldn’t figure it out. I’m sure he reprogrammed it, but it’s worth a shot.” She typed in 1-2-3-4-5. And the lock clicked open. “Idiot,” she muttered under her breath. Will wasn’t sure if she was referencing Chilton, or her husband, for whom she clearly held a great deal of disdain.

“Thank you, ma’am, you’re a gem,” Will said with his charming smile plastered on.

“You’re welcome, Lyle. If you need anything else…”

“I know how to come and ask, thank you, sincerely, ma’am, you’ve saved me a lotta trouble.”

She paused as she was leaving, and he knew she was checking out his ass as he let himself inside. Will scoffed bitterly when the door shut behind him, shaking his head. Maybe he’d recommend her to Hannibal for dinner sometime.

But now, to work!

Chilton’s house had all the trappings of elegance, but it was like somebody went antiquing for random things from random time periods, selecting them because they looked “classy” (note that people who say the word classy are usually not classy, and this is coming from an un-classy person) and fed them to some kind of antiques-eating monster who swallowed them whole and then vomited them back out in a random array. Let’s just say there were a lot of books strategically placed that Will could tell hadn’t been opened, and the artwork was the snobby version of what you’d see on the walls of a hotel.

Will searched the house high and low, discovering a disappointingly small sex toy collection and a disturbing amount of framed pictures of Chilton himself posing for what were essentially high-end glamor shots. Finally, in the bedroom, Will discovered a small bedside table that a few relics of personality – a family photo from when Chilton was probably nine or ten, nestled in a gaggle of dark-haired older sisters, with his country-club dad and his Latin mom, who fixed the camera with intense mama-bear eyes. Frederick was front and center, the only boy and the baby. *Yup,* Will thought. *That tracks.* Next to this was a little urn with a ceramic cat sleeping atop it, angel wings folded over its back. The little plaque read *Riff-Raff 2007-2023.* Will felt a little twist in his heart as a fellow pet owner.

Will still hadn't found anything to explain the crazy shit that had happened in the locker room, but now he had an idea. He hadn't been able to get into the desktop Mac on Chilton's desk in the study because there was a password required. Now he returned and typed in *riffraff,* all one word, all lowercase. Shazam! It worked.

Will combed through the machine using the search term DANTALION. Last night, Hannibal had matched the sigil on the dagger found in the cemetery explosion to that of a demon mentioned in *The Lesser Keys of Solomon* , and the thing they'd talked to in the locker room seemed to fit the description.

Suspicions confirmed. Will found tons of searches about "how to make someone fall in love with you using magic" and "how to cast spells" "how to summon spirits/demons" "how to use the occult to make all your wildest dreams come true" and so forth. Chilton had downloaded some vague instructions on how to "summon and work with Dantalion" and some copy-pasted shit from "The Demonic Paradise Wikii" and "The Occult Encyclopedia" which appeared to be Wikipedia but for demons.

Dantalion, also known as Dantaylion or Dantalian, known as the Keeper of the Forbidden Library of Bibliotheca, is a powerful Great Archduke of Hell, with thirty-six legions of demons under his command; he is the 71st of 72 spirits summoned by King Solomon.He is depicted as a man with many appearances, which means the faces of all men and women. There are also many depictions in which he is said to hold a book referred to as a grimoire in his right hand. He also protects the Forbidden Library of Bibliotheca within Hell and almost always has a book with him.

Sloane MS 3824 mentions Dantalion in an invocation in "An Experiment to Obtain your Desire," as well as in the "Experiment of Bleth," where he is attributed with teaching various subjects, exposing secrets, mind control (including love magic), and creating an illusionary image of any person's face. According to Rudd, Dantalion is opposed by the Shemhamphorasch angel Haiaiel.Like his fellow members of the Ars Goetia, Dantalion was once an angel residing in Heaven until he fell from grace after siding with Lucifer in the latter's war against God. Before and during his fall, Dantalion was able to preserve some of the books and tomes he was tending to in Heaven's archives which to this day he still kept in his domain within Hell.

Dantalion was anointed as a Great Archduke of Hell and charged with being the Keeper of the Forbidden Library of Bibliotheca where all the books containing the history of Hell, its denizens, powers, and most ancient secrets are kept under his ever vigilant watch. He does

occasionally share this knowledge with fellow fallen angels like Stolas but does so on a much limited basis with humans; it is implied by him that the Egyptian queen Cleopatra had made a deal with him.

He teaches all arts and sciences, and also declares the secret counsel of anyone, given that he knows the thoughts of all people and can change them at his will. He can also cause love and show the similitude of any person, show the same by means of a vision along with Scrying any part of the Earth, and let them be in any part of the world they will.

Dantalion (Hebrew: דנטאל) is a Goetic demon. It is the 71st spirit of the 72 demons summoned by King Solomon according to the Lesser Key of Solomon. In the hierarchy of Hell, Dantalion is a Duke. He is ruled over by the Kabbalistic angel Haiaiel.

Dantalion appears as a man with many countenances, all men's and women's faces; and he has a book in his right hand.

His office is to teach all arts and sciences, and to declare the secret counsel of any one; for he knows the thoughts of all men and women, and can change them at his will. Astrologically, this spirit signifies infamy. He can cause love, and know the similitude of any person, and show them through a vision, no matter in what part of the world they may reside. He governs 36 legions of spirits.

Will thought maybe some of this stuff really was in ancient texts, but some of it looked like it was related to anime or video games, he had no idea. But this was what Chilton apparently believed. Then, he'd downloaded some sketchy "how to summon a demon" instructions. Will also found a sales receipt from Ebay for REAL ALEISTER CROWLEY ARTIFACT - DANTALION DEMON SUMMONING DAGGER which he had paid a whopping six grand for.

Will sent himself copies of everything he'd found, doing some rudimentary track-covering but not really caring. First, Chilton was clearly no computer genius, and second, he didn't give a shit if Chilton knew he'd broken into his house.

Brr. Getting chilly in here. Will wondered if he was about to experience paranormal activity, and closed his eyes as he stood up from the desk, searching out with his extra sense. Nope, everything was pretty quiet, except the spirit of Riff-Raff the cat hanging around the house, not quite ready to cross over yet, and that was okay. Will mentally petted the black and white long-haired tuxedo kitty for a little bit, then came back to the physical plane.

Oh yeah. Chilton had actually called to have his furnace fixed – Eddie's friend Rusty had been complaining to him over some beers about this fussy guy who had called about his HVAC system and mentioned Chilton's name. Eddie knew about the crazy paranormal shit that had been going on at the BSHCI and called Will with the tip, which had gotten this whole plan rolling. But what he'd forgotten was that yeah, Chilton's furnace was actually broken.

Will got his toolbox and went down to the basement to take a look. There was one room that piqued his interest, probably a guest bedroom, but it was locked with a combo doorknob. There was a plaque on the door that said RICKY, surrounded by red, yellow, and black

1980s-style geometric designs. While that was intriguing to say the least, Will had what he'd come for, and there was something about that name plaque that just didn't scream "I hide my occult secrets here". (If you want to know what's inside this room, read *Petty Torments* LOL)

The furnace seemed to be in decent shape. Will opened it up and tinkered around for a bit before unzipping the coveralls to his navel and tying the sleeves around his waist. Lyle's kit was too big and he was tired of pushing the sleeves up, content to work in his white sleeveless cotton undershirt. He tightened and oiled, pulled pieces out to inspect, and found everything he'd think might fail to be in working order. He worked up a sweat going up and down the stairs, checking thermostats, then heading outside briefly to look at the utility meter. Wiping a greasy hand unconsciously across his midsection, Will finally opened up the filter case.

Oh for fuck's sake. Chilton hadn't replaced his furnace filter… probably since he bought the place! (reader, this is your reminder – when was the last time you checked your filter?) It was chock-full full of dust and cat hair (RIP Riff-raff). Will took it out to the trash and found a box of replacement filters with only one missing. He changed it out and fired up the furnace, then checked thermostats again after a bit.

Yep, that was the issue. Chilton should also probably get his ducts cleaned, but Will didn't have the equipment or the time. He wrote out an invoice using Lyle's clipboard and left Chilton the carbon copy, charging him for several hours of work and an "after-hours convenience fee" that he invented on the spot, and added it all up to over 500$.

Will didn't hear the door open, but he immediately sensed the pulsing red strand in his mind. Hannibal. He pretended not to notice, a mischievous smirk on his lips, as he stood at the kitchen counter pretending to go over the figures.

Hannibal sidled up behind him, slipping a hand around his barely-clothed midsection and splaying it over his belly. "Success?"

Will turned, leaning back on the kitchen counter. "Chilton used an internet ritual to summon a demon in the cemetery that night. I sent us everything I found."

"Well done. I stopped by, concerned I hadn't heard from you."

"I was fixing the furnace," Will said with a smirk as Hannibal eye-fucked him, taking in the smeared skin-tight undershirt and the coveralls casually tied around his waist, hanging low at the hips.

"It's certainly warm here." Hannibal stripped off his overcoat, then unbuttoned his suit jacket, slinging them over the back of a cafe chair at the breakfast nook. "I take it you succeeded."

"Bad filter. But that was the last thing I checked, of course." Will raised a grease-smeared forearm to his forehead, wiping away a glimmer of sweat. "Nothing wrong with a day's work."

"No, indeed." Hannibal unbuttoned his waistcoat next, draping it carefully over the chair as well. "However, I believe you missed something that needs repair."

“Oh?” Will asked, watching him take off his tie. “What’s that?”

“It’s upstairs in the master suite.”

Will chuckled darkly, watching Hannibal turn and walk out of the kitchen, giving him a sultry look over his shoulder. He waited a moment, then followed, finding Hannibal upstairs, taking off his shoes, then his bespoke shirt and trousers, hanging the garments carefully in Chilton’s closet. This left him in his tight sexy silky cream-colored boy shorts and his autumnal brown and burgundy dress socks held perfectly against his shapely calves by matching chestnut sock garters.

Will paused to put Chilton’s family picture face down, and draped an ascot from Chilton’s drawer over Riff-Raff.

“I think you deserve a reward for all of your hard work,” Hannibal told him as he maneuvered closer, his presence beckoning Will to him at the side of the bed, its ostentatious burgundy and gold damask bedspread now completely ignored. They were close enough to feel one another’s body heat, and for Will to see the flare of Hannibal’s nostrils as he breathed in Will’s scent – natural sweaty Will mixed with grease and dust. “Your time is valuable,” he murmured, voice low and velvety. “Such hard work, and an inability to leave a job unfinished. You deserve proper appreciation.”

Hannibal’s fingers ghosted over Will’s collarbone, the light touch a contrast to the intensity of his gaze. “You can name your compensation,” he suggested, pressing closer, his lips brushing against Will’s neck. Will sighed, a delighted little sound, running his hands over his husband’s bare shoulders and stroking his chest hair and back as Hannibal worshiped his neck, breathing him in between kisses and presses of his teeth that became increasingly threatening. He reached down and cupped Will’s stiffening cock through his coveralls, palming through the rough fabric and Will’s boxers beneath.

Will fisted Hannibal’s hair suddenly, ruining the coif, and sent his tongue spelunking through the hot, tasty cavern of his mouth in a wet, sloppy, hungry kiss. He finally pulled back, slowly releasing Hannibal’s bottom lip as it scraped along his teeth.

His husband’s eyes burned with uncharacteristically emotive fire. He lifted a finger, murmuring a few words in his witch language. Will thought maybe he’d made his finger cold so he could tease Will with it, but when it touched the neckline of his undershirt, he could feel the heat as if from a hot poker. The fabric charred enough to leave a weak point, which Hannibal used to very suddenly rip Will’s stained undershirt open entirely, leaving scraps fluttering from his shoulders. Dragging his tongue over Will’s collarbone, he backed him up to the bed and pushed him down, spreading his pristinely clean and gently perfumed body over Will’s, breathing him in, showering his chest and neck and mouth with kiss after kiss, running his hands over Will’s sweat-damp skin, fingers finding the grease and grime. “It’s your turn to be serviced,” he murmured into Will’s ear as he untied the arms of the coveralls that were fastened around Will’s waist.

“Yeah, I’m not hot enough,” Will teased as Hannibal leaned back to untie and slip off his boots, dropping them over the side of the bed with two resounding thuds. “I need you to, ah… light my pilot light and all that stuff.”

“And where is this pilot light?” Hannibal asked as he peeled Will’s coveralls and underwear off, leaving him in a pair of dingy white work socks that came up to his mid-calf.

Will spread and lifted his legs, offering up his hole. “It’s right there.”

“Ah, yes, I think I can take care of that.” Hannibal gripped Will’s hips and flipped him over so his hard cock was pressed against the stupid early 2000s bedspread, ready to dribble. “Exquisite,” he murmured, lips trailing hot, open mouthed kisses along Will’s spine, stopping, of course, to lavish attention on the scar left by a murder suspect in New Orleans, the remnants of the knife wound that fucked up his rotator cuff. He dragged his tongue down the bisecting line, starting with the top of Will’s pelvis before, at last, delving between his cheeks and working his tongue in lazy circles around Will’s entrance, teasing, coaxing. He alternated between firm, purposeful swipes and soft little kitten licks, deploying the pointed end of his tongue and the flat bits as well as he squeezed and massaged Will’s cheeks. Will squirmed, pressing his face into the bedspread, breathy moans defiling Chilton’s sanctum.

Will turned suddenly, flipping onto his back, his cock jutting upward impatiently. “Get on top, honey,” he suggested breathily, threading his hands together behind his head. “There’s lube in the drawer.”

Hannibal found it, examining the label as he palmed himself through his shorts. “This brand touts itself as high end, but it’s a cheaper kind repackaged,” Hannibal told him with a delighted glint in his eyes.

“So it’s Chilton as a lube,” Will suggested, giving his cock a couple of lazy strokes.

“I suppose it will have to do.” Hannibal poured a generous amount into his hand and climbed back onto the bed, kneeling over Will as he bent back to anoint himself, making sultry eye contact with Will as he did so. “Comfortable?” he asked, his tone deceptively casual. Without waiting for a response, he lifted his hips, positioning himself over Will’s insistent hard-on. Slowly, teasingly, he sank down, enveloping the hard heat of Will’s cock into his kegeled ass, clenching every so often to make Will gasp, the taut muscles of his thighs visible as he strained to hover himself like this. Will’s toes curled as, at last, he disappeared inside his husband’s body.

“Aw, fuck, baby, you’re so fucking tight,” Will managed in a strained growl, running his hands up and down Hannibal’s thighs.

“We fit together. Lock and key,” Hannibal told him, his voice rough with pleasure. His ruined hair flopped forward over his forehead as he began to move, rolling his hips in slow, sensual circles. He made his savoring face, the same expression he always made when tasting something delightful to capture all the flavors. Leaning forward, Hannibal braced his hands on Will’s sweaty chest. He ground down harder, mewling out a sweetly pathetic whine as he seemed to find the angle to hit his prostate.

Now he picked up the pace, rising and falling, sweat of his own sparkling on his forehead. Will marveled at the deconstruction of Hannibal every time it happened, when the facade cracked and the monster came out, whether it was through sex or violence or both. Will

forgot his vow to do nothing to assist and braced himself to fuck up into his husband every time he came down, coordinating the movements.

Leaning back, Hannibal gripped Will's thighs for added leverage, bouncing himself on Will's cock at a punishing pace. Will could see him teetering on the brink and couldn't stop himself from reaching out to stroke his cock for him. A couple of pumps and he was done for, shooting his load wherever, Will keeping the pressure on to milk out every last drop, then wiped his hand on the duvet with a little immature chuckle.

Hannibal lowered his head to look at Will with hazy eyes. He resumed his enthusiastic riding and clenched around Will's cock (those anal kegels did incredible things) as he increased the pace. Will gripped his hips, bouncing him up and down as he flexed his probably tired thighs, rolling up into him. The coil of pleasure wound tighter and tighter until Will was overcome, and then overcame, as in there was a lot of it blasting up into Hannibal's hole.

Hannibal dismounted and made a point of sitting on the bed for a moment, letting cum and lube trickle out a little onto the duvet as well. Will laughed between gasping breaths. It was so juvenile but satisfying.

"That's what you get for trying to summon a demon," Will panted as Hannibal got up, limping a little as he headed for the ensuite bathroom.

"Oh, he summoned Dantalion well enough," Hannibal said over his shoulder. "But Dantalion wasn't the only entity to come through the inelegant tear Dr. Chilton made in the veil between realities."

"And that's why this whole town has been experiencing unnatural shit?" Will asked, wiping off his dick on a pillowcase and getting dressed again.

"That's correct, beloved."

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